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THE NEW YORKER

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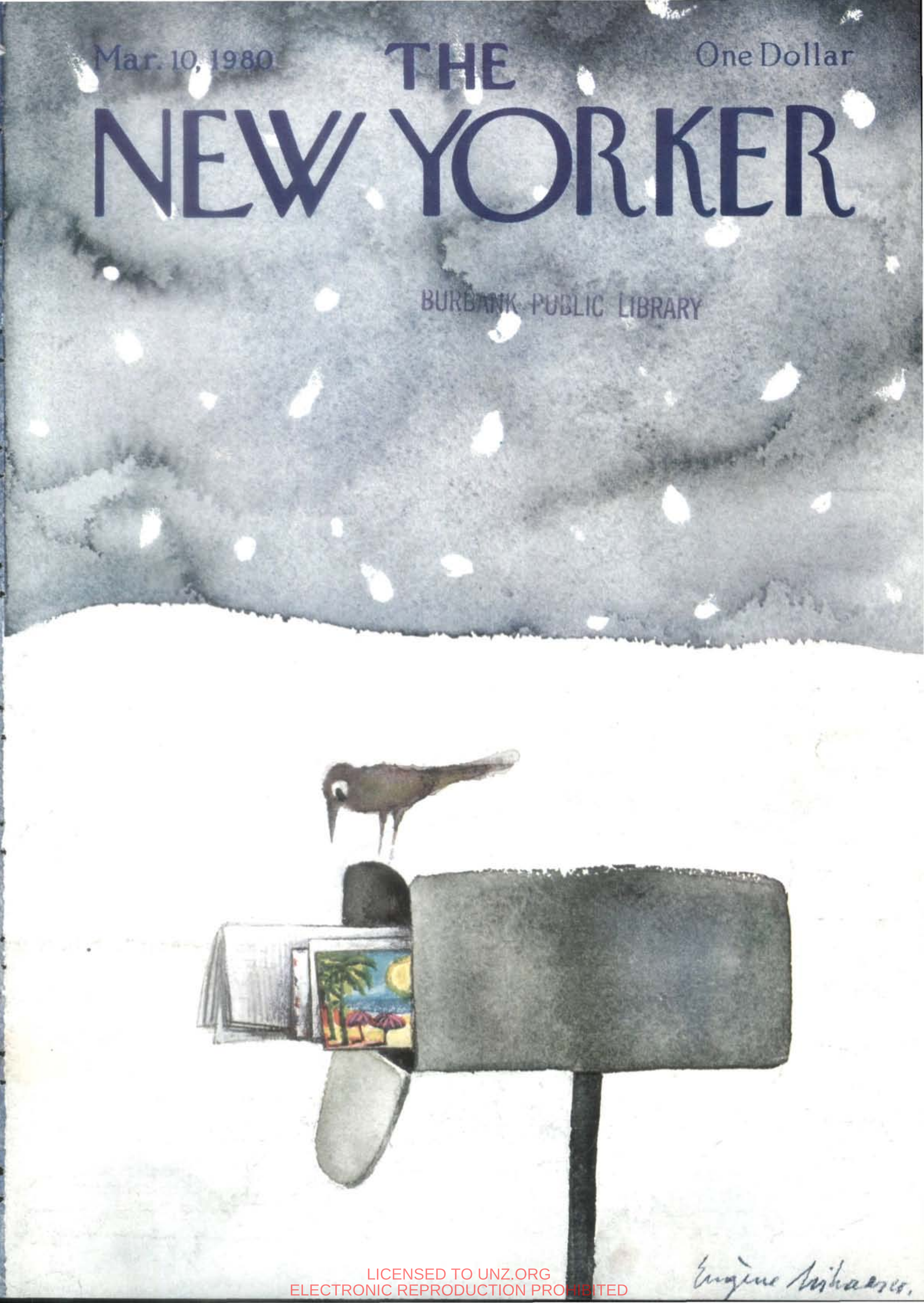

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BAM Theatre Company—The first two of five plays to be presented in rotating repertory through Sunday, June 15. JOHNNY ON A SPOT is a brilliant new production of a 1941 comedy by Charles MacArthur. A large cast keeps running about the stage at speeds of up to a hundred miles an hour, all to make us laugh, and laugh we do. (Reviewed in this issue.) Wednesday and Thursday, March 5-6, and Friday, March 14, at 8, and Saturday, March 15, at 2 and 8. . . . THE WINTER'S TALE, with Brian Murray and Marti Maraden. One of Shakespeare's so-called romances, full of plausible humor and implausible tragedy. There is also a bear; make what you can of that. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/3/80.) Friday, March 7, at 8; Saturday, March 8, at 2 and 8; Sunday, March 9, at 2; and Wednesday and Thursday, March 12-13, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Bent—A play by Martin Sherman about the plight of homosexuals under Hitler. The settings are Berlin and Dachau. Richard Gere and David Dukes give superlative performances. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Betrayal—Harold Pinter has directed plays by Simon Gray, and here he appears to have written a play in homage to Gray. Three disagreeable lightweights make desultory love among themselves and with others. The cast consists of Blythe Danner, Raul Julia, and Roy Scheider. (1/14/80) (Trafalgar, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Censored Scenes from King Kong—Carrie Fisher, Stephen Collins, and Chris Sarandon in a musical entertainment by Howard Schuman, with music by Andy Roberts. A London import; directed by Colin Bucksey. Previews Wednesday, March 5. Opens officially on Thursday, March 6, at 6:45. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by John Heuer, INNOCENT THOUGHTS, HARMLESS INTENTIONS. Preview Wednesday, March 5. Opens officially on Thursday, March 6, at 7, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, March 12, at 2.)

Class Enemy—Six apparently ineducable young toughs in a high school somewhere in London. The author, Nigel Williams, makes their plight a touching one. Tony Tanner is the director. (12/3/79) (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dusa, Fish, Stas and Vi—A play by Pam Gems. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Elizabeth and Essex—Estelle Parsons is awesomely fine in the role of the Virgin Queen, and Richard White, who plays Essex, is very handsome and has a voice big enough to make the rafters shake. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

An Evening With W. S. Gilbert, A Musical Biography—A one-man show conceived by John Wolfson, with Lloyd Harris as Gilbert. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical PLAIN AND FANCY, with a book by Joseph Stein and Will Glickman, music by Albert Hague, and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. The sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 5. Opens officially on Thursday, March 6, and will run through Sunday, March 30. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Evita—A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Filumena—A dated but still amusing Neapolitan melodrama by Eduardo de Filippo, Englished by Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse. The stars are Joan Plowright and Frank Finlay, who are more Vesuvian than you might expect. (2/25/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Heartaches of a Pussycat—A musical entertainment by James Lord and Geneviève Serreau, inspired by the illustrations of J. J. Grandville for a short story by Balzac. Mime, masks, and a bit of ballet figure in this Paris import. The director is Alfredo Rodriguez Arias. Previews through Saturday, March 8. Opens officially on Sunday, March 9. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Housewives' Cantata—A dreary little exercise in imitation: imitation music, imitation lyrics, and imitation jokes. (3/3/80) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jane White, Who?—An evening of autobiographical monologues, musings, and songs by Miss White. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 8.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Victor Herbert's THE FORTUNE TELLER through Sunday, March 16. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Major Barbara—It would be hard to imagine a finer production of this classic comedy, written by Shaw at the top of his bent. Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, Rachel Gurney, Nicolas Surovy, and Jon De Vries are notable in an excellent cast. Stephen Porter directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Marie and Bruce—In Wallace Shawn's new comedy, a gross, foulmouthed tigress of a wife mauls her polite little husband, who may well gain the last word by keeping silent. With Louise Lasser and Bob Balaban. (2/11/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, March 15.)

Milk of Paradise—A play by Sallie Bingham. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Mister Lincoln—Roy Dotrice portrays Abraham Lincoln in a one-character play by Herbert Mitgang. The director is Peter Coe. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Month in the Country—An admirable production of Turgenev's marvellous comedy, with Tammy Grimes, Farley Granger, Roy Cooper, and Amanda Plummer. (12/24/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

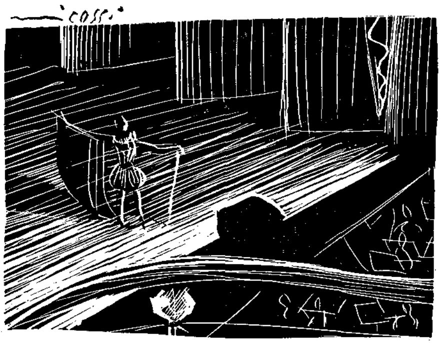
Negro Ensemble Company—A return engagement of Samm-Art Williams' play HOME. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave. at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A commendable production of a classic American musical. The audience has difficulty not singing along with the cast. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Peter Pan—High in the sky with a guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. A pleasing revival of the twenty-five-year-old musical version of an indestructible play. (9/17/79) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6:30.)



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Romantic Comedy—Bernard Slade's hand-me-down TV comedy stars Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow as a couple of ill-matched playwrights who collaborate on the writing of Broadway hits that one fears are just like this one. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Save Grand Central—A play by William Hamilton, with Jill Eikenberry, Remak Ramsey, Linda Atkinson, and Michael Ayr. Gene Saks is the director. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's lively comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion. Adroitly directed by Austin Pendleton. (4/2/79) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and 6.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—Extracts from fourteen plays and a couple of sonnets and poems set, improbably, to music by Lance Mulcahy. ("Venus and Adonis" is done as country-and-Western.) Michael Lessac is the director. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesdays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Sorrows of Stephen—A witty new comedy by Peter Parnell, about pairings among the young. The setting, by Stuart Wurtzel, is as witty as the play. (12/10/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—The heroic Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Miller, pay tribute to what they pretend were the great days of burlesque. A marvellous show, with old-fashioned chorus girls and with beautiful costumes and settings by Raoul Pène du Bois. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins as an ill-matched couple in the nineteen-forties, quarrelling their way toward what we hope will be lasting love. This brief, touching tale has been most skillfully told by Lanford Wilson. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

These Men—The sometimes funny but mostly woebegone changes of fortune of two young women living in a tiny California cabin and desperately in want of men. The author is Mayo Simon, and the two girls are well played by Alix Elias and Jill Larson. The director is Zoe Caldwell. (2/25/80) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whose Life Is It Anyway?—Mary Tyler Moore has assumed Tom Conti's role in a return engagement of the play by Brian Clark. Michael Lindsay-Hogg is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . ANNIE: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DANCIN': Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . DEATHTRAP: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Cullum. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THE ELEPHANT MAN: This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 8,256 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . GEMINI: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . GREASE: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD: A night-club singer with strong feminist

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views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . MUMMENSCHANZ: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . SCRAMBLED FEET: The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesdays at 2:30.) . . . STRIDER—THE STORY OF A HORSE: The recollections of a piebald gelding. The show, a musical adaptation of a short story by Tolstoy, has been dramatized (after a fashion) by Mark Rozovsky, and needless to say, the gelding, as performed by Gerald Hiken, embodies any number of Tolstoy's ideas on any number of matters. The music is by Mr. Rozovsky and S. Vetkin. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . SWEENEY TODD: A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With George Hearn as the murderer and Dorothy Loudon as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG: A two-speed musical with Stockard Channing and Tony Roberts, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . VANITIES: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A staged version of Disney's SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS. No Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday at 2 and 7:30; Thursday at 11 A.M.; Friday at 7:30; Saturday at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6:30. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

Les Colombaioni—Carlo and Alberto Colombaioni, a clown duo. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Monday and Tuesday, March 10-11, at 6.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical revue, "Daze A Vu," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

DANCE

Elizabeth Keen Dance Company—"Quadrille" (première), "Ruins" (New York première), and "Slash." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, March 6, at 8; Saturday, March 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

Royal Dancers and Musicians from the Kingdom of Bhutan—Thirteen dancers and musicians in a program of traditional works based on ancient Buddhist folklore. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

5 by 2 Plus Dance Company—Tuesday, March 11; Thursday, March 13; and Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Bach Dances," "Negro Spirituals," "Bond's Eyes" (New York première), "The Beloved," and "Angles of Incidence" (New York première). . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, and Friday, March 14, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 2: "Celestial Circus," "Ladies Night Out" (company première), "Duet," "Gallopade," "Grove," and "Just Another Dance." (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—The first two of four benefit programs of new and repertory works, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Richard Fletcher. (Juilliard Theatre, 144 W. 66th St. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat club. The lineup: the Good Rats Wednesday, March 5; the guitar duo of **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** (which will alternate with Norwegian guitarist **TERJE RYPDAL**) Thursday, March 6; pianist **MC COY TYNER'S** sextet Friday through Sunday, March 7-9; Peter Tork, the bassist for that old rock concoction the Monkees, Tuesday, March 11; and singer and guitarist Garland Jeffreys, who writes streetwise folk-rock songs, Friday and Saturday, March 14-15. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood—and, oh, what duos are here! Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **RON CARTER** perform through Saturday, March 8; and on Monday, March 10, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will come in with his bassist. **ANGELA SUAREZ**, a fine young Brazilian singer, performs with an enthusiastic Brazilian quartet on Sundays. There's not too much room—Miss Suarez, her guitarist, and her percussionist are all crushed against the wall along the length of the piano. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Brazil's chief exports are iron ore, manganese, coffee, cotton, beef, hides, and samba. This club is a samba outlet. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, is assisted by pianist **TONY MONTE** and bassist **RON NASPO** from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining and dancing.

LOCAL DELIVERY

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is supported by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** has her way with the keyboard from nine-thirty to one. No music Sundays.

Carnegie Tavern, *165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)*—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** is a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers. And he's just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This rough-hewn night club hasn't done much for the surrounding neighborhood, but it's done a lot for rock and roll and the New York rock scene. Thursday, March 6, will be a night of music that could be described as art-rock, conceptual-rock, or noncommercial-rock at CB's, as **FRED FRITH**, an English guitarist who is currently working with rock fragments; **MATERIAL**, a New York-based quartet (guitar, synthesizer, bass, and drums) that plays dance-oriented rock; and **RHYS CHATHAM**, a guitarist and the music director for the Kitchen, all perform their music. The rest of the schedule will be allotted to Maroons, Thin Ice, and Snowballs on Wednesday, March 5 and to Joe (King) Carrasco and Colors Friday through Sunday, March 7-9. Nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that celebrates Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten. Dining.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—A conservatory specializing in popular song, to judge by the repertoire of singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE**. Mr. Whyte and his bassist, **JACK SIX**, conserve Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy, that is) Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a famous blues singer and composer but also a funny, rocking, and totally delightful entertainer. She's present with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Aaron Bell through Saturday, March 8. On Monday, March 10, unflappable **NELLIE LUTCHER**, a Lake Charles, La., blueswoman—although her manner at the keyboard brings Victor Borge to mind—will return to this club after a seven-year absence. She'll be accompanied by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards. Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays now belong to singer and pianist **DARDANELLE**, who goes on with her bassist at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** is in charge of his young quartet, which plays Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 9, saxophonist Danny Turner will be in charge of a quintet that will begin at nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A beautiful, carpeted, and usually well-attended below-stairs jazz room with one of the most bizarre entrances in town: a green-tinted Plexiglas door and a long, narrow hallway that challenges one's depth perception. Singer, pianist, and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG** and his trio perform his greatest hits—"Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Hip," "I Got to Get Me Some Z's," and "Van Lingle Mungo"—through Saturday, March 8. Tuesday through Saturday, March 11-15, will be devoted to a trio led by pianist **MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS**, who has been known to dip into "Lush Life," "Night in Tunisia," and other standards in addition to his own further-out compositions. Music Tuesdays through Satur-

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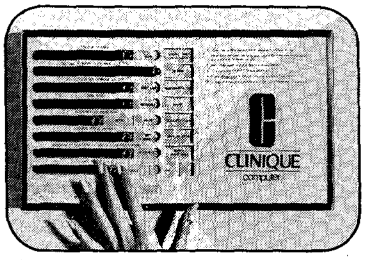

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days, with the first set beginning about nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays, guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER** collaborates with pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**; on Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio; and Wednesdays through Sundays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with bassist **FRANK LUTHER**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. All these groups play from ten, except on Sunday, when they start at nine. On Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to nine. Nightly, except Sundays, from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist team up on the tiny bandstand.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A several months old East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This East Side one is a bit more elegant and offers live piano music provided by **BROOKS KERR** through Saturday, March 8, and by **DICK WELLSTOOD** beginning Tuesday, March 11. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dining.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—On a clear day, you can see Jersey City. On a cloudy one, you can be completely socked in. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Closed Mondays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Upstairs in the jazz living room, one will find a quintet co-piloted by trombonist **STEVE TURRE** and trumpeter **JON FADDIS** on Friday and Saturday, March 7-8, and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN'S** quartet, which features trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI**, on Friday and Saturday, March 14-15. Sunday is big-band night here. Music Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays from eight, Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** collaborate through Saturday, March 8, and then on Tuesday, March 11, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will come in. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and runs from about nine-fifteen until three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. The partial schedule: Wednesday, March 5, the Memphis Rockabilly Band and ex-New York Doll Sylvain Sylvain; Thursday, March 6, and Sunday and Monday, March 9-10, **DR. JOHN** and his Louisiana swamp-rock band along with Pipp and Guy Gillette; and Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11-12, bluegrass banjo wizard **EARL SCRUGGS**. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. June Valli is singing here through Saturday, March 8; and on Monday, March 10, singer **HELEN WARD** will return. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. Wednesday, March 5, Ants and Tornados; Thursday, March 6, Yankees and Thin Ice; Friday, March 7, Offs and Flirt; Saturday, March 8, Jayne County and Dots; Sunday, March 9, Pandemonium, Popular Science, and Vivitones; Monday, March 10, Militia, Tirez Tirez, and Night Brigade; and Tuesday, March 11, Blenders, Social Climbers, and Beeks. Music after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**MARLENE VER PLANCK** and **JOHN LA SALLE** are singing the praises and the songs of Betty Comden and Adolph Green Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of the line of people waiting outside, one might think that there was a Woody Allen film being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue does not sell cowboy boots, Giorgio Armani clothes, or tandoori chicken, and it does not rent roller skates. It is not even new. It is this ten-year-old jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. club, which is presenting the sublime R. & B. sextet **STUFF** Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8; guitarist **YOSHIOKI MASUO'S** quintet on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11-12; and trumpeter **JON FADDIS'S** quintet Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

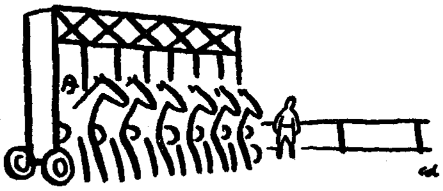
OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Singers and guitarists Townes Van Zandt and Jim Ringer trade sets on Wednesday, March 5; Thursday through Saturday, March 6-8, the folkieness continues with **MARY TRAVERS**; and Thursday through Saturday, March 13-15, will be claimed by the a-cappella R. & B. quintet, the **PERSUASIONS**. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band—Bob January and his orchestra with singer **BARBARA LEA**—populate this room. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Barbara Cook has settled in—she'll be here Thursdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty for a couple of months—at this famous cabaret that established itself in the seventies. Other performers round out the week, including singer Yvonne Constant, who'll be here on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11-12, at eight-thirty. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, a revue is under way that celebrates some of the musicals produced by Cheryl Crawford—"Porgy and Bess," "One Touch of Venus," and "Brigadoon" are three of them. Selected songs from these and other shows are performed by **PATRICE MUNSEL**, Steve Elmore, and David Rae Smith. Through Saturday, March 8. On Monday, March 10, another producer tribute—this one to Feuer and Martin ("Where's Charley?," "Guys and Dolls," "The Boy Friend," "Can-Can," and "Silk Stockings")—will begin, with **VIVIAN BLAINE** and others participating. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.



SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are refreshingly uncluttered. Pianist **CEDAR WALTON** heads up a sextet that features trombonist **CURTIS FULLER** Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 11-12, **DOUBLE IMAGE**, a quintet, will be on the bandstand; and on Thursday, March 13, trumpeter **MIKE LAWRENCE** will bring in a quintet for four nights. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In a lounge called the French Quarter, one will find **DOROTHY DONEGAN** romping and jumping around the keyboard, leading singalongs, and in charge of a quartet. Music after nine nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A relaxed, knotty-pine room. Flutist and saxophonist **JAMES MOODY'S** quartet is here through Saturday, March 8; on Sunday and Monday, March 9-10, pianist **KENNY BARRON** will work with guitarist Monette Sudler; and on Tuesday, March 11, trumpeter and composer **JIMMY OWENS** will take over with his group. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup. **KALAPARUSHA MAURICE MCINTYRE**, on tenor saxophone, Wednesday, March 5; pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.** and his quartet Thursday through Sunday, March 6-9; and alto saxophonist **MONTY WATERS**, pianist **JAKI BYARD**, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**, and drummer **CHARLIE PERSIP** Thursday through Sunday, March 13-16. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—This recently remodelled club has been bringing in a lot of blues bands and up-and-coming rock bands. For instance: U.S. Ape Wednesday, March 5; Get Wet Thursday, March 6; and bluesman **LOUISIANA RED** Friday and Saturday, March 7-8. Music usually begins at ten and midnight. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance is easy to miss. Music after eleven, usually. Dining and dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, flutist **HERBIE MANN** is leading a Brazilian-influenced dance band on Friday, March 7, at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and on Sunday, March 9, at ten. On Friday, March 14, **WOODY HERMAN** and his 1980 Herd will perform at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Tuesday's feature is jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio, which plays in the sidewalk-level lounge from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**JIM HALL**, a wondrous guitarist, leads a trio through Sunday, March 9; on Monday, March 10, tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER**, who is also a clever arranger and a lively bandleader, will front his big band, the **LOUD MINORITY**; and on Tuesday, March 11, pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER**, who plays crescendo-laden solos, will bring in his quartet. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by pianist John Weiss; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to pianist Robert Condor. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-

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music admirers. The **COUNTSMEN**—trombonist **DICKY WELLS**, saxophonist **EARLE WARREN**, and their Basie-flavored quintet—perform through Sunday, March 9; Monday through Wednesday, March 10-12, pianist **BROOKS KERR** and drummer **SONNY GREER** will play duets and goad each other on; and on Thursday, March 13, a three-night salute to Charlie Parker, who died twenty-five years ago, will begin. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CARMEL QUINN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, March 6, at 8.

OLD AND NEW DREAMS BAND and **ARTHUR BLYTHE QUARTET**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 7, at 8.

THE CLASH—With Lee Dorsey and B-Girls. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, March 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

SALSA CONCERT—Tito Puente and his orchestra, Hector Casanova, Cheo Feliciano, Junior Gonzalez, and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 7, at 8.)

AROOJ LAZEWAL AND BADAL ROY—Alternative Center for International Arts, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, March 7, at 8.

OLD-TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—The first two of six programs. Friday, March 7, at 8:30: Hazel Dickens and the Red Clay Ramblers. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8. at 8:30: The Ardoin Family and the Sullivan Family. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

GEORGE LEWIS, URSULA OPPENS, and **FREDERIC RZEWSKI**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, March 7, at 10:30.

SUNNY MURRAY—With Byard Lancaster and Wilber Morris. (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. For tickets, call 777-3240.)

PAUL KNOPF / CLARE JOHNSON—In a program of music and dance. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

HENRY THREADGILL SEXTEX and **GEORGE LEWIS & DOUGLAS EWART**—Public Theatre. Saturday, March 8, at 10:30.

LIONEL HAMPTON—With Barry Reis, Gary Mazzaroppi, Richie Pratt, Paul Moen, and Jane Jarvis, in a benefit concert. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

JANE OLIVOR—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, March 12, at 8:40.

JIMMY BUFFETT—With J. D. Souther. (Palladium. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

MICHAEL GREGORY JACKSON BAND and **BARRY ALTSCHUL TRIO**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 10:30.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, March 5: Craig Purpura quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 7-8: Louis Hayes quartet. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12: Ric Frank quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 14-15: Bob Berg and Tom Harrell quintet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Friday, March 7: Leo Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14: Byard Lancaster. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15: Rashied Ali, with Lee Rozie. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 8:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

FRANÇOIS AND BERNARD BASCHET—Stainless-steel sculptures that look like exotic flowers and ferns and give off musical sounds when they are jostled. Through Saturday, March 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Paintings based on themes from "The Tempest" by a figurative artist. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

CHARLES BIEDERMAN—Cleanly crafted geometric painted-aluminum reliefs. Through March 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLARD BOEPPLE—Large sculptures consisting of squares and rectangles of heavy-duty sheet metal. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL BRACH—A new set of Western landscapes by a colorist. Through March 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

AINSLIE BURKE—Semi-abstract paintings of the Maine coast. Through March 22. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

DOUGLAS DAVIS—Two works: a silent movie (its subject is art) in which the artist and two others perform; and a videotape installation, with sound. Through Saturday, March 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

ILSE GETZ—Two shows of boxes, collages, and constructions by an artist who incorporates such found objects as dolls, game boards, and clocks in her works. A retrospective covering the years from 1961 to 1978. Through April 3. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.). . . ¶ Recent works. Through April 5. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID GIBBS—Abstract acrylics. Through March 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings from 1910 to 1942 and a group of silverpoint drawings executed in Bavaria in 1933. Through March 29. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. A Hartley retrospective is currently at the Whitney Museum.)

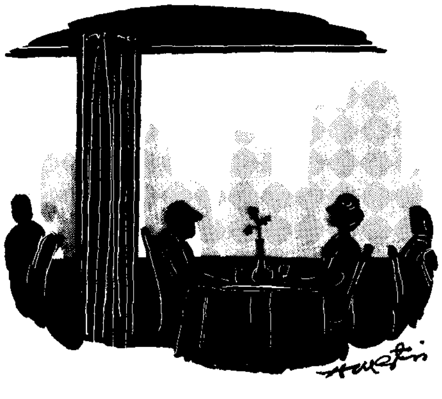
ELLSWORTH KELLY / RICHARD SERRA—Two sculptural works—a nine-and-a-half-foot Corten steel wall piece, shaped like an airfoil and weighing six hundred and fifty pounds, and a drastically flattened arch of heavy-gauge aluminum, also mounted on the wall. / A black square, nine and a half feet by eleven, painted with an oil stick on linen and hung at an angle on a white wall. Through Saturday, March 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

ROBERT KIPNISS / LOUIS LOZOWICK (1892-1973)—Drawings and oil paintings in which lofty trees and rural buildings are silhouetted against a pale sky, almost in chiaroscuro. Through Saturday, March 8. / Precisionist paintings and drawings of industrial scenes—fiery smelters, high-steel, high-tension lines. Through Saturday, March 15. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JUAN MARTINEZ—Acrylic paintings by a Spanish artist of what seem to be victims of some nameless oppression. (Their features are obscured under collages of gauze.) First one-man show in New York. Through March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—A dozen paintings from the fifties by the noted Abstract Expressionist. Through April 5. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

PHILIP MULLEN—Diptychs and triptychs incorporating acrylic paint and silk screening on canvas. Through March 29. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)



KENNETH NOLAND / DIANE KEATON—Handmade-rag-paper works. / Photographs of hotel lobbies and rooms. Through Saturday, March 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

ENZO PLAZZOTTA—Classical bronze nudes, many life-size; there are also numerous ballet dancers and several sculptures of mares, foals. and a bull. Through Friday, March 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

DOROTHY RUDDICK—Intricate repoussé abstract compositions worked out in silk and cotton threads on a linen background. Through March 29. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHARLES SEPLOWIN—Wall sculptures, most of them evoking winged flight, made of molded sheet steel or aluminum, with a couple of molded poplar-veneer pieces, and one of cast bronze. Through March 21. (Weiner, 21 E. 73rd St.)

LAURA SHECHTER—Small, meticulously painted oils and watercolors of china and glassware—creamers, sugar bowls, vials, tumblers. Through Friday, March 7. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN SLOAN (1871-1951)—Twenty-four paintings, including landscapes and studio portraits, that have been part of a private collection. Through April 5. (Salander-O'Reilly, 41 E. 78th St.)

HELEN MIRANDA WILSON—Paintings of beach scenes with figures, and interiors. Through March 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by thirteen Latin-American realists; several have exhibited here before, among them Claudio Bravo, Julio Larraz, and Emilio Sanchez. Through April 13. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . **LUBIN HOUSE**, 11 E. 61st St.: Paintings (by Jane Freilicher, Alfred Leslie, Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers, among others) from the personal collection of Tibor de Nagy, whose gallery is marking its thirtieth anniversary. Through March 21. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionist paintings by Beckmann, Kirchner, Schiele, Nolde, and Kokoschka. Through March 29. (Opens at noon.). . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Oils and works on paper by Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Klee, Braque, and others. Through March 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

MICHAEL ANSELL / JIM YOUNGERMAN—Colored-pencil drawings of cheerleaders, roller-skaters, Indians ambushing cowboys, and Miami sunbathers, all seen from directly above. / Cartoon-like watercolors, some of them recasts of famous paintings—Manet's picnic and the seventeenth-century "Gabrielle d'Estrées," for example. Through Saturday, March 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM BRICE—Compositions made up of architectural fragments and parts of figures. Through March 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MARVIN CHERNEY (1925-67)—Solid, old-fashioned paintings, mostly of workers and women visitors to the studio. Through Saturday, March 8. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PINCHAS COHEN GAN—Cutout figures heavily coated with acrylic paints, bright-colored abstract constructions, and drawings and paintings in various mediums by this versatile Israeli artist. Through Saturday, March 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

JOE DIGIORGIO—Large seascapes done in a modified Pointillist style, some of them depicting Pacific rollers exploding against black rocks, and some showing a barely rippled expanse of water seen in a diffused light. Through Thursday, March 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

BILGÉ FRIEDLAENDER—Delicate, imaginative works in a wide variety of materials—translucent paper and string, beeswax molded into elaborate frames—plus Minimalist drawings. Through Saturday, March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

ARNOLD FRIEDMAN (1872-1946)—Landscapes

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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from the forties. Through March 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lionel Gilbert—Still-lifes. Through March 27. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Eileen Gray (1879-1976)—Two woven rugs, and collage studies for them, in a show that is running concurrently with her exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art. Through Saturday, March 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ira Joel Haber—Painted-wood landscapes. Through March 29. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jacques Halbert—Ten portraits of his mother eating cherries by a young French artist, who dashed them off in the styles of Lichtenstein, Picasso, Calder, Warhol, Pollock, Léger, Dubuffet, Mondrian, de Chirico, and Miró. A half-dozen samples of his own splashy abstract style are also exhibited. First one-man show in New York. Through Monday, March 10. (Sutton, a new gallery at 29 W. 57th St.)

George Harkins—Watercolor street scenes of New York. Through March 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Twenty-four paintings and six drawings. Through March 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Minoru Kawabata / Michael Gillen—Large abstract paintings of forms derived from traditional Japanese origami. / Small semi-abstract figurative sculptures cut from sheet steel. Through Saturday, March 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Small-scale, blocky abstract sculptures done in polished steel, wood, or bronze. Through Saturday, March 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Piet Mondrian (1872-1944)—Paintings and drawings, early and late. Through March 29. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—Two exhibitions of sculptures coinciding with his current show at the Whitney Museum. At the Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.: "Landscape Tables," in which dome-shaped islands arise from a flat rectangular bed of granite or travertine. Through Wednesday, March 12. . . . ¶ At the Pace, 32 E. 57th St.: Medium-sized basalt or Aji-granite boulders that have been not so much sculpted as edited—a little trimming, a little polish. Through Saturday, March 15.

William Perehudoff—Recent abstracts by this Saskatchewan artist, done in thick acrylics dribbled or brushed onto a misty background. Through Saturday, March 8. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Allen Ruppersberg—Reliquaries containing make-believe literary treasures ("Lady Chatterley's Lover" and "The Ambassadors"), and pencil drawings with a sort of domesticated Surrealist twist—a setting hen on a clutch of four kittens, for instance. Through Saturday, March 8. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Fanny Sanin—Rigid geometric abstractions—all verticals and horizontals—painted in rich colors by this Colombian-born artist. Through Thursday, March 13. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—"Summer in Maine," a show of semi-abstract paintings. Through March 29. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter—Large-scale aerial views of Western landscapes and other paintings on paper. Through March 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hunt Slonem—Large oils encompassing motifs of Egyptian art, patterned fabrics, plants, and animals. Through March 29. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Richard Smith—"Cartouche" is the name given to a series of ten colored-paper-and-cloth wall hangings. Through April 22. (Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—Another in this artist's series of paintings commenting on art history. This time, the subject is the fifties, and the works consist of colorful frames painted on the canvas with nothing in them but a scrawly line or a squiggle. Through Wednesday, March 12. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Barbara Strasen—Studies of the Western deserts. Through Saturday, March 8. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—Twenty-five small oils, ornately framed and lighted. Through Saturday, March 15. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Portraits. Through March 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Anne Truitt—Rectangular wood columns (anywhere from four feet to nine feet high) by a Minimalist. Through March 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Kay WalkingStick—Acrylic and encaustic applied to canvas with a knife. Through March 29. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Outsize drawings: figure studies by Alex Katz; Madison Square Garden seen from above at night by Yvonne Jacquette; teeming underwater life in colored pencil by Ann McCoy; and an arresting full-face portrait of Jasper Johns by Theo Wujcik. Through March 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Siri Berg—Paintings and drawings entitled "Aspects of the Circle." Through Saturday, March 8. (Ward-Nasse, 178 Prince St.)

Chris Burden—A ten-foot flywheel weighing six thousand pounds spins smoothly on its own momentum for two hours once it is set into motion by the rear wheel of a motorcycle backed up against it. This represents, in the artist's mind, the thinness of the line between aesthetic beauty and violence. Related drawings and boxed exhibits are also shown. Through Saturday, March 15. (Feldman, in a downtown location at 351 West Broadway. Opens at 11:30.)

Nassos Daphnis—Hard-edge paintings from the fifties. Through March 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Daria Dorosh—Abstract paintings based on details from color photographs taken by the artist and reorganized on canvas. Through Saturday, March 8. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Ralph Goings / Gerald Horn—Photo-Realist paintings of still-lifes and of diner interiors. / Abstract paintings. Through March 22. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

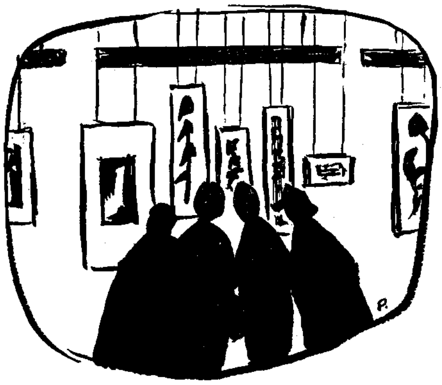
Nancy Goldring—Two series of works, each combining drawing and photographs. Through March 19. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Terence La Noue—Abstract paintings strongly reflecting the artist's recent travels in India. Through March 26. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

John Lees—Representational oils. Through March 29. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Kim MacConnel / Gordon Matta-Clark (1945-78)—Outsize pattern paintings in which washing machines, eggplants, birdlife, television sets, fish, and other surprises are set into the over-all composition. / Color photographs based on an architectural renovation (or sculpture) the artist did in Antwerp. Through Saturday, March 15. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—A triptych and the drawings for it by a Minimalist. Through March 26. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)



Phillip Rivlin—Small abstract canvases mounted on shaped plywood. Through March 29. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Robert Stackhouse—A sculptural work consisting of a battered, fourteen-foot dinghy (found), split down the middle by the twenty-seven foot silhouette of an ancient cargo boat. The artist, in fact, specializes in boat-shaped sculpture. Through Saturday, March 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Robert Straight—Spirited abstract paintings done with encaustics and oil on pleated, fan-shaped canvases mounted on fibre glass. Through March 29. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Dennis Whitcopf / John Colt—Sculptures combining Indiana Bedford limestone, wood, rope, and iron. / Paintings and drawings. Through March 27. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 142 Greene St.: Another Leo Castelli gallery, this one designated for large-scale works. Included are a huge wall construction by Rauschenberg, thirty-four feet long and about eleven feet high, full of transfer images, colored mirrors, and the artist's customary stock-in-trade; a new Lichtenstein, seventeen and a half feet long and eight feet nine inches tall, analyzing German Expressionism; and a Corten-steel spool, nine feet in diameter and nine feet long, by Bruce Nauman. (Opens at noon.) . . . **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: Yvon Lambert, a Parisian gallery owner, is exchanging places this month with Paula Cooper, and while she is presenting some of her artists in Paris, he is showing twelve of his here. All the works are based on a seventeenth-century Italian painting, by Artemisia Gentileschi, of Judith and her maid decapitating Holofernes. Through Saturday, March 15. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by a dozen emerging artists selected over the past year through the Center's screening process. Included are contemporary scenes done in colored chalk on large black-paper backgrounds by Philip Rand Smith; romantic episodes in charcoal-and-ink drawings by Wonsook Kim; and illustrated architectural "in" jokes, by Michael Mostoller, one of which shows King Kong deserting his Empire State perch for Philip Johnson's proposed A.T. & T. building. Through March 29. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alighiero Boetti—Representative works by an Italian Conceptualist—for example, a whole wall taken up with a display of envelopes on which six different Afghanistani postage stamps are pasted in every possible arrangement. (There are seven hundred and twenty possibilities.) Through March 29. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro / Mark Golderman—Sculptures from the last ten years. / Polaroid photographs. Through March 26. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Charles Gleyre (1806-74)—Large allegorical salon paintings by this Swiss academician (his students included Renoir, Monet, and Whistler), plus a sizable group of colorful watercolors and drawings he did on commission for John Lowell, Jr., of the Boston Lowells, whom he accompanied on a tour of the Near East. Through March 22. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Ree Morton (1936-77)—A retrospective of the exuberant and imaginative paintings and constructions by this artist, whose career was cut short by a fatal automobile accident. Through April 17. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Lee Friedlander—Black-and-white photographs of trees—Japanese flowering trees prominent among them. Through Saturday, March 8. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Jill Krementz—Sixty black-and-white photographs of writers: Anaïs Nin, Kurt Vonnegut,

Elizabeth Arden

RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABORATORIES

CONFIDENTIAL

January 16, 1976

SCIENTIFIC STUDIES REPORT:
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(2) a decrease in the skin's ability to care for itself.

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Norman Mailer, Truman Capote. Through Saturday, March 15. (Central Falls, 478 West Broadway. Opens at 12:30.)

Ruth Mayerson-Gilbert / Amy Stromsten—Photographs of butcher shops. / Flash pictures taken at night. Through Saturday, March 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

William Mortensen (1897-1965)—Movie stills and portraits of movie stars (Valentino, Jean Harlow, Fay Wray) from the twenties and thirties, as well as later portraits, by a California Pictorialist. Through March 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Olivia Parker—Black-and-white and color still-life photographs. Through Thursday, March 13. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Roy Perry—Photographs of New York during the Depression. Through April 27. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—A silhouette of the model Kiki dated 1922 is one of more than fifty vintage prints, including solarizations and Rayographs. Also drawings and objects. Through March 29. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Arthur Rothstein—A retrospective of the photojournalist's works. Through Saturday, March 8. (Rizzoli, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.)

Morgan Sanders—Color photographs of trucks parked on New York City streets, detailing fenders, doors, headlights, and windshield wipers. Through March 18. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Burk Uzzle—Photographs of Cambodian refugees. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain—A show of a hundred prints, dated 1839 to 1919, including works by Francis Frith, P. H. Emerson, Julia Margaret Cameron, Roger Fenton, and others. Through March 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Group Show—Works by James Henkel (photographs with grease-pencil or spray-can drawings superimposed on them), by Roger Mertin (a series on trees—his dominant theme), and by Larry Williams (still-lifes of TV commercials). Through March 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Queen Elizabeth II has lent five drawings by da Vinci. Through June 1. . . . ¶ A show of seventy-nine drawings by Barnett Newman which span his career. Through April 13. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than thirty pieces of furniture, including folding screens, designed by Eileen Gray (1879-1976), who for many years had a gallery and shop in Paris. Through April 1. A complementary show (ending Saturday, March 8) is at the Rosa Esman Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit of prints from the sixties and seventies by more than a hundred and seventy-five artists, including Robert Indiana, Picasso, Robert Ryman, Richard Estes, Les Levine, and Jennifer Bartlett. Through April 1. . . . ¶ A show of eighty-five drawings and a number of paintings by Jackson Pollock, pointing up the similarities in the techniques he used in them. Through March 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of abstract paintings, sculptures, and photographs by contemporary British artists relatively unknown in this country. . . . ¶ An Ad Reinhardt show that consists of thirty-four of the red and blue and black geometric abstractions he worked on from 1950 onward. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Sunday, March 9.

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Marsden Hartley. Through May 25. A complementary show is at the Babcock Galleries, 20 E. 67th St. . . . ¶ Isamu Noguchi: theatre sets (three of them for Martha Graham and one for the New York City Ballet), seven sculptures that span a twenty-five-year period, and seventeen environmental projects. Through April 6. Complementary shows are at the André Emmerich Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings by American folk artists (Hannah Cohoon, Edward Hicks, Rufus Porter), most of whom worked in the nineteenth century. Through May 13. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings and drawings of Myron Stout. Through April 6. . . . ¶ Thirteen sculptures and six drawings by the figure sculptor Gaston Lachaise. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

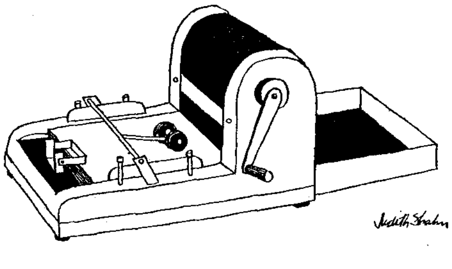
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Goddess in Indian Art," an exhibition of forty-six sculptures and paintings spanning nineteen centuries and depicting the symbol of fertility in Indian art and mythology. Through June 29. Additional works are at the Doris Wiener Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., and (through Friday, March 7) at Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. . . . ¶ Approximately a hundred prints by the Optical artist Richard Anuszkiewicz. Through Sunday, March 9. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of Colombian gold and pottery dating from about 100 B.C. to the fourteenth century. Through March 18. (Note: Mondays through Fridays, this exhibit opens at 11:45. Otherwise, the museum is open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday and Friday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of more than two hundred craft objects by young metalsmiths from around the country. The show was chosen by three jurors, whose own work is also on view. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A survey of Chinese costumes from the Ch'ing Dynasty (1644 to 1911), on loan from the Royal Ontario Museum. Central to the exhibit is a selection of silk embroidered dragon coats, designed to be worn only in the palace. Also, portraits of courtiers wearing the garments. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of American ceramics, mostly decorative, dating from 1878 to 1978, by George Ohr, Carl Walters, Mary Frank, Kenneth Price, and Louise Nevelson, among others. The works range from a 1910 carved-porcelain scarab vase by Adelaide Robineau to Rudy Autio's contemporary painted-stoneware lidded vessel. Through May 25. . . . ¶ A show about the design problems presented by ocean liners—from their boiler rooms to their ballrooms. The exhibit has eleven scale models of actual ships, cutaway drawings, furniture, table settings, photographs, and so forth. Through April 6. . . . ¶ A show of nearly three hundred individual ceramic tiles. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of about half of the Punchinello drawings by Domenico Tiepolo, who began his career as an assistant to his famous father. Through March 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The history of the formation of the museum's permanent collection—of ceremonial objects, paintings, glass, coins, photographs, and other works—is reflected in a seventy-fifth anniversary show. (Opens daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A selection of paintings (by Rembrandt, Holbein, van Dyck, and others), drawings, porcelain, textiles, furniture, and other items from the Dutch Royal Collections. The greater part of the works, which date from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, belonged to William III and Mary. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—About forty portrait miniatures and other material attributed to a nineteenth-century folk artist, John S. Blunt (1798-1835), who may or may not be the Borden Limner. Starts Thursday, March 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-fifty-fifth annual, composed of two hundred and eighty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by both members and nonmembers. Through March 30. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred examples of nineteenth-century silver pieces designed by and made at Tiffany & Co. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Audubon's original watercolors, which were engraved as "The Birds of America." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Diaghilev's influence on twentieth-century ballet is examined in a display of photographs (of Nijinsky, for example), original set and costume designs (by Benois, Picasso, and others), letters (from Balanchine, Debussy, Cole Porter), and scenario notes, all centering on twelve Ballets Russes productions. Through April 19. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Collages and superrealist paintings by Barkley L. Hendricks. Through March 30. . . . ¶ Abstract paintings by Norman Lewis (1909-79). Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Separate shows (films, paintings, and so forth) by Jeff Balsmeyer, Silvia Kolbowski, Allan McCollum, Richard Prince, and Jenny Snider, through March 29.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.

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Congress' watchdog, the General Accounting Office, said in a blistering July 1979 report: "Excessive truck weight is a major cause of highway damage. The rate of highway deterioration will slow down if excessively heavy trucks are kept off the highways." At the legal weight of 80,000 pounds, one big trailer-truck does damage comparable to that of *9,600 cars.*

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Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays noon to 6.—Romaine Perin (performance with videotape), Tuesday, March 11, at 8:30; works by more than a hundred artists, among them Alice Neel, Christo, Jasper Johns, Lee Krasner, and Roy Lichtenstein, through Saturday, March 8; installations, including photocopied works, by two conceptual artists—Romaine Perin and Beverly Naidus, starts Tuesday, March 11.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Three audiotape installations by Vito Acconci, through Saturday, March 15.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Individual exhibitions of paintings, sculptures, photographs, poems, and films by a number of artists, including Bill Taggart, James Little, Alice Notley, and Bill Lundberg. Through April 6.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 5, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; conducted by Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Domenico Trimarchi, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Wozzeck," with Anja Silja, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Katia Ricciarelli, Judith Blegen, Patricia Payne, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Monday, March 10, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8: "Wozzeck," with Anja Silja, Allan Monk, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 12, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Italo Tajo, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 13, at 8: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, Ermanno Mauro, Matteo Manuguerra, and Mario Bertolino; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 14, at 8: "Wozzeck," with Atarah Hazzan, José van Dam, Richard Cassilly, Ragnar Ulfung, and Dieter Weller; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Tatiana Troyanos, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Paul Plishka, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 15, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Italo Tajo, David Rendall, Richard Stilwell, and Nico Castel; Nicola Rescigno.

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, March 5: "Falstaff" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Janice Hall, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Kathleen Hegierski, Donald Gramm, Bruce Reed, and David Holloway; conducted by Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 6: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 258.). . . ¶ Friday evening, March 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 8: "Falstaff" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Janice Hall, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Kathleen Hegierski, Donald Gramm, Bruce Reed, and David Holloway; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 8: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, March 9: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; John Crosby. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, March 9: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Heather Thomson, Gwenlynn Little, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, Charles Long, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 11: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Kathleen Hegierski, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Dominic Cossa; John Crosby. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 12: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Inga Nielsen, Jane Shaulis, Nadia Pelle, Donald Gramm, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 14: "Don Giovanni," with Carol Vaness, Esther Hinds, Faith Esham, Samuel Ramey, Michael Rippon, Rockwell Blake, Carlos Chausson, and Marc Embree; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 15: "Falstaff" (in English), with Martha Sheil, Inga Nielsen, Jane Shaulis, Nadia Pelle, Donald Gramm, Jerry Hadley, and Charles Long; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 15: "Manon," with Diana Soviero, Henry Price, Dominic Cossa, David Arnold, Marc Embree, and Douglas Perry; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, April 27.)

"Gimpel the Fool"—An opera by David Schiff, based on a short story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, conducted by Amy Kaiser and staged by Dan Bredemann. In Yiddish, with an English narration. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 6, and Saturday, March 8, at 8, and Sunday, March 9, at 2.)

Friends of French Opera—Robert Lawrence directing a benefit performance of Gluck's "Armide" in a semi-staged version, with Martine Dupuy, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and Bianca Berini; mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf directing Brahms' Requiem and excerpts from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" on Thursday and Friday, March 6-7, and Tuesday, March 11, at 8 (all with Kathleen Battle, soprano; John Shirley-Quirk, baritone; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Morton Gould conducting a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, March 8, at 8 (with Ilana Vered, piano). . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a varied program on Thursday, March 13, at 8; Friday, March 14, at 2; Saturday, March 15, at 8; and Tuesday, March 18, at 7:30 (all with Radu Lupu, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

CORT THEATRE
t.f.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Michalak conducting an all-Szymanowski program, with Wanda Wilkomirska, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Hans Stadlmair conducting a program that includes one of his own works. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting a Haydn-Mozart program, with Beveridge Webster, piano. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," in concert form, with Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; Ruby Hinds, mezzo-soprano; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; Dalmacio Gonzalez, tenor; Harlan Foss, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Orchestra of New York—Paul Dunkel conducting a program of music by Elizabeth Swados, Charles Ives, and Henry Brant, with Miss Swados, guest conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Metropolitan Ensemble of New York—Mamoru Takahara conducting, with Takaya Urakawa, violin. (Lila Acheson Wallace Auditorium, Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Monday, March 10, at 8. For tickets, call 832-1155, Ext. 50.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Heather Harper, soprano, and Artur Balsam, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

New York String Ensemble—Fritz Maraffi conducting, with Suzanne McCormick, piano, and Jeannette Ferrell, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Jesse Levine conducting a program of music by contemporary composers, among them Morton Gould, Vladimir Ussachevsky, and Lukas Foss. With Faye-Ellen Silverman, piano; Henry Schuman, oboe; and Honi Coles and Brenda Bufalino, tap dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 15, at 2.)

All-Brahms Concert—Charlotte Bergen conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 15, at 8, and Sunday, March 16, at 2.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing Haydn's "Harmoniemesse" and Fauré's Requiem, with Heather Harper, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and William Parker, baritone. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 7:30.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing a program of French music from Berlioz to Poulenc. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of madrigals by Monteverdi, Purcell, Kurt Weill, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The second in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Gerre Hancock. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 5:30.)

Lionel Party—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 5, at 7:30.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Piano, violin, and cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tul-

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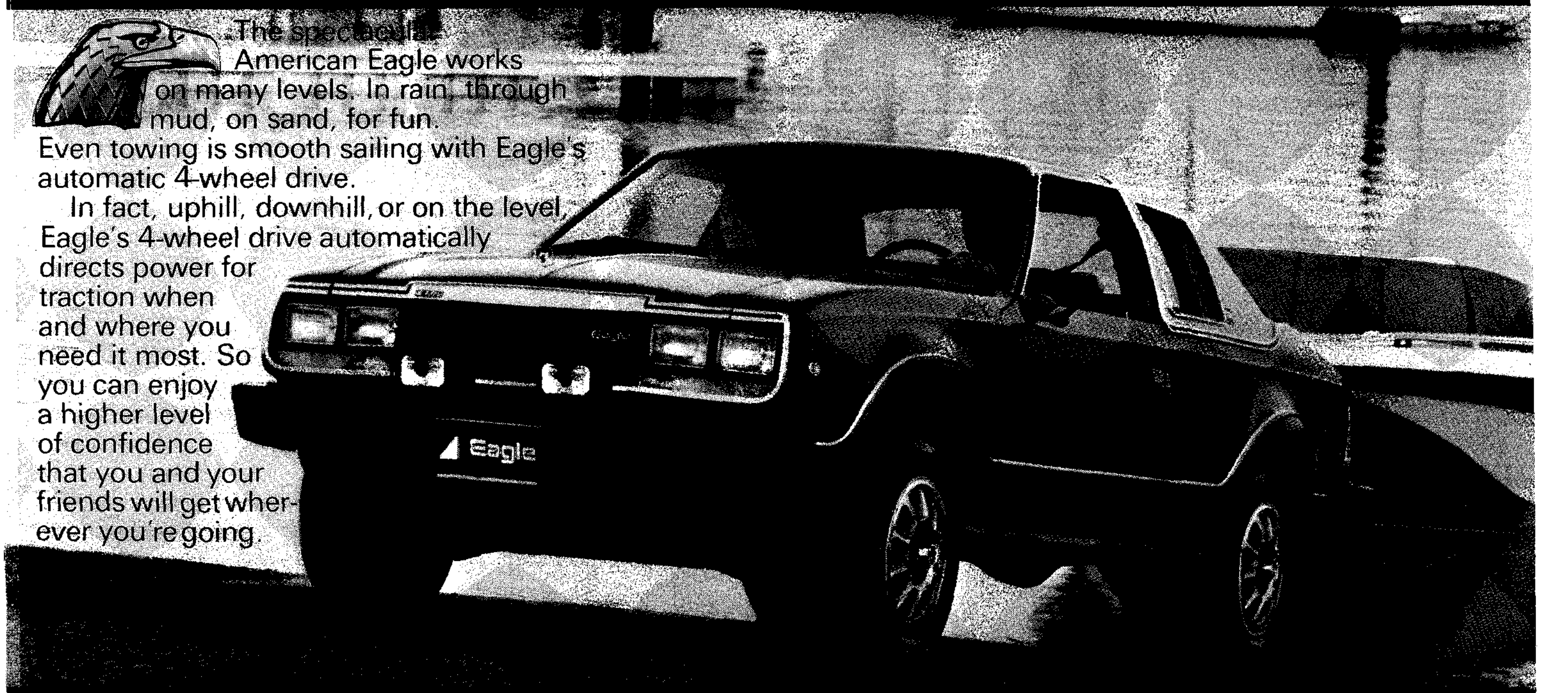

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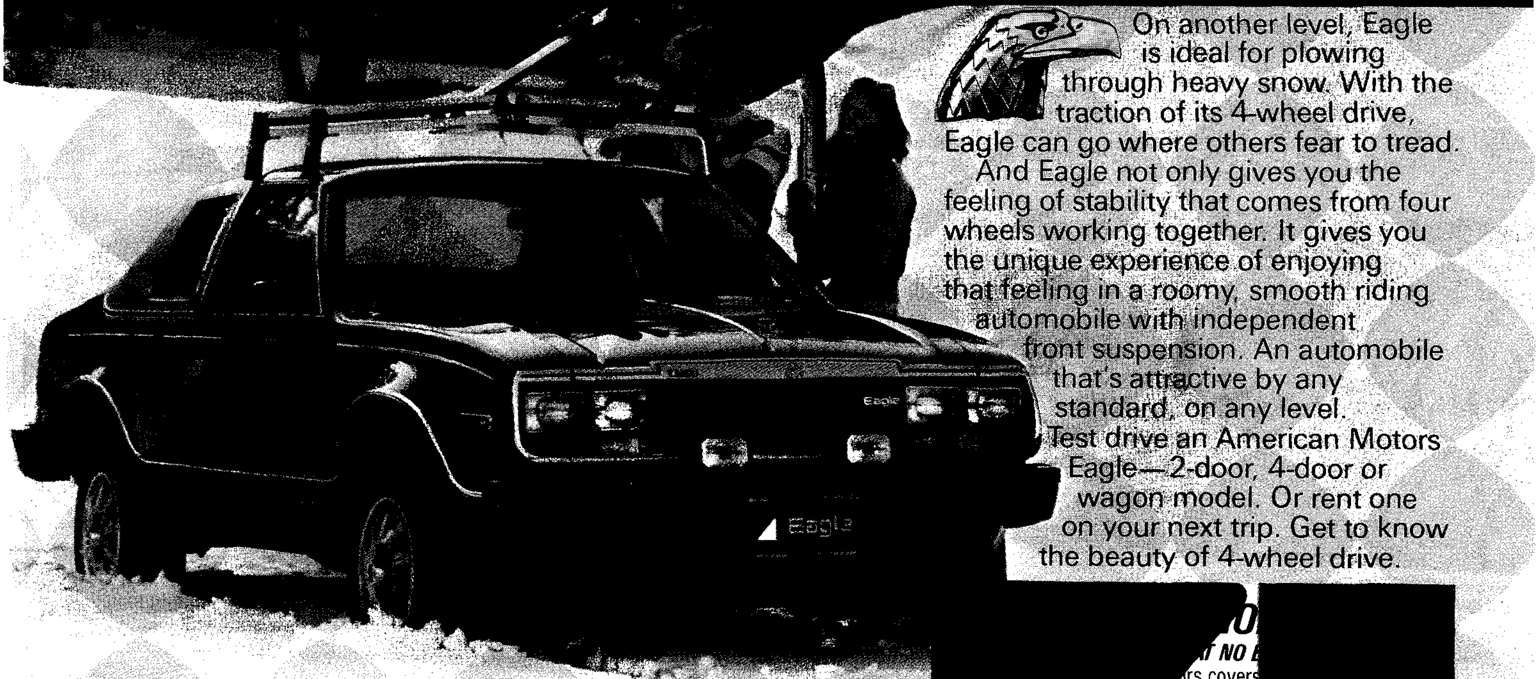

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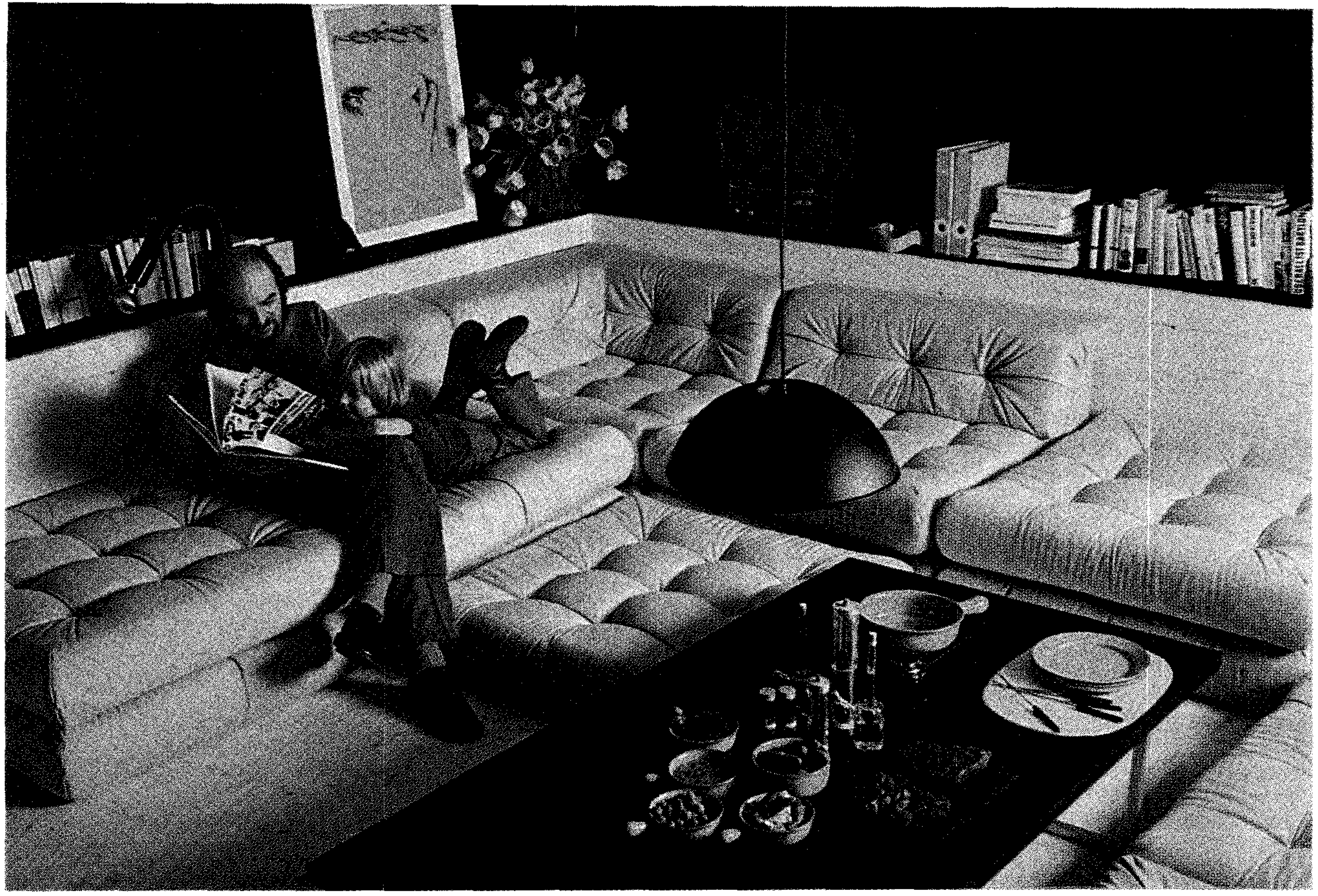

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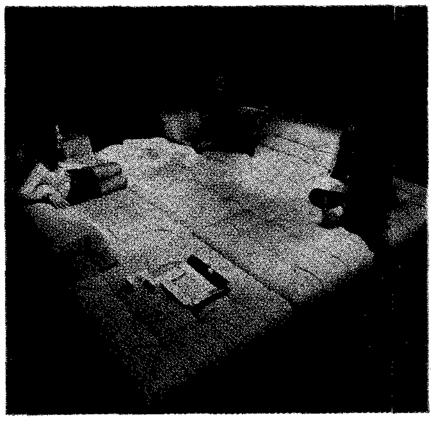

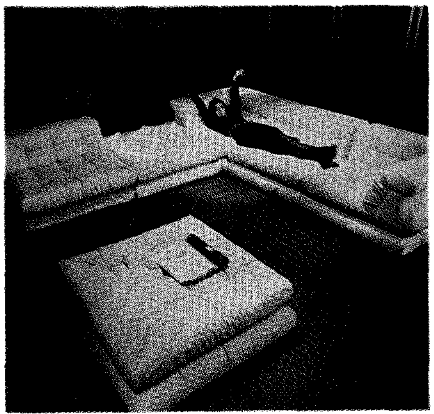

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ly Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 5-6, at 8, with Philippe Entremont, piano.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 7, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

André Laplante—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8.)

John Graham—Viola. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 6, at 8.)

Judith Norell—Harpsichord. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

David Bradshaw—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 8, at 2:30.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord, with the Brandenburg Collegium in an all-Bach program. The last in a series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 8, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Liona Boyd—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Oxana Yablonskaya—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Yo-yo Ma—Cello, with the Guarneri Quartet and Daniel Phillips, viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 3.)

Beethoven Society—Lilian Kallir, piano, Ani Kavafian, violin, and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, March 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Harmonie Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, March 9, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Music Before 1800—Steve Lubin, fortepiano; Myron Lutzke, cello; and Rebecca Troxler, flute. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, March 9, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

William Mount—Baritone. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 9, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

André-Michel Schub—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone, in a performance of Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 9, at 8.)

Howard Bass—Lutanist. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Curtis Macomber—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in a program of a-cappella music. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

New World String Quartet—A Beethoven-Bartók-Dvořák program. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 10, at 8.)

Albert Markov—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Rita Bouboulidi—The fourth in a series of seven concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Michael Rogers—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 11, at 8.)

Ars Musica—The last in a series of programs of baroque music played on original instruments. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Carroll Glenn—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 12, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Folger Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of early music. This program is entitled "Triptych II: Italy." (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The second in a series of three concerts of music of this century, this one devoted to compositions by Foss, Babbitt, Ruth Crawford Seeger, and others. With Judith Bettina, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 13, at 8.)

Kathleen Bride and Andrew Bolotowsky—Harp and flute. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

New York Chamber Soloists—The second of two programs devoted to chamber operas, this one a triple bill—Monteverdi's "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda," Poulenc's "Le Bestiaire," and De Falla's "El Retablo de Maese Pedro"—all in concert form, with Jean Hakes, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; Raymond Murcell, bass; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 14, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—A program of baroque music on original instruments. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, March 14-15, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 16, at 2.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Carlos Bonell, guitar; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, March 15, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Aston Magna—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Charles Bressler, tenor; Jaap Schröder, violin; and John Solum, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of music of medieval and Renaissance England, with Paul O'Dette, lutanist. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For tickets, call 582-3240.)

Galimir Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time that includes the première of Milton Babbitt's "Paraphases," with Lynne Webber, soprano. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Robert and Nicholas Mann—Duo violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

"Rice Bowls, Cans, Timpani, Gongs . . ."—A program of music for solo and ensemble percussion and for strings, winds, and voice, by Varèse, Cage, Jacob Druckman, and others, performed by Continuum, with Gordon Gottlieb and Daniel Druckman, percussion; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Jerry Dodgion, flute; Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor; and the Brooklyn College Percussion Ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 8, at 8.)

Benefit Concert—Maurice Peress conducting members of the New York Philharmonic in a Mozart-Debussy-Saint-Saëns program, with Yefim Bronfman, piano. The beneficiary is the Shaare Zedek Medical Center in Jerusalem. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 354-8801.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, March 8, at 8:05.... ¶ Knicks vs. Houston, Tuesday, March 11, at 7:35.... ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Thursday, March 13, at 8:05.... ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 15, at 8:05.... **rutgers university athletic center**: Nets vs. Houston, Friday, March 7, at 8:05.... ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Sunday, March 9, at 4. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 463-8770.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 14, at 7:30.)

Fencing—*International Fencing Tournament.* (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. 247-5100. Friday, March 7, at 8:30 and 7; Saturday, March 8, at 8:30, 1, 5:30, and 8; and Sunday, March 9, at noon, 2:30, 5, and 7:30.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 8, at 1, and Sunday, March 9, at noon.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, March 5.... ¶ Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, March 9.... ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, March 12.... **nassau coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, March 8.... ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, March 11.... ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Saturday, March 15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 15, at 8.)

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 19. The Swift, Saturday, March 8; the Correction Handicap, Sunday, March 9; and the Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 15.... **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 14. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 8.

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, May 22. ... **meadowlands racetrack**: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Louise Glück and Robert Hass reading from their own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 10, at 8.)... ¶ Hannah Green and Jane Cooper reading from their own works. (Wollman Auditorium, Cooper Union, 51 Astor Pl. Wednesday, March 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Shows—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.... ¶ The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 8-9, noon to 6.

Auctions—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays, 10 to 4; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese furniture, paintings and other works of art, and textiles and rugs.... ¶ Tuesday, March 11, at 8: Contemporary paintings and sculptures by Caro, Noland, Motherwell, and others, in a benefit auction. Exhibition starts Friday, March 7.... ¶ Friday, March 14, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 8.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 9: "Blaise Pascal."
March 10: Theatre closed.
From March 11: "The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Rose."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 6: "The Jerk" and "M*A*S*H."
March 7-13: "The Jerk" and "Oh, God!"
From March 14: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Breaking Away."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Fog."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 6: "Just Tell Me What You Want."
From March 7: "The Black Marble."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through March 6: "American Gigolo."
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Foxes."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Best Boy."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Blood Feud."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Cruising."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Wise Blood."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Being There."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Norma Rae."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Simon."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through March 11: "Just Tell Me What You Want."
From March 12: "A Small Circle of Friends."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through March 6: "The Seduction of Joe Tynan" and "Same Time, Next Year."
From March 7: "The Immortal Bachelor."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 6: "The Immortal Bachelor."
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"All That Jazz."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through March 6: "The Electric Horseman."
From March 7: "The Black Marble."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"Chapter Two."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Kramer vs. Kramer."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 6: "Fatso."
March 7-13: "The Rose."
From March 14: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through March 6: "Breaking Away."
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 13: "Hero at Large."
From March 14: "Fifth Floor."

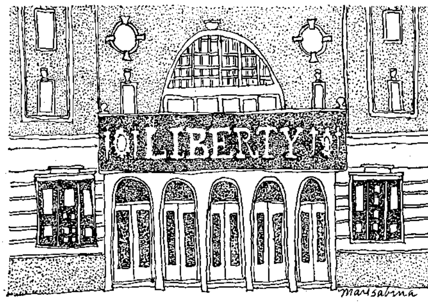
LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Fog."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through March 6: "American Gigolo."
From March 7: "The China Syndrome" and ". . . And Justice for All."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Foxes."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "A Force of One."
Theatre 2: Through March 6: "The Last Married Couple in America." From March 7: To be announced.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 22. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Chapter Two."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 13: "All That Jazz."
From March 14: "Joe and Maxi."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"All That Jazz."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Electric Horseman."
Theatre 2: Through March 13: "Gizmo!" From March 14: "American Gigolo."
Theatre 3: Through March 6: "Starting Over." From March 7: "The China Syndrome" and ". . . And Justice for All."
Theatre 4: "Hero at Large."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Black Stallion."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Saturn 3."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Human Factor."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"A Simple Story."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"To Forget Venice."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"All That Jazz."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 6: "Star Trek–The Motion Picture."
From March 7: "Starting Over."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Angi Vera."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through March 8: "Breaking Away."
From March 9: "The Trials of Alger Hiss."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Chapter Two."
Theatre 2: "The Jerk."
Theatre 3: Through March 6: "Just Tell Me What You Want." From March 7: "Hero at Large."
Theatre 4: "All That Jazz."

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Monsieur Verdoux," "The Circus," "Limelight," "A King in New York," "Modern Times," "A Woman of Paris," "The Great Dictator," "The Kid," "The Gold Rush," "City Lights," and "Chaplin Revue."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through March 6: "The Rose."
From March 7: "The China Syndrome" and ". . . And Justice for All."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 6: "10" and "How Funny Can Sex Be?"
March 7-13: "The Rose" and "Last Embrace."
From March 14: "American Gigolo" and "Hardcore."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through March 6: "Just Tell Me What You Want." (†)
March 7-13: "The Visitor."
From March 14: To be announced.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"All That Jazz." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Hero at Large." (†)
Theatre 3: "Apocalypse Now."
Theatre 4: Through March 8: "Chapter Two." (†) From March 9: "Breaking Away." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Rose." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through March 6: "American Gigolo." (†)
From March 7: "The Black Marble." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"The Fog." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Cruising." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 6: "The Godsend."
From March 7: "Coal Miner's Daughter." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Foxes." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"A Force of One." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through March 6: "The Electric Horseman." (†)
From March 7: "The China Syndrome" (†) and ". . . And Justice for All." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 5: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "What's the Matter with Helen?" (1971), directed by Curtis Harrington, with Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Winters.
March 6: "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979), directed by Don Siegel, with Clint Eastwood and Patrick McGoohan; and "Framed" (1975), directed by Phil Karlson, with Joe Don Baker and Brock Peters.
March 7: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961), directed by Blake Edwards, with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney; and "Roman Holiday" (1953), directed by William Wyler, with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.
March 8: "Stardust" (1975), directed by Michael Apted, with David Essex; and "The Last Waltz" (1978), directed by Martin Scorsese, with The Band.
March 9: "The Beggar's Opera" (1953), directed by Peter Brook, with Laurence Olivier, Stanley Holloway, and Dorothy Tutin; "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980), directed by Yvonne Rainer.
March 10: "A Special Day" (†); "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (†); and "Journeys from Berlin/1971."
March 11: "The Bride of the Andes" (†); and "High and Low" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
March 12: "The Haunting" (†); and "The Legend of Hell House" (1973), directed by John Hough, with Pamela Franklin and Roddy McDowall.
March 13: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel.
March 14: "Candy" (†) and "The Magic Christian." (†)
March 15: "The Loved One" (1965), direct-

ed by Tony Richardson, with Robert Morse and Jonathan Winters; and "The Bed Sitting Room." (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

March 5: "The Goddess" (1958), directed by John Cromwell, with Kim Stanley and Lloyd Bridges; and "The Actress" (1953), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, Teresa Wright, Anthony Perkins, and Kay Williams.

March 6: "Jacob the Liar" (1975), in German, directed by Frank Beyer; and "Kanal" (1956), in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

March 7: "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve; and "The Soft Skin" (1964), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean Desailly and Françoise Dorléac.

March 8: "All Screwed Up" (1974) and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

March 9: "Grand Hotel" (†); and "Ninotchka" (1939), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, and Felix Bressart.

March 10: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, and Raymond Burr; and "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (1954), directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Jennifer Jones and Montgomery Clift.

March 11: "Air Force" (†); and "The Criminal Code" (1931), directed by Howard Hawks, with Walter Huston, Phillips Holmes, and Constance Cummings.

March 12: "This Man Must Die" (1969), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne; and "La Femme Infidèle." (†)

March 13: "Le Terra Trema" (1947), in Sicilian dialect, directed by Luchino Visconti; and "Our Daily Bread." (†)

March 14: "Marat/Sade" (1967), directed by Peter Brook, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.

March 15: "Days of Heaven" (1978), directed by Terrence Malick, with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Shane" (1953), directed by George Stevens, with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 6: "Misty Beethoven" (1976); and "The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann" (1975).

March 7-8: "Alien" (1979), directed by Ridley Scott, with Tom Skerritt and Sigourney Weaver; and "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey.

March 9-10: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974), in Italian, directed by Franco Brusati, with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller.

March 11: "The Deer Hunter" (1978), directed by Michael Cimino, with Robert De Niro.

March 12-13: "The Shout" (†); and "Deep End" (1971), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, with Jane Asher and John Moulder-Brown.

March 14-15: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Apocalypse Now" (1979), directed by Francis Coppola, with Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 5: "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle" (1939), directed by H. C. Potter, with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, Edna May Oliver, and Walter Brennan; and "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Maureen O'Hara, Louis Hayward, and Lucille Ball.

March 6-8: "Moon Over Miami" (1941), directed by Walter Lang, with Betty Grable, Don Ameche, and Robert Cummings; and "Ball of Fire" (1942), directed by Howard Hawks, with Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Dana Andrews, and Dan Duryea.

March 9-10: "Lili" (†); and "The Unfinished Dance" (1947), directed by Henry Koster, with Margaret O'Brien, Danny Thomas, and Cyd Charisse.

March 11-12: "Los Tarantos" (1964), in Spanish, with Carmen Amaya; and "Illicit Interlude." (†)

March 13-15: "The Band Wagon" (1953), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "Les Girls." (†)

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 5: "Miracle in Milan" (1951), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.

March 6: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" (1971), directed by Ulu Grosbard, with Dustin Hoffman, Barbara Harris, and David Burns; and "Little Big Man" (1970), directed by Arthur Penn, with Dustin Hoffman.

March 7-8: "Dracula" (1979), directed by John Badham, with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence; and "Dracula" (1931), directed by Tod Browning, with Bela Lugosi, Helen Chandler, David Manners, and Dwight Frye.

March 9: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.

March 10: "The Crime of Dr. Crespi" (1935), directed by John A. Auer, with Erich von Stroheim and Dwight Frye; "One Frightening Night" (1935), directed by Christy Cabanne, with Charley Grapewin, Hedda Hopper, and Wallace Ford; and "The Vampire Bat" (1933), directed by Frank Strayer, with Melvyn Douglas, Lionel Atwill, and Fay Wray.

March 11: "Back Street" (1932), directed by John Stahl, with Irene Dunne, John Boles, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Unfinished Business." (†)

March 12: "Show Boat" (1936), directed by John Whale, with Irene Dunne, Helen Morgan, Allan Jones, and Paul Robeson; and "When Tomorrow Comes" (1939), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer, and Barbara O'Neil.

March 13: "I Remember Mama" (†) and "Sweet Adeline." (†)

March 14-15: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Boxcar Bertha" (1972), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Barbara Hershey and David Carradine.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 5: "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (1967), directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Carol Channing; and "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, and Charles Coburn.

March 6-7: "The Man Who Came to Dinner" (1942), directed by William Keighley, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

March 8-9: "The Thin Man" (1934) and "After the Thin Man" (1936), both films directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

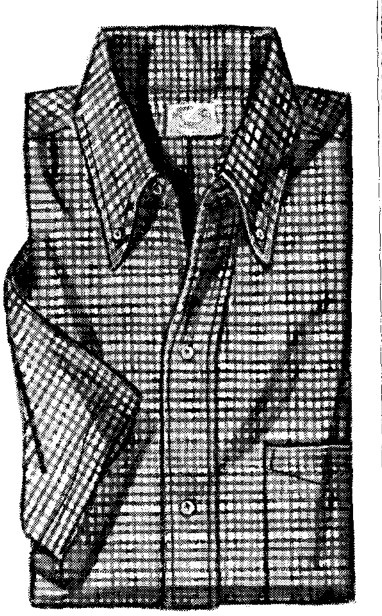
March 10: "Illicit" (1931), directed by Archie Mayo, with Barbara Stanwyck; and "Ever in My Heart" (1933), directed by Archie Mayo, with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Bellamy, and Otto Kruger.

March 11: "Boston Blackie and the Law" (1947) and "Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion" (1945), both with Chester Morris as the detective.

March 12: "Journey Into Fear" (†); and "The Stranger" (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

March 13: "Fools for Scandal" (1938), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Carole Lombard, Fernand Gravet, and Ralph Bellamy; and "True Confession." (†)

March 14-15: "Charlie Chan in the Meeting at Midnight" (1944), directed by Phil Rosen, with Sidney Toler as the detective;



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and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938), directed by William Nigh, with Boris Karloff.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 6 at *2:30*: "Sarah and Son" (1930), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Ruth Chatterton and Fredric March. . . . ¶ March 6 at 6: "The Man I Love" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Richard Arlen. . . . ¶ March 6 at 8:30: "Street of Chance" (1930), directed by John Cromwell, with William Powell, Jean Arthur, and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ March 7 at *2:30*: "The Four Feathers" (1929), a silent film, directed by Merian C. Cooper, Ernest Schoedsack, and Lothar Mendes, with Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, and Clive Brook. . . . ¶ March 7 at 6: "The Doll" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Ossi Oswalda and Lubitsch, German inter-titles; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1920), a German silent film, directed by Robert Wiene, with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher, English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 8 at noon: "Symphony of Six Million" (1932), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Ricardo Cortez, Irene Dunne, and Gregory Ratoff. . . . ¶ March 8 at *2:30*: "What Price Hollywood?" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, and Gregory Ratoff. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5: "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor, Fredric March, and Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ March 9 at noon: "Symphony of Six Million.". . . ¶ March 9 at *2:30*: "Bird of Paradise" (1932), directed by King Vidor, with Dolores Del Rio and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5: "Romeo and Juliet" (1936), directed by George Cukor, with Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, and John Barrymore. . . . ¶ March 10 at noon: "Magical Death" (1973), directed by Napoleon Chagnon; and "At the Time of Whaling" (1974), directed by Sarah Elder and Leonard Kammerling. . . . ¶ March 10 at *2:30*: "Street of Chance." . . . ¶ March 10 at 6: A program of animated films by Susan Pitt. . . . ¶ March 11 at noon: "Magical Death" and "At the Time of Whaling.". . . ¶ March 11 at *2:30*: "Romeo and Juliet.". . . ¶ March 11 at 6: "We've Always Done It This Way" (1978), made by ATV Television, England. . . . ¶ March 13 at *2:30*: "The Wild Party" (1929), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Clara Bow and Fredric March. . . . ¶ March 13 at 6: "Chinatown Nights" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Wallace Beery, Florence Vidor, and Warner Oland. . . . ¶ March 13 at 8:30: "Topaze" (1933), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with John Barrymore and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ March 14 at *2:30*: "Chinatown Nights." . . . ¶ March 14 at 6: "Kipho" (1925), a German silent film, directed by Guido Seeber; and "Warning Shadows" (1923), a German silent film, directed by Arthur Robison, with Fritz Kortner and Fritz Rasp; both with English inter-titles. . . . ¶ March 15 at noon: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" (1938), directed by Norman Taurog, with Tommy Kelly, May Robson, and Walter Brennan. . . . ¶ March 15 at *2:30*: "The Wild Party.". . . ¶ March 15 at 5: "Sarah and Son." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only *to those applying for them in person at the* museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 9: "Lost Lost Lost (Diaries, Notes and Sketches, 1949-62)" (1975), directed by Jonas Mekas. Showings Wednesday through Sunday at noon and 3. . . . ¶ Starting March 11: "Oona's Third Year or Paradise Not Yet Lost (Diaries, Notes and Sketches, 1977)" (1979), directed by Jonas Mekas. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. . . . ¶ A five-part audiotape—"The Telephone Stories" (1979), conceived by Mitchell Kriegman and read by Marshall Klugman and Susan Blommaert—has been installed on three floors in the museum. You may call from your own phone and hear the tapes at any time (570-3603). The museum is closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"The Offenders" (1979), directed by Scott B and Beth B, with Adele Bertei. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. (594-9486)—The first programs in a six-day series of Polish films. March 7 at 7: "The Cruise" (1970), directed by Marek Piwowski. . . . ¶ March 7 at 8:20: "The Saragossa Manuscript" (1964), directed by Wojciech Has. . . . ¶ March 8 at 2:35: "Death of the President" (1977), directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz. . . . ¶ March 8 at 5:15: "Lokis" (1970), directed by Janusz Majewski. . . . ¶ March 8 at 7:15: "Behind the Wall" (1971), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi. . . . ¶ March 8 at 8:30: "The Sandglass" (1973), directed by Wojciech Has. . . . ¶ March 9 at 3:10: "How to Be Loved" (1962), directed by Wojciech Has. . . . ¶ March 9 at 5:05: "Eroica" (1957), directed by Andrzej Munk. . . . ¶ March 9 at 7: "Identification Marks: None" (1964), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. . . . ¶ March 9 at 8:25: "Walkover" (1965), directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. . . . ¶ March 14 at 7: "Behind the Wall.". . . ¶ March 14 at 8:15: "Illumination" (1973), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi. . . . ¶ March 14 at 10: "Behind the Wall.". . . ¶ March 15 at 2:05: "Mother Joan of the Angels" (1961), directed by Jerzy Kawalerowicz. . . . ¶ March 15 at 4: "The Doll" (1968), directed by Wojciech Has. . . . ¶ March 15 at 7: "The Cruise.". . . ¶ March 15 at 8:20: "Through and Through" (1973), directed by Grzegorz Krolikiewicz. All films in Polish with English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Air Force (1943)—One of the "contribution-to-the-war-effort" specials: the biography of a Flying Fortress, a Boeing B-17 nicknamed Mary Ann, that heads out into the Pacific on the eve of Pearl Harbor and goes on to Wake Island and then takes part in the Coral Sea battle and, at the last, is about to participate in a raid on Tokyo. The film is one crisis after another, and the director, Howard Hawks, stages the air battles handsomely, but for the rest it helps if you're interested in the factors involved in getting a bomber somewhere and back. This is one of the most impersonal of the Hawks films; it seems manufactured rather than made. The script, by Dudley Nichols, with dialogue by William Faulkner, provided what is meant to be a microcosm of democracy in motion—a melting-pot crew; on board are John Garfield as aerial gunner Winocki, George Tobias as assistant crew chief Weinberg, Gig Young as co-pilot Williams, John Ridgely as Captain Quincannon, Arthur Kennedy as bombardier McMartin, Harry Carey as crew chief White, Charles Drake as the navigator, and James Brown as Rader, who replaces the pilot. Stereotypes all, though acted with professional conviction. The cast includes Edward S. Brophy, Faye Emerson, Dorothy Peterson, Addison Richards, Ann Doran, Stanley Ridges, Willard Robertson, and Moroni Olsen. Cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Beekman, Greenwich Playhouse 2, Cinema 3, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through March 13.)

American Gigolo—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (2/4/80) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 2, and Loews Astor Plaza; through March 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia; starting March 14.)

. . . And Justice for All—A preposterous but apparently well-intentioned melodrama about the criminal-justice system, directed by Norman Jewison. Al Pacino, as a liberal criminal lawyer, is far from at his best. (10/22/79) (Loews Orpheum 2, Quad Cinema, New Yorker 2, and Victoria; starting March 7.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Cinema Studio 2.)

The Bed Sitting Room (1969)—The ghastly kind of far-out humor that makes you feel as if you've got a pain in your side when you haven't even laughed. Richard Lester directed this apocalyptic after-the-bomb farce. With Michael Hordern, Rita Tushingham, and Ralph Richardson—until he mutates into a bed-sitting room. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 15.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Coronet.)

Best Boy—A documentary about a fifty-two-year-old mentally retarded man. Directed by Ira Wohl. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

The Black Marble—From the Joseph Wambaugh novel, with Robert Foxworth, Paula Prentiss, and Harry Dean Stanton; directed by Harold Becker. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting March 7.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild.)

Blaise Pascal (1972)—With Pierre Arditi, directed by Roberto Rossellini. In Italian. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through March 9.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising *Fascisti* in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Plaza.)

Breaking Away—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscapes of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (8/6/79) (Gramercy. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through March 6. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through March 8. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 9.)

The Bride of the Andes (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité* techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 11.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Candy (1968)—Though it sticks fairly closely to Terry Southern's and Mason Hoffenberg's book, which was an erotic satire, it isn't erotic. It's a shambles, an incompetent mess, and the idea of Candide as a teen-age American girl who believes what men tell her—she's a born dupe whose innocence serves as an aphrodisiac—wears down fast. But there are funny pieces: Marlon Brando's Grindl the Guru episode (especially under the covers), Richard Burton's parody of Dylan Thomas (though it does go on), and the bloody hospital sequence with James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. This spoof of surgery is a bad sick joke and you know you should want it to end because it's wicked and crude, but you're laughing helplessly. As Candide, Ewa Aulin lacks the necessary dewy freshness, and isn't—and can't act—American; she sounds rather like Peter Lorre in his pussycat roles. With Walter Matthau, John Astin, and John Huston. There are also appearances by Charles Aznavour, Ringo Starr, and Elsa Martinelli who seem lost—stranded on the screen. There was a director—Christian Marquand—but the movie doesn't look directed; one has visions of the editor holding his head as he tries to figure out how to put this stuff together. Adapted by Buck Henry. The cinematography is by Giuseppe Rotunno. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

Chaplin Revue—Three of his silents—"Shoulder Arms" (1918), "A Dog's Life" (1918), and "The Pilgrim" (1923). In "Shoulder Arms," Chaplin levelled a full comic barrage at the glamorous soldier-hero; he fought militarism in his own way by making it ridiculous. As the misfit in the ranks, he acts out a soldier's dream of glory: single-handed, he seizes an enemy squad, saves his buddy from a firing squad, rescues a French girl (Edna Purviance) from the classic fate-worse-than-death, and captures the Kaiser. Along the way, he impersonates a tree; it is the most imaginative extended sequence in the film. One of his first four-reelers, this picture is remarkable for its sustained comic invention; nothing lachrymose slows it down. (New Yorker 1; March 6-7, 9, 11-12, and 14.)

Chapter Two—Familiar backdrops—Central Park, the Carnegie Recital Hall, the Public Library, and so on—fail to convince us that we are in New York instead of in the theatre, which is where this Neil Simon comedy-drama, about a widowed novelist (James Caan, badly miscast) who undertakes a too-sudden second marriage to a spunky, large-eyed actress (Marsha Mason), ran in its original form. The formal structure of the tale and the alternating brittle jokes and moody musings about the vagaries of marital happiness make for a much less rewarding entertainment than Mr. Simon's "The Goodbye Girl," which was a movie all the way. With Valerie Harper and Joe Bologna. (12/24/79) (Loews New York 2, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy; through March 8.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator named Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear-power station in Southern California appears likely—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Orpheum 2, Quad Cinema, New Yorker 2, and Victoria; starting March 7.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (New Yorker 1; March 6, 9-10, 12, and 14-15.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (New Yorker 1; March 5, 7, 9-10, 13, and 15.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—With Sissy Spacek and Tommy Lee Jones. Based on Loretta Lynn's autobiography, directed by Michael Apted. (34th St. East, Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Rivoli; starting March 7.)

Cruising—Al Pacino as an undercover cop in search of a psychopathic killer who preys on patrons of the heavy-leather homosexual bars of the West Village. Director William Friedkin's night views of the meat rack, where figures dressed like Richard Lindner's monster males loom and hover, are repellent but powerful, but the picture's persistent confusions of theme and plot encourage our ignorance and our prurient fear of these matters. Mr. Friedkin's careless, trashy moral appears to be that homosexuality is catching and inescapably violent, which is a shocking message even for a thriller that is meant only to shock and to sell. With Paul Sorvino, Richard Cox, Don Scardino, and Karen Allen. (2/18/80) (Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, and National.)

The Electric Horseman—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1, and Victoria; through March 6.)

Fatso—Is there something funny about the sight of three compulsive eaters wrecking a kitchen in an orgy of gluttony? Is there pathos in a fat man who devours forty dollars' worth of take-out Chinese food in a parked car? Possibly, but not as presented in this queasy comedy, which is far more self-indulgent than its weepy victim-hero, Dominick DeNapoli (Dom DeLuise). Many closeups of food. With Anne Bancroft, who cooked up the whole thing in this, her first effort as a writer and director. (72nd Street East; through March 6.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—This Claude Chabrol film is an exquisitely detailed, impeccably acted, stunningly directed suspense story about adultery and passion among the bourgeoisie. Yet there isn't a breath of life in it. You observe Michel Bouquet's foxy little performance as the cuckold, the glossy beauty of Stéphane Audran (she looks like a rich, chic Jeanne Hébuterne) as the wife, and Maurice Ronet's assured professionalism as the seducer, and you see the points being made about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. But the expertise is so tired, so masterly and perfectly slick, that the film looks as if Chabrol polished it until he ran out of spit. With Michel Duchaussoy. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

The Fog—A coastal California village experiences an unpleasant night when it is visited by a spectral crew of drowned lepers, who rise from the deep in search of revenge. The picture, which was shot by John Carpenter in the vivid, windswept environs of Point Reyes, works up some nice creepy moments and a couple of real screeches, but the script tries to cover too much ground and too many frightened citizens, and thus never quite grabs us and holds us prisoner, which is the way one felt at Mr. Carpenter's celebrated last chiller, "Halloween." With Adrienne Barbeau, Hal Holbrook, John Houseman, Janet Leigh, and Jamie Lee Curtis. (2/25/80) (Bay Cinema, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1.)

A Force of One—With Jennifer O'Neill and Chuck Norris, directed by Paul Aaron. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

Foxes—With Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman, and Randy Quaid; directed by Adrian Lyne. (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this

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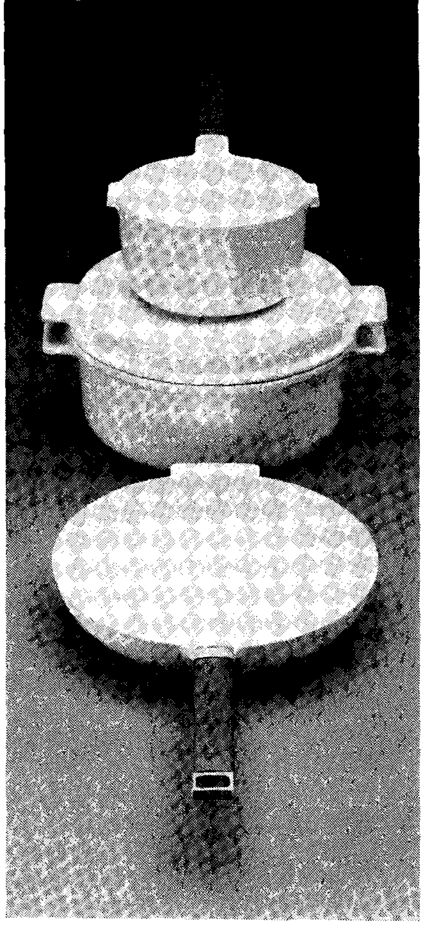

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backstage-story musical (it's about a lawsuit over a former showgirl's memoirs), and the color consultant, George Hoyningen-Huené, gave it a classy look, but, with one exception, nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, or the scenarist, John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. (He hit rock bottom, with horrible quasi-cultured numbers.) Even the Cole Porter score is weak, and the whole show is overproduced. The exception is the tall, blithe, and beautiful comedienne Kay Kendall, who does a funny, drunk "La Habanera" and has a number with Kelly in which she seems to be outdancing him and having an easy, amused time of it. Her role isn't large enough, though. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, Jacques Bergerac, Patrick MacNee, and that bane of fifties movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Regency; March 13-15.)

Gizmo!—A cheerful retrospective documentary about old-time amateur inventors and wacko performers (Americans, for the most part) and their feats, as recorded in many dozens of old newsreel clips and publicity films dating back forty or fifty years or more. The glimpses of motorized roller skates, rocket-powered sleds, dog-powered washing machines, tree-climbing bikes, human xylophones, spaghetti-winders, cellar-built robots, airborne bicycles, and paddle-wing ornithopters are by turns hilarious, tacky, and remorselessly boring, but there is also an underlying sadness to it all, which arises from the inevitable cruelty of our laughter and from a sense of lost American innocence. Take the children. Compiled and produced by Howard Smith. (1/28/80) (Quad Cinema; through March 13.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—He enters "pursued by a bear"—the man who for generations of filmgoers has been the embodiment of "the little fellow": humanity. In this extraordinarily sweet and graceful comedy, Chaplin is the weak and helpless perfect gentleman in the Klondike world of bears and brutes; yet his gallantry wins him the gold and the girl, too. In 1958, an international jury at Brussels selected this film as the second greatest film of all time (after "Potemkin"). With Mack Swain as Big Jim, Georgia Hale, Tom Murray, and Henry Bergman. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin; the assisting directors were Charles Riesner and H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast; the cinematographer was Rollie Totheroh. (The snowy exteriors were filmed in Nevada.) Silent; some prints have a musical track. (New Yorker 1; March 5, 7, 9-10, 13, and 15.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—From her first line, "I have never been so tired in my life," Greta Garbo sets the movie in vibration with her extraordinary sensual presence. ("Mademoiselle Hamlet," Alice B. Toklas called her.) Garbo plays a *première danseuse* whose career is fading—a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman: John Barrymore. Garbo was only twenty-six when she played this role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue, the despair seem genuine. You have every reason to reject "Grand Hotel" as an elaborate chunk of artifice; there are no redeeming qualities in Vicki Baum's excruciating concepts of character and fate, and anyone who goes to see this movie expecting an intelligent script, or even "good acting," should have his head examined. Most of the actors give impossibly bad performances—they chew up the camera. But if you want to see what screen glamour used to be, and what, originally, "stars" were, this is perhaps the best example of all time. "Grand Hotel" survives because of the same factor that made it a huge hit in its day (it even won the Academy Award as Best Picture): the force of the personalities involved in the omnibus story. As a secretary working in the hotel, there is a startlingly sexy minx named Joan Crawford, who bears only a slight resemblance to the later zombie of that name; at twenty-five, she still connected with other performers, and her scenes with Lionel Barrymore (in one of his rare likable performances: he's a dying man spending his life savings on a last fling) show a real rapport. The fifth star is Wallace Beery, as a brutal, crooked tycoon; he overacts mightily and charmlessly. Also in the cast are Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, Raffaele Ottiano, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Frank Conroy, Tully Marshall, Purnell Pratt, Morgan Wallace, Robert McWade, and Edwin Maxwell. Striding through it all is a living legend of the screen: Garbo, in her chinchilla polo coat, with her drawn face and wrinkled forehead and her anguished "I want to be alone." (Her clothes seem to get in her way, and there's a ridiculous little bobby pin that keeps her hair firmly in place during her big love scenes with Barrymore.) Directed by Edmund Goulding from William A. Drake's adaptation of Vicki Baum's "Menschen im Hotel;" cinematography by William Daniels; art direction by Cedric Gibbons; gowns by Adrian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 9.)

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The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (New Yorker 1; March 6-7, 9, 11-12, and 14-15.)

Hardcore (1979)—George C. Scott is the Calvinist father from Grand Rapids who searches for his runaway teen-age daughter in the porno-prostitution world of California. The father feels no temptation, so there's no contest; he's above sex, and he hates porno the way dogs hate cats. The writer-director, Paul Schrader, sets up the picture as a demonstration of the superiority of fundamentalist moral values over pornographic laxness—as if there were nothing in between. It's a detached, opaque, affectionless movie; since it doesn't regard the young whores as human, there's no horror in their dehumanization—only frigid sensationalism. With Peter Boyle and Season Hubley. (2/19/79) (Olympia; starting March 14.)

The Haunting (1963)—An elegantly sinister scare movie, literate and expensive (though basically a traditional ghost story), with those two fine actresses Claire Bloom and Julie Harris. As a Greenwich Village lesbian, Bloom plays a female variant of the role that would once have been assigned to Dwight Frye; Julie Harris is the chaste heroine, a post-Freudian version of those anemic virgins Helen Chandler used to play. This "old dark house" movie is set in a marvellous Victorian Gothic pile in New England, and it's good fun. With Richard Johnson, Russ Tamblyn, Fay Compton, Valentine Dyall, Rosalie Crutchley, and Lois Maxwell. The director, Robert Wise, hadn't done a simple amusement like this since his youth; Nelson Gidding did the adaptation of the Shirley Jackson novel "The Haunting of Hill House." (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12.)

Hero at Large—A Twinky-sweet comedy about a struggling actor (John Ritter) who, as a public-relations stunt, is hired to play "Captain Avenger," a Superman-like hero, and is surprised when the public begins to believe his act. The movie, which bears resemblance to an expiring TV sit-com, may be trying to say something about contemporary folkways and politics, but it doesn't. With Anne Archer, Bert Convy, and Kevin McCarthy. (Quad Cinema and Embassy. . . . ¶ U.A. East; through March 13. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting March 7.)

How Funny Can Sex Be? (1973)—An eight-episode film, with Giancarlo Giannini and Laura Antonelli, directed by Dino Risi. In Italian. (Olympia; through March 6.)

The Human Factor—Tom Stoppard wrote the screenplay for this adaptation of the 1978 Graham Greene novel about a worn-out minor functionary (and double agent) in British intelligence who loses his country and his small family to no purpose. The picture's disappointing second half and ultimate failure are attributable to the direction of Otto Preminger, whose literal style ignores the darker inflections of the book and thus transforms it into a humdrum spy story. A distinguished cast—including Richard Attenborough (in a telling, quiet performance as an unacute, friendless security officer), Robert Morley, Derek Jacobi, Ann Todd, and Nicol Williamson (as the stricken hero, Maurice Castle, who winds up in Moscow as a waste product of his desultory, convictionless trade)—holds our attention and hopes, but all its efforts are unavailing against Mr. Preminger's insistent verisimilitude. (2/11/80) (Festival.)

Illicit Interlude (1951; "Summer Interlude")—This early Ingmar Bergman film is about the loss of love: a tired ballerina of twenty-eight (Maj-Britt Nilsson), who has ceased to feel or care, is suddenly caught up by the memory of the summer when her life ended. We see her then as a fresh, eager fifteen-year-old, in love with a frightened, uncertain student (beautifully played by Birger Malmsten), and we watch the delicate shades of their "summer play," interrupted by glances at adult relatives, as Bergman contrasts decadence and youth, corruption and beauty. In the early part, an old woman appears for just a moment in a road, walking—and this image, like the croquet game in the later "Smiles of a Summer Night," seems to be suspended in time. Bergman found his style in this film, and it is regarded by cinema historians not only as his breakthrough but also as the beginning of "a new, great epoch in Swedish films." Many of the themes (whatever one thinks of them) that Bergman later expanded are here: the artists who have lost their identities, the faces that have become masks, the mirrors that reflect death at work. But this movie, with its rapturous yet ruined love affair, also has a lighter side; it is the highly personal work of an emerging director—a work with elegiac charm and sweetness. With Alf Kjellin as the suitor, Stig Olin as the ballet master, George Funkquist as the lecherous uncle. Photographed by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Regency; March 11-12.)

The Immortal Bachelor—Giancarlo Giannini as an unshaven Roman layabout who slaps around his wife (Monica Vitti) when he isn't out cheating on her, but keeps her happy with his inspired lovemaking. Miss Vitti is funny and sexy-looking, and Mr. Giannini croaks and rolls his eyes in his entertaining horny-frog style, but the comedy is slowed by its dopey, familiar message: only the poor have fun in bed in Italy. With Claudia Cardinale and Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (2/25/80) (Gemini 2; through March 6. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; starting March 7.)

I Remember Mama (1948)—Kathryn Forbes' novel about her Norwegian family in San Francisco is used as the framework for a mother image of formidable proportions. This image is held to with the serene nostalgia that we reserve for our very best fantasies—Mama (Irene Dunne) is tall and beautiful, wise and omniscient. Except for a few gooey lapses (the worst is a bathetic hospital scene), George Stevens directed with warmth and intelligence; it's not a bad movie, though it has a too careful look, with meticulous reconstructions of San Francisco streets circa 1905-10. Philip Dorn is Papa, and Barbara Bel Geddes does well as daughter Katrin. As the rakehell Uncle Chris, Oscar Homolka goes in for too many flourishes and loiters too long on his deathbed. Edgar Bergen is the timid undertaker who marries Mama's sister, and Cedric Hardwicke and Rudy Vallée are also around. The movie seems too hemmed in, maybe because De Witt Bodeen's script sticks too closely to the stage adaptation by John van Druten. (Thalia; March 13.)

The Jerk—A dreary farce about a back-country boob at large in a cruel, Mel Brooksian world. Steve Martin, the television comedian, is the star (and a co-author), and he has filled this disastrous "Candide" with street language and smutty jokes. With Bernadette Peters, and directed by Carl Reiner, of all people. (12/17/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through March 13.)

Joe and Maxi—A documentary about Joe Cohen, made by his daughter, Maxi, and Joel Gold. (Greenwich Playhouse 1; starting March 14.)

Journey into Fear (1943)—This labyrinthine spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey is loaded down with terror hocus-pocus and high-toned conversations. The pacing is wobbly, and the suspense doesn't build; it's a halfhearted—almost fey—film, with a lot of dark atmosphere that doesn't amount to much. Orson Welles, who appears as the Turkish police chief Colonel Haki, had a large hand in the script (he and Joseph Cotten are credited with the rather eccentric adaptation of the Eric Ambler novel) and supervised the production, though it was at least partly directed by Norman Foster. The cast of this Mercury Production includes Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, Everett Sloane, Agnes Moorehead, Edgar Barrier, Jack Moss, Ruth Warrick, Richard Bennett as the ship's captain, and Hans Conried as the magician. Edited by Mark Robson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (Murray Hill, Loews 83rd Quad, and Criterion; through March 6. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through March 11.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (New Yorker 1; March 5, 8, 10, 12, and 14-15.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (New Yorker 1; March 5, 8, 10-11, and 13.)

Kramer vs. Kramer—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Last Embrace—A wholly preposterous thriller, directed by Jonathan Demme and well acted by Roy Scheider and Janet Margolin. It is like a bucket of cold water thrown in your face again and again; oddly enough, this comes to seem enjoyable. (5/28/79) (Olympia; March 7-13.)

The Last Married Couple in America—A depressed, haggard comedy about infidelity among the Jacuzzi set in lower California. Everyone talks fast and plays around, and the adulterers are rewarded with guilt, impotence, and venereal disease. With Natalie Wood, George Segal (mugging like Lionel Barrymore on speed), Valerie Harper, and Richard Benjamin. (R.K.O. 86th St.; through March 6.)

Lili (1953)—Millions of schoolchildren chirruped "Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo" when this sickly-sweet musical whimsy from M-G-M was released. Mel Ferrer smiles his narcissistic, masochistic smiles as the crippled puppeteer who can speak his love to the sixteen-year-old orphan girl Lili (Leslie Caron) only through his marionettes. Caron is much too good for him, but the movie doesn't know it. With Jean-Pierre Aumont, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Kurt Kasznar. Charles Walters choreographed and directed, from Helen Deutsch's script, based on a Paul Gallico novel. Bronislau Kaper was given an Academy Award for that infernal score; Hollywood is shameless. (Regency; March 9-10.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden); in the darkened theatre after she has performed he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (New Yorker 1; March 5, 8-9, and 11-12.)

The Magic Christian (1970)—The Terry Southern novel, in a slovenly version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, and Christopher Lee. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

The Marriage of Maria Braun—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 1.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 6.)

Modern Times (1936)—After his last silent picture, "City Lights," Charlie Chaplin was absent from the screen for five years; he returned in triumph with this rambunctious comedy, in which he still doesn't speak, although he uses background sounds and, as a singing waiter in a crowded cabaret, he does a wonderful jabberwocky patter song that you can't get out of your head. (It is, of course, a demonstration of how unnecessary words are.) Influenced by René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté," Chaplin opens the film with a satire on the dehumanizing effects of technology (the machines speak—they whir and pound and screech), but Chaplin is far more basic and sadistic than Clair. As a worker on an assembly line, Charlie the tramp is run through the gears of a huge machine and is force-fed by an experimental, time-saving contraption that splashes soup in his face and shoves corn on the cob into his mouth. He can't take a second off work to scratch himself without turning the whole plant into chaos; after a long stretch of tightening screws, he becomes a robot who runs to tighten the buttons he sees on women's dresses. The picture is about social disorders and distresses of the thirties, and there are clashes between the unemployed and the police, and a gag about a Communist demonstration, yet it's one of the happiest and most lighthearted of the Chaplin pictures—partly because his new leading lady, Paulette Goddard, who is listed as "a Gamin," has a beautiful grin and a bouncy, outgoing personality. And with the addition of sound, Chaplin seems to drop some of his pathos; this picture doesn't pull at your heartstrings—it has the spirit of a good vaudeville show, and the tramp doesn't lose out at the end (he gets his gamin). Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, who also takes credit for the music. With Henry Bergman as the café proprietor, Chester Conklin as the mechanic, and Hank Mann as one of the burglars. (New Yorker 1; March 5-6, 8, 10, 12-13, and 15.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (New Yorker 1; March 6-8, 11, and 13-14.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (D. W. Griffith.)

Oh, God! (1977)—Basically a single-joke movie. George Burns is God in a baseball cap; He appears to John Denver, a mild supermarket manager with a Dutch-boy hairdo that makes him look as if he has no ears, and tells him to spread His Word. The movie isn't exactly painful to watch—Burns has his superb quirky timing, and he gets everything imaginable out of his lines—but listening to God's bland messages (which sound like est philosophy) is like sinking in a mountain of white flour. Despite a few amusing bits, the picture is so cautious about not offending anyone that it doesn't rise to the level of satire, or even spoof. It's very thin and quiet—a soft-sell religious lecture—and there's a vaudeville piety about it, a greeting-card shallowness. (Give brotherly love a chance.) It seems to congratulate the audience for laughing at its harmless little jokes. With Teri Garr, who has a funny moment or two when she squinches her eyes in suffering (she's like

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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a pretty, blond Olive Oyl), and Donald Pleasence, Ralph Bellamy, William Daniels, Barnard Hughes, Barry Sullivan, Jeff Corey, George Furth, Paul Sorvino (in a caricature of a religious faker), and Dinah Shore and Carl Reiner as themselves. From Larry Gelbart's adaptation of Avery Corman's novel. Reiner did the caretaker directing (he kept his toupee on), and the cinematographer, Victor Kemper, seems to have thrown the same bright light over everything, as if he thought the picture would play only in drive-ins. Actually, it played widely and was a huge success. The sequel is to be called "Oh God! Oh God!"—which may match your sentiments. (St. Marks Cinema; March 7-13.)

Our Daily Bread (1934)—About how a young couple (Karen Morley and Tom Keene) make a go of life on a bankrupt farm by turning it into a co-op. King Vidor—restless, never satisfied by his commercial successes—borrowed up to his ears to make this movie, and it's innovatively well directed. He experiments with Russian ideas of montage, and manages to make a grand finale out of the cooperative farmers digging a ditch to irrigate a cornfield—cheating only a little by heightening the scene with an orchestral score. The rhythmic visual conceptions are beautifully realized, but the acting and writing are awful; sophisticated in film terms, it's a primitive picture in dramatic terms. The earnest title indicates where Vidor went wrong: the film suffers from awkwardly simple thinking and from the excessive virtue ascribed to the common-man characters. With John Qualen and Barbara Pepper. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover (1977)—With Broderick Crawford, José Ferrer, Michael Parks, and Ronee Blakley. Directed by Larry Cohen, who will be present at the 8 P.M. showing on March 14. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 11.)

The Rose—Loosely based on the life of Janis Joplin, the film nearly drowns out the considerable talents of its star, Bette Midler, in bad music, incessant crisis, and plain noise. (11/12/79) (Art, and Forum. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; through March 6. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; March 7-13.)

Same Time, Next Year (1978)—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. The gimmick is the way that social changes and fashions in dress and ideas are reflected in these two, and the single joke is that adultery can be regulated and celebrated, just like marriage. Of course it can be, if you remove every ounce of passion and sexual tension from it, which is what the writer, Bernard Slade, and the director, Robert Mulligan, have done. If someone you make the mistake of caring about insists on your going to this movie, take a small flashlight and a book. From Slade's two-character one-set Broadway hit. (12/4/78) (Gemini 1; through March 6.)

Saturn 3—A *ménage à deux* (Farrah Fawcett and Kirk Douglas) on Saturn's third moon is interrupted by the arrival of a deranged astronaut (Harvey Keitel) and an eight-foot robot named Hector, who is programmed for lust. How Hector is expected to consummate his mineral love is never explained. Not for children. Not for adults, either. (3/3/80) (Ziegfeld.)

The Seduction of Joe Tynan—An airless, pious study of political corruption. Alan Alda, as Tynan, a young liberal senator, has a tight face and tinny voice that do not express the changes taking place inside the character. Meryl Streep and Barbara Harris provide delicious moments, and Melvyn Douglas, as an aging Southern senator, rises above the platitudes around him with touching dignity. Rip Torn is on hand for one of his madman turns, but the movie's schematic respectability domesticates him. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (8/20/79) (Gemini 1; through March 6.)

The Shout—A poorly acted, incoherent, and unendurably loud film, entirely played at peak volume, in Dolby Stereo. Directed by Jerzy Skolimowski, it stars Alan Bates as an occultist psychopath whose shout can kill. (11/19/79) (Cinema Village; March 12-13.)

Simon—With Alan Arkin and Madeline Kahn, directed by Marshall Brickman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

A Simple Story—A low-hued portrait of a divorced, intelligent, imperfectly happy thirty-nine-year-old French woman. (Romy Schneider), who works as an industrial designer and has wonderful friends. Director Claude Sautet's brief, glancing scenes place us in the midst of concerns and pauses of life, and convey a vivid sense of the onrush of time. A movie for grownups. With Claude Brasseur, Bruno Cremer, and Arlette Bonnard. In French. (2/18/80) (57th St. Playhouse.)

A Small Circle of Friends—With Brad Davis, Karen Allen, and Jameson Parker; directed by Rob Cohen. (Cinema II; starting March 12.)

A Special Day (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness—the turf so well tended by Noël Coward when he was being "real." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

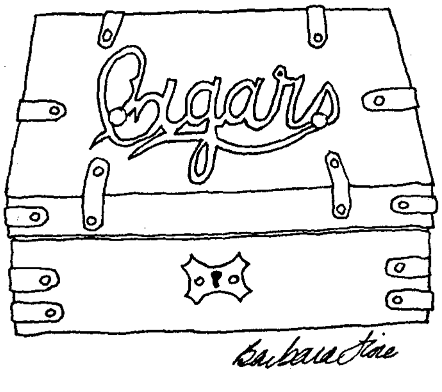
Starting Over—A study in casting against the grain. Directed by Alan Pakula, the movie stars Burt Reynolds, as a somewhat comic victim deserted by his wife; Candice Bergen, as the wife, who feels she must follow what she mistakenly believes to be her singing talent; and Jill Clayburgh, as the thirtyish nursery-school teacher with whom Reynolds moves in. The film patronizes Miss Clayburgh's waifish spinster, ignores Reynolds' lack of comic or sentimental gifts, and almost completely misuses the considerable talents of Miss Bergen—who nonetheless manages, in a scene or two, to be utterly moving and convincing. (11/26/79) (Quad Cinema; through March 6. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting March 7.)

Star Trek—The Motion Picture—The Starship Enterprise survives (but just barely) its risky voyage from TV series and cult object to movie spectacular, thanks in part to the older but still reassuring presence of Captain (now Admiral) Kirk, and of Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, and the rest of the crew, who are played by the original actors. This space epic is not close to the level of "2001" or "Star Wars," but it has an innocence and modesty that almost make up for its clichés. With William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, Stephen Collins, and Persis Khambatta. Directed by Robert Wise. (12/17/79) (Paramount; through March 6.)

Sweet Adeline (1935)—Irene Dunne, the archest of the comediennes and the most ladylike of the singers, starred in this Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern show, directed to a dead finish by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast includes Donald Woods, Ned Sparks, and Hugh Herbert. (Thalia; March 13.)

10—A bleak, unfunny comedy which rests on such gags as Dudley Moore's having his teeth drilled and being stung on the nose by a bee. (10/29/79) (Olympia; through March 6.)

To Forget Venice—Bared breasts, purging floods of tears, a dead canary, a naked man in a bridal veil, a beautiful dying diva, a gaga maidservant, homosexual couples of both sexes, extended flashbacks depicting the joys and pains of childhood—such are the rewards of this overheated, pretentious Italian morality film, which omits nothing except any evidences of spontaneous gesture or human speech. Directed by Franco Brusati; with Mariangela Melato, Erland Josephson, and Hella Petri. In Italian. (2/4/80) (Little Carnegie.)



The Trials of Alger Hiss—A documentary, directed by John Lowenthal. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 9.)

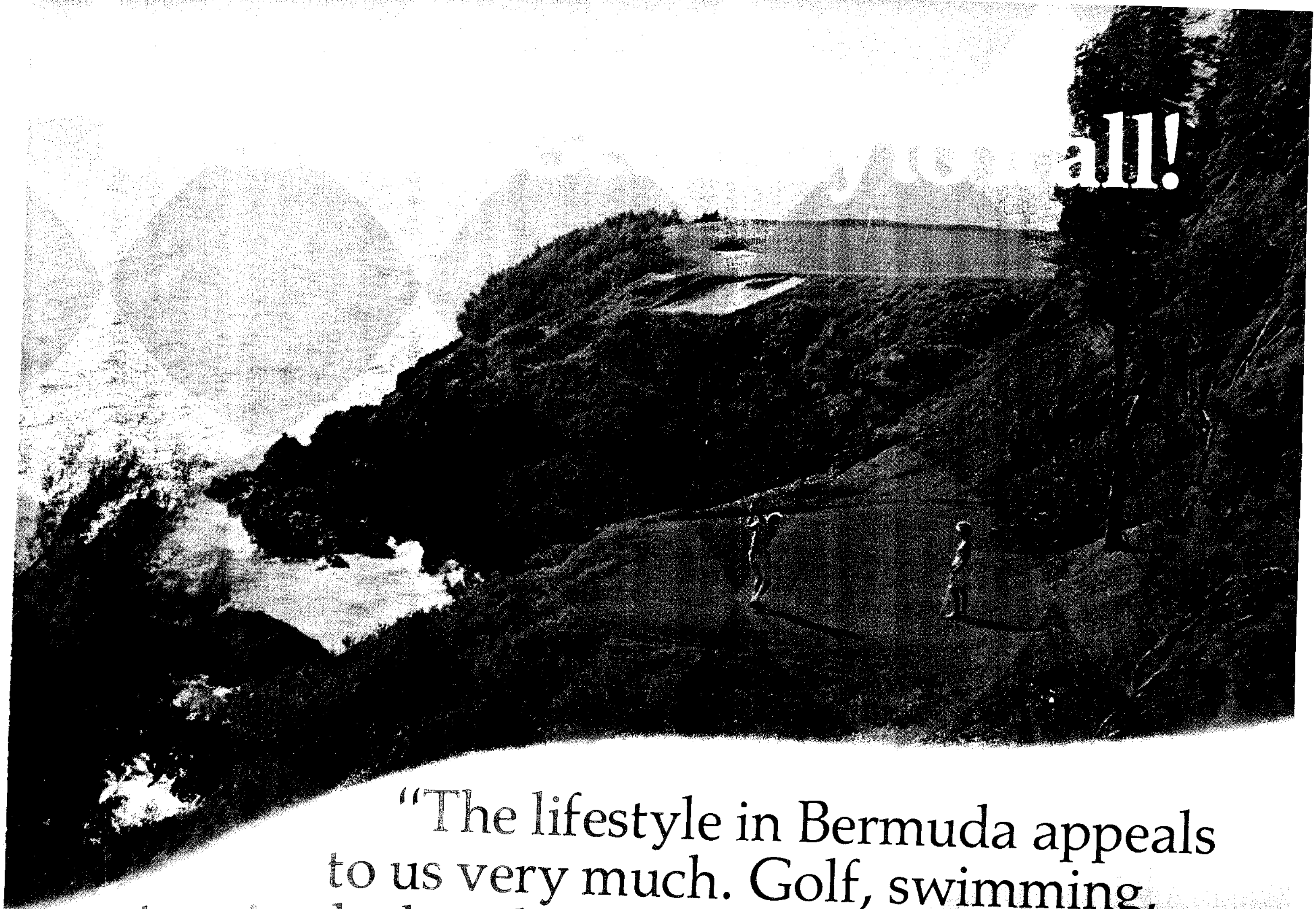
True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture; "She'll fry," he chuckles to himself during her trial. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but the general giddiness and Barrymore keep the picture going. The director, Wesley Ruggles, was one of the original Keystone Cops; Claude Binyon adapted the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. With Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

Unfinished Business (1941)—It starts as a frothy comedy, with Robert Montgomery and Irene Dunne being madcap and frivolous, and there's an entertainingly preposterous inside view of night-club life, but the froth curdles. Once sentiment gets the upper hand, look for an exit. Before then, Walter Catlett has a few choice moments as the proprietor of a luxurious resort. With Eugene Pallette, as a playboy's butler. Gregory La Cava directed, from Eugene Thackery's screenplay. (Thalia; March 11.)

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism in anything from male nursing to car parking to film buffery to policemen dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Baronet.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (New Yorker 1; March 6-8, 11, and 13-14.)



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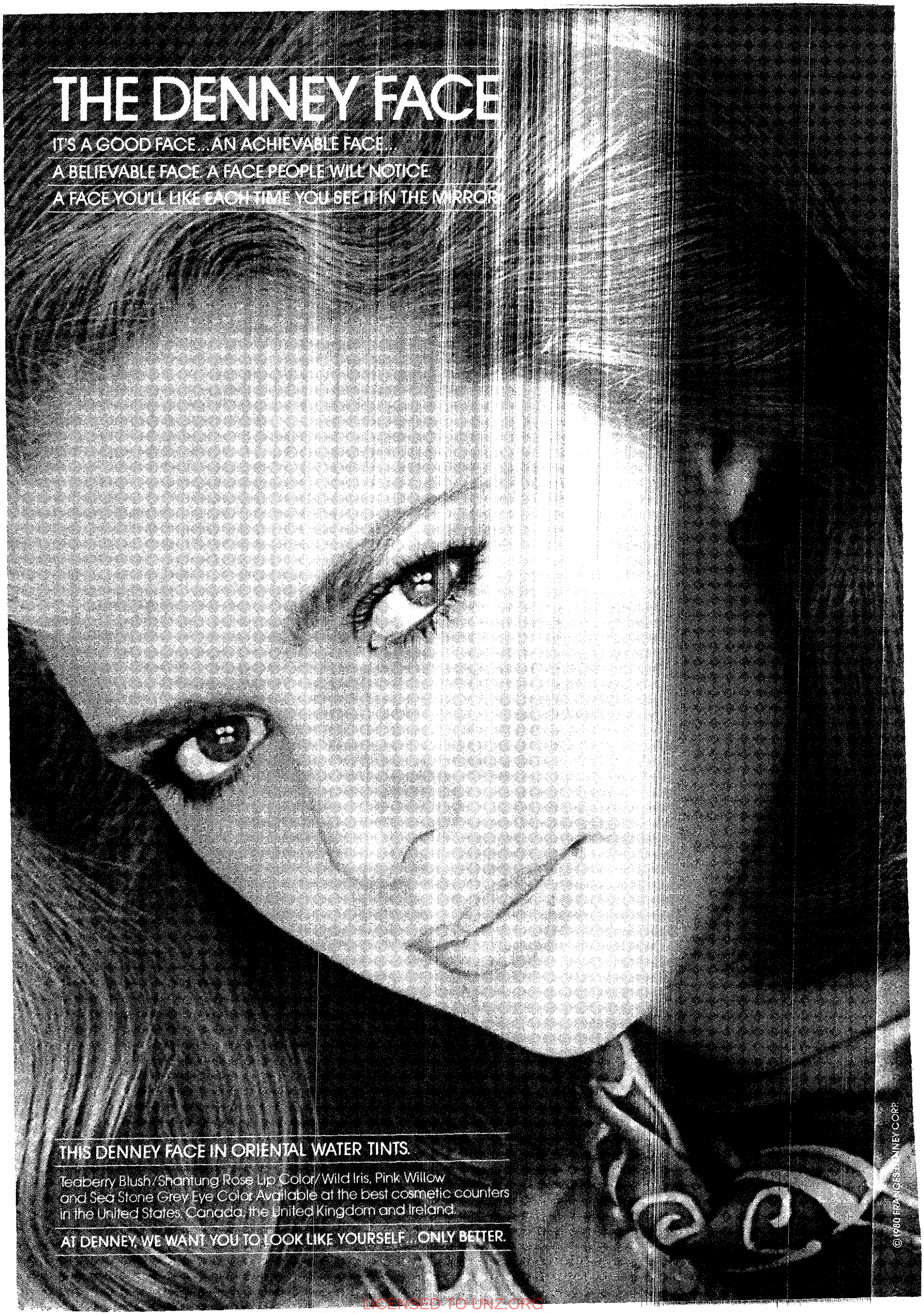
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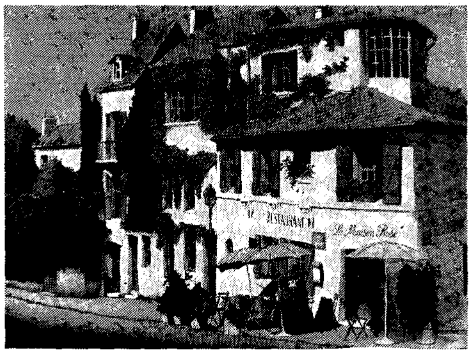

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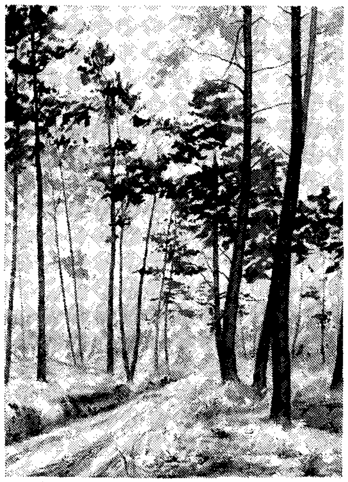

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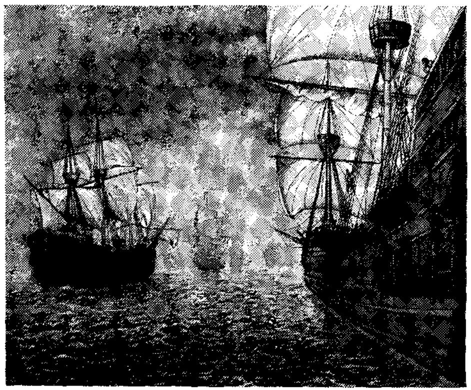

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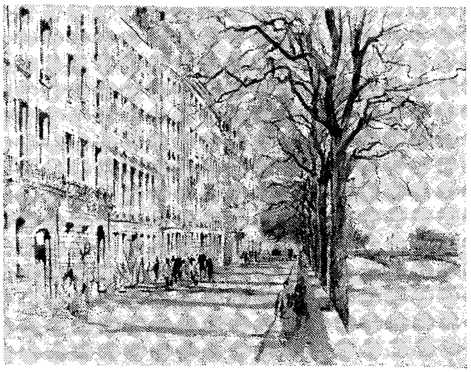

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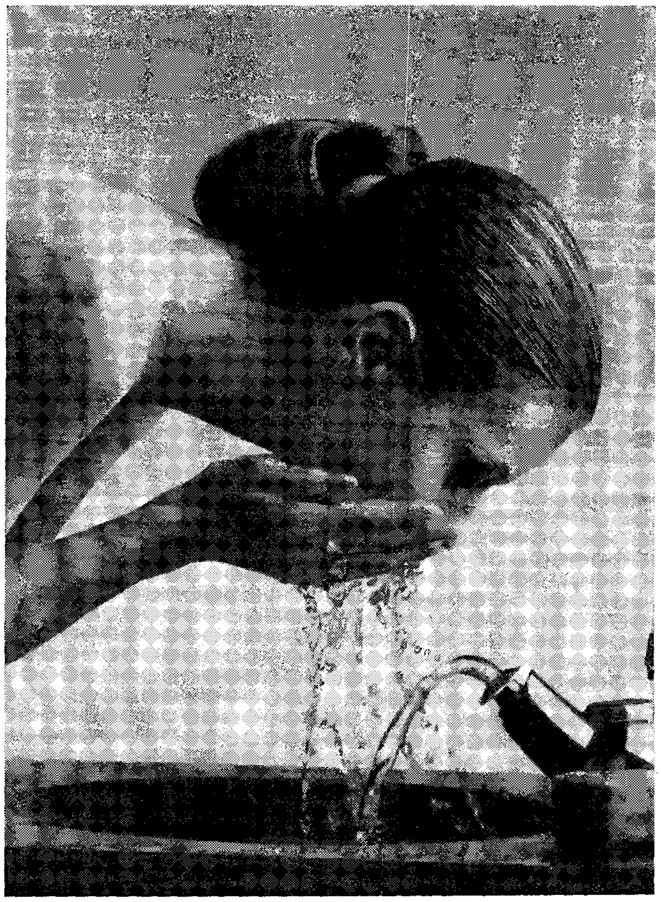

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Soviet invasion of Afghanistan (an act of war, costing thousands of lives and destroying the independence of a nation) and the American gold-medal victory in Olympic hockey, coming shortly after our defeat of the favored Soviet team (a triumph in a sporting match), were, by any rational accounting, events of different orders of magnitude, belonging to separate and incommensurable realms of human experience; but in the thoughts and emotions of millions of Americans last week, try as they would to keep a sense of proportion, the two events uncontrollably got mixed up together—as though the United States, after considerable futile groping around, had at last found an appropriate response to the Soviet aggression. Absurd as it may be to imagine that the success of six men in shooting a puck into a goal has anything whatever to do with the balance of political and military forces in the world, it must be said in defense of this country's delirious response to the Olympic victory that from the earliest times—including, especially, the earliest Olympic times, in ancient Greece—sports and war, though never mistaken for one another (the mistake that Americans seem inclined to make at the moment), were nonetheless closely related. Both called for daring and for physical prowess; both were contests in which a clear victor emerged; both offered young men the chance to win glory through the achievement of a kind of excellence; and both were celebrated in poetry and in the arts. The New Columbia Encyclopedia informs us that Greek states were sometimes "prouder of Olympic victories than of winning battles." Also, sports were long a training ground for war (in the nineteenth century it was claimed that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton), and at times sporting events were regarded as substitutes for war: the early Olympic Games were ceremonies in which former enemies could meet in peace. Sports were a sort of bloodless war—war kept within certain agreed-upon bounds. In our day, of course, all that has changed—not because sports have changed but because war has changed. In the opinion of Hans Morgenthau, a war that was conducted with nuclear weapons would be so different from any previous conflict that the word "war" would simply be a misnomer. As it happens, it is precisely the points of resemblance to sports—what might be called war's better side—that have been lost to war. Physical strength and skill, strategic brilliance, and personal courage have all been rendered superfluous, together with the combatants themselves, who would hardly have time to report for duty or put on their uniforms in the half hour or less that it would take for intercontinental ballistic missiles, travelling at some fifteen thousand miles an hour, to reach their targets. Nor would it require talent or bravery to push the button that would send these missiles on their way. (So thoroughly have weapons replaced men that when one nuclear missile is lost in the explosion of another, the experts call it "fratricide.") Even victory and defeat, which are at the very heart of both sports and war, have been taken away from war by the new weapons, since these submerge both sides in unlimited destruction. All that is left is the killing. And it is this same deprivation of war's traditional forms and uses which has bedevilled our country's attempts to find a response to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The problem is an excess of means—on both sides. To use a sports analogy, it is as though one were trying to play hockey with a hundred men on each team, a thousand pucks in the rink, no goalkeeping allowed, and no time limit. Now that the United States and the Soviet Union can annihilate each other, threats of direct military challenge, though they are often made, have a hollow ring, no matter which side makes them, because everyone knows that the threatener has as much to lose as the threatened—namely, everything. On the other hand, more oblique retaliation, such as the American grain embargo or the American boycott of the summer Olympics in Moscow (a measure that becomes ironic in view of the importance that Americans have attached to our hockey victory at Lake Placid), seems inadequate and oddly remote from the challenge it is supposed to meet. In the circumstances, it may not be surprising that the public, in an effusion of benign patriotic euphoria, has found its consolation in sports. There, at least, courage, skill, and even victory—nonexistent on the modern field of battle—are still possible.

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Words

THE big news in office work these days is word processing. On a recent Sunday, in fact, the help-wanted section of the *Times* ran more than four columns of ads offering jobs to people in word processing, whereas on a Sunday five years ago (March 16, 1975) it ran no ads at all in that category. Word processing is clearly "wave-of-the-future stuff," as we were told by an enthusiastic sales representative at the International Word Processing Association Spring Symposium, held last week at the Hilton. Moreover, some of the equipment involved in word processing may be—

as we read in a promotional leaflet we picked up at the symposium—"the greatest thing since sliced bread." Word processing—or WP, as it is often called—is work done by people known as word processors, or as word-processor operators, on machines that are also known as word processors, or as word-processing machines. And these machines, though they are available in many models—for instance, some have video screens and some do not—are in essence electronically bolstered typewriters that can store typed material, can be instructed to alter the stored material in a variety of ways, and can automatically reproduce the stored material again and again, operating as efficiently as good bread-slicing machines.

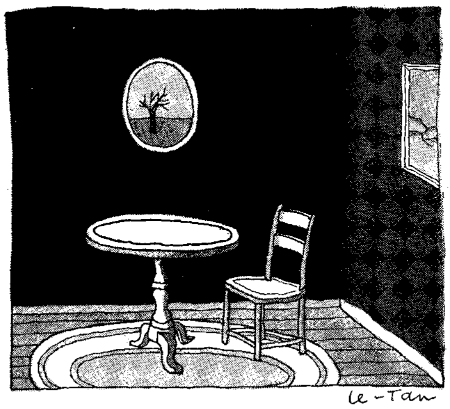
On the day we visited the symposium, there were speeches and seminars going on in some of the hotel's meeting rooms, but we decided to spend our time at the west end of the second floor, where several hundred word-processing machines were being exhibited. While about a thousand visitors milled around, we walked past the machines, most of which were either blue or gray or beige, and also past a lot of enthusiastic-looking male and female sales representatives, most of whom wore suits that were either blue or gray or beige. There were, in addition, a good many word-processing accessories on display—things like printwheels, floppy discs, mag card files, and diskette folders. And there was a lot of promotional literature being handed out. We picked up some of it, and read:

> Add Alphaword to your WP system, and cut your turnaround time in half.
>
> If you can make sense out of it, chances are—so can the Pagereader. It reads ordinary Courier 12 typewriter type, just like you. (In addition to OCRA, OCRB, and ECRM Legal.)
>
> The AMtext 425 will grow as your word processing needs grow. You can add the 425A, for example. It has all the features of the 425, without the printer.
>
> The days of the office typing pool are almost over, having been replaced by word processing centers and communicating word processing clusters.
>
> VOLLIE, ADR's online program development system for DOS/VS/VSE, enabled one user to increase programmer productivity 50% while cutting staff by 50%.
>
> TYPEREADER 2 is sold and serviced by most word processing systems manufacturers. HENDRIX also provides interfaces for IBM, WANG, XEROX, and DEC systems.
>
> Today, word processing makes it possible to move, file, edit and communicate more words in an hour than were used to write the Bible.

We took some notes in our notebook, with a pencil. Then we moved along to examine some of the video screens that were mounted above many of the machines' keyboards. Most of the screens displayed green letters and numerals on a black field, but some displayed blue letters and numerals on black, and at least one displayed black letters and numerals on azure. One of the most attractive displays—emerald-green printing on a velvety-black field, on the screen of a machine in the exhibit of the Lexitron Corporation—read "LINE 17 SPACE 12 16% FULL BISYNC COMM-POINT TO POINT-LOCAL Disk Identification: Menu Training Disk—12 Pitch."

We took more notes. Finally, we stopped at an exhibit of the Olsten Corporation, which is a temporary-employment service, and whose booth contained no word-processing equipment—just some promotional literature and four enthusiastic-looking representatives. We spoke to one of them, a man in a brown suit, who told us that he was Irving K. Schwartz, an executive at the company's headquarters, in Westbury. We asked him why a temporary-employment service had an exhibit at a word-processing symposium.

"We supply the people," Mr. Schwartz replied. "The need for people to operate word processors has grown tremendously in the past few years. Recently, Olsten began training people in WP all over the country. Many office workers already have some of the minimum skills, which we break down this way: typewriting ability, editorial English efficiency, word-processing input-output, word-processing automatic typing, word-processing major revising, and word-processing merging. Although many of the machines nowadays are extremely sophisticated—some are hooked into computer networks—a word processor is really just a machine that is capable of storing information and then retyping it, pursuant to your instructions. Basically, it's the simplest thing in the world."



Winter Pond

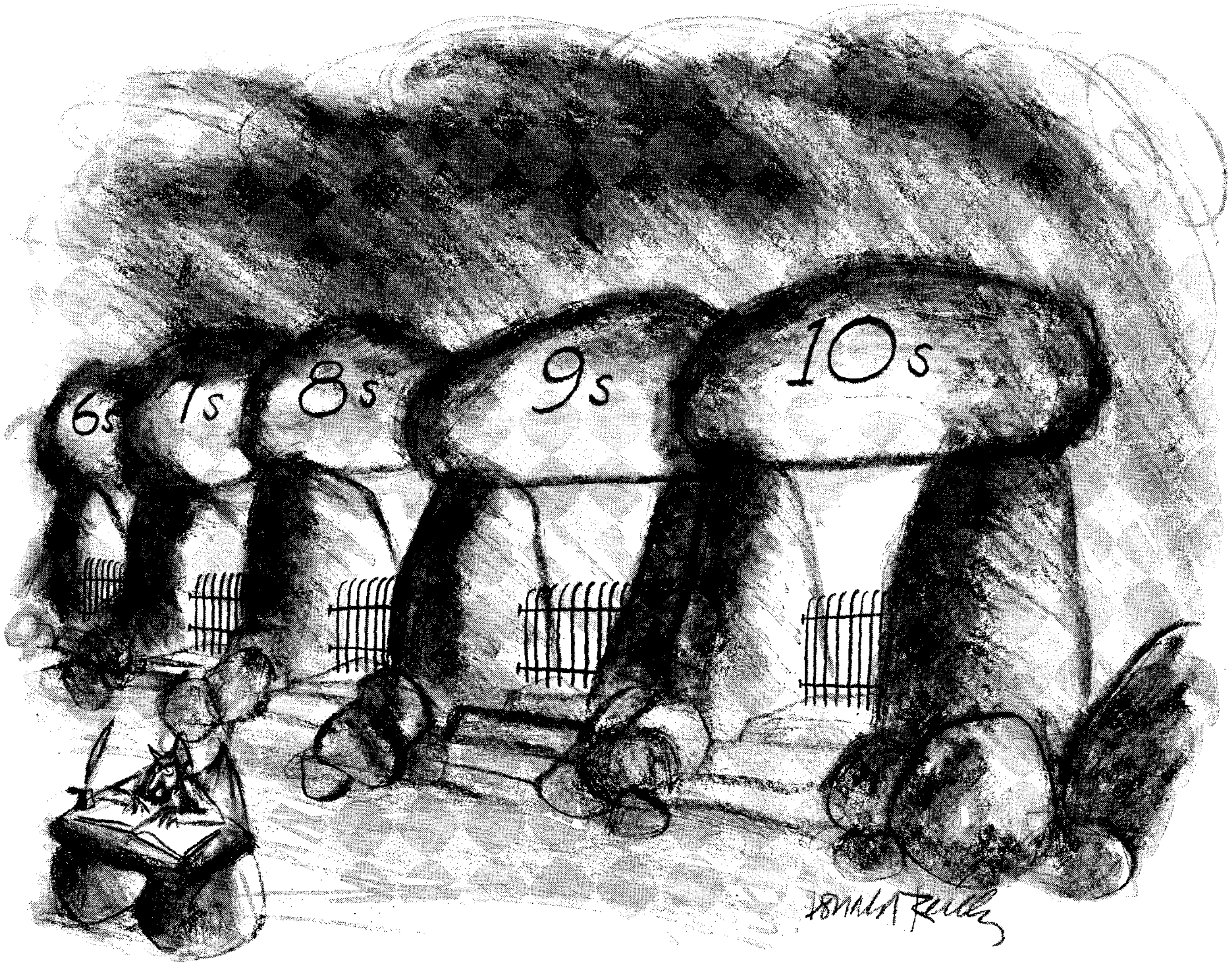
A COUNTRY friend of ours writes:

My husband and I wanted to do things properly when we moved to our peaceful country retreat, so first we got a wood stove and then we got a horse. We dug a pond to go with the horse, but before long the horse moved to southern Ohio, where it's warmer, and left us with a frozen spot in the pasture. As it turns out, this has been a good winter for ice, so the pond has kept us busy.

When it comes to ice-skating, the pond is a two-person deal. It's just large enough to skate around on without getting dizzy. But the other day our two dogs were on hand, swerving obediently out of our paths, and a few fearless cats joined us, their tails in danger of being sliced by skate blades. This whole crowded scene was a little like bumper cars. We played hockey with a tennis ball, which kept sailing across the field into the bushes. The dogs caddied. One of the cats was an exceptional player. The day was bright and windless, and we were warm and happy.

The next day, a Sunday, a scheduled northeast snowstorm started scattering flakes here and there. Adventurously, we drove away to a brunch. Brunches are few and far between out here in the country, but we often read about them in the *Times* restaurant ads, and so they are exaggerated in our fantasies. On our way, dodging snowflakes, we picked up the Sunday *Times* to see what had happened to the world. We tossed the headlines and the brunch ads into the back seat of the car. The snow had stopped.

At the brunch, up a winding, dead-end road, the guests rejoiced over travelling without chains on their tires. They all kept an eye on the windows. There was talk of the weird southerly direction of this winter's snow. A woman in a ski sweater laughed, and said, "It's the Russians." Various recycled Three Mile Island jokes surfaced. As all of us watched for the storm, our suspicions grew, darting forth like old headlines seen on microfilm. The host had had the silver appraised and was afraid of thieves. Someone had dreamed of F.B.I. agents surrounding a church. We debated the latest news on dinosaurs—that they were wiped out by the effects of a crashing asteroid. Everybody knew that it wouldn't snow.



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The house had a new wood-burning furnace, because of conspiracies about oil. The owner is a teacher, with a habit of grading papers in odd places. He had set up his worktable in the basement, so he could stoke the furnace conveniently and keep an eye on the silver.

The brunch included Austrian cinnamon coffee, shirred eggs, jelly roll from the "Joy of Cooking," Bloody Marys, and sherry—the works. The newspapers were hiding in the basement. Boldly, we played a board game called Risk, the object of which is to conquer the world. It can go on for hours. (This game is a *lot* like bumper cars.) As the Middle East fell to India, we left for home, carting along the unread Sunday *Times*.

The aftermath of a brunch is customarily a nap, but we headed for the pond with our skates. The sun was shining. The promised snow had gone out to sea, or perhaps down to Alabama. To our surprise, the pond was gleaming, as if it had melted, though the temperature was twenty. The dogs ran ahead to investigate. A cat trotted out onto the pond and then stopped abruptly, paw-deep in water. The pond had cracked and was leaking. The center was a puddle. This was not really so amazing. Ice does crack. Sometimes thunderous roars within a pond can knock you off balance. But then we saw a dark hole in the center. The water was seeping up through a pretty, round hole, about seven inches in diameter, cut through three inches of ice. The opening was as smooth and circular as a doughnut hole. Had someone been ice-fishing? There were no footprints.

It occurred to us that the ice was unusually thin. We wondered if a hot spring could be underneath. "Can ponds do this?" we asked the neighbors. We didn't really know about ponds. It was our first one. The neighbors smiled. They had never seen a winter like this one, they said, shaking their heads. Someone said that ice does strange things anyway.

Vaguely, we recalled the jet fighter planes that sometimes come screaming low through the valley. We thought of Skylabs, meltdowns, deep-sixing, krypton, asteroids, meteorites. But if meteorites hit, they make diamonds—so the Soviets are reporting, in reference to that ancient large hole in Siberia. In the spring, we decided, we'd look for the diamonds.

We went back to the house, to burn wood and read the *Times*.

The Shave

WHAT has happened to the shave in barbershops? We looked into the question last week. In a random canvass of barbershops, we found that roughly one out of three still offers the shave to customers, and at the following representative prices:

James, Hairstylist to Men, at the Plaza—$8.

Paul Molé's, 1021 Lexington Avenue—$6.

Jerry, Hairstylist to Men, at Bergdorf—$5.

Monique of the Waldorf—$5.

Johnny's Barber Shop, 2 Park Avenue—$3.25; $3.75 with tonics.

Ritz-Carlton Barber Shop, Boston—$5.

Arcade Hair Stylists, 25 West Forty-third Street—$4.50.

Many barbershops started putting

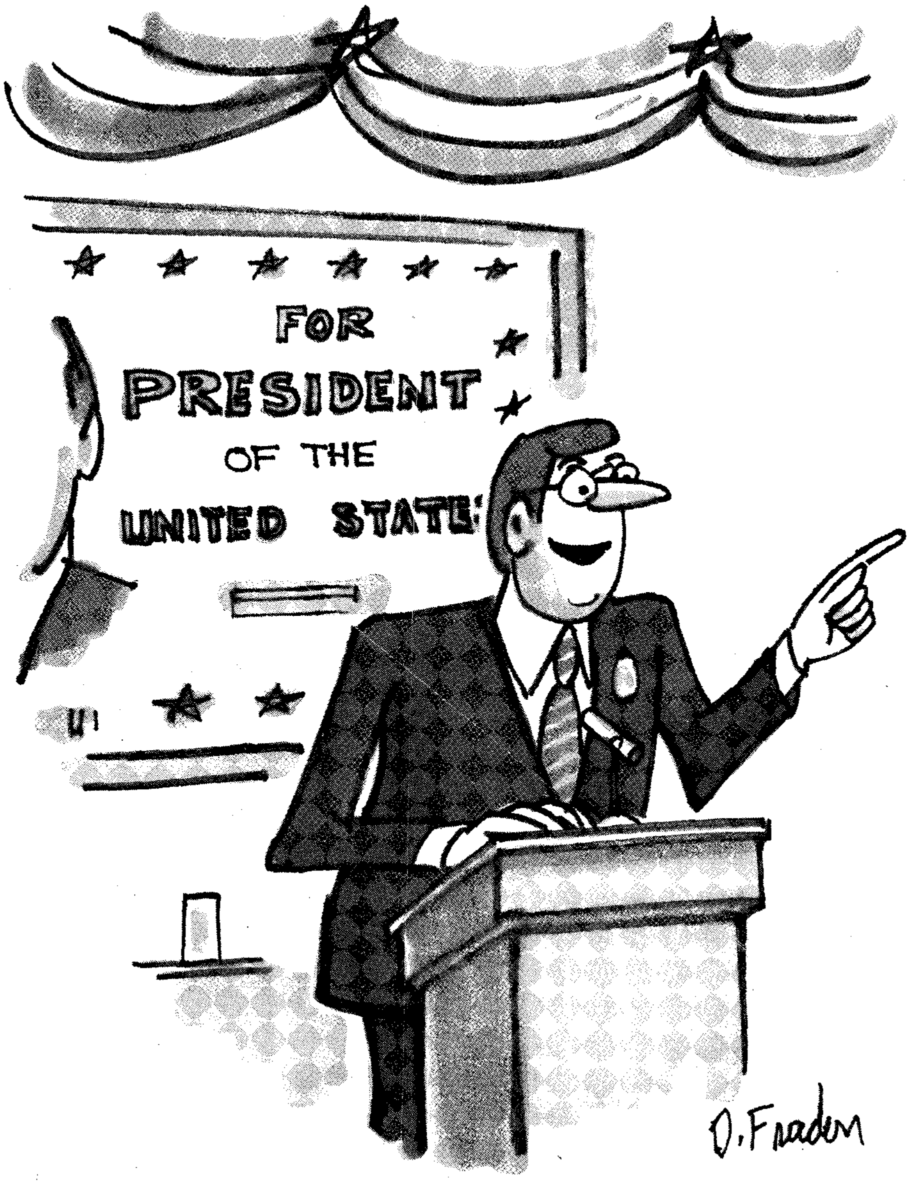
out "NO SHAVE" signs about twenty years ago, for reasons that, according to the barbers we consulted, included the arrival of the chromium blade; the arrival of the electric razor; the arrival of long-hair styles and the beard; the popularization of unisex barbershops and beauty parlors; the large number of men who were in the armed forces in the Second World War and had to start shaving themselves and then, it turned out, didn't give up shaving themselves; too much trouble; very little profit. In the barbershops where shaves are still given, some are given by barbers who use the old-fashioned straight steel razor, which is known in the profession as the "cut-throat" razor. Most of the shaves are given with a razor that looks like the old-fashioned straight razor but has a disposable chromium blade. For customers who request shaves with a genuine old-fashioned straight razor, about half the shops that give shaves have barbers who know how to hone the razor on a stone, smooth it on a two-piece canvas-and-leather strop, and then give the shave. A few barbershops, like Jerry at Bergdorf, refuse to give a shave with anything but the straight razor. "We have Ambassador Frederic Mann and Selig Burrows and Jule Styne, and they want the real thing," Miss Katherine King, the manager of Jerry, told us. "We do at least six shaves a day. We're doing more now than we did ten years ago. The shave is coming back. We give the closest shave in town."

At James at the Plaza, Mrs. Marie Dussol, the manager, told us that ten per cent of her customers get shaves but that only one of them, a businessman named Charles Beer, insists on being shaved with the old-fashioned straight razor. "He can *feel* the difference," Mrs. Dussol told us.

In order to give shaves in this city, a barber must have a Master Barber license issued by the State of New York. Requirements for the license are: attending a barber school for six months and working as an apprentice in a barbershop for eighteen months, *or* working as an apprentice in a barbershop for twenty-four months—and then taking and passing an examination given by the Division of Licensing of New York's State Department. This examination consists of a practical demonstration and an oral test, and includes a section on the shave: applying the lather, sharpening the razor with the strop, and shaving with the straight razor. Applying hot towels is not included. Most people who cut hair don't need a Master Barber license. They go to a beauty school for a thousand hours, pass a hairdressing test, and get a Cosmetology license. But Cosmetology graduates are not allowed to do shaves. (The New York State Department of Education, which supervises and licenses beauty schools, informed us that "beauty school" is "the generic term" for "cosmetology school," and that the shave is not part of the cosmetology-school curriculum.) At the Atlas Barber School, at 44 Third Avenue, which is the only classic, shave-teaching barber school left in the city, Matthew Raguso, the director and co-owner, told us that at the moment he has forty-five students, all of whom are studying, among other things, the shave. Mr. Raguso told us that he has been in charge of the school since 1957. Tuition is $1,935 for a thousand hours of instruction, of which three hundred are devoted to teaching the shave. Upon enrollment, each student gets a kit of tools. Along with a pair of scissors, two combs, two kinds of clippers, and a textbook, the kit holds a straight razor, a hone, and a strop. Mr. Raguso told us that he is a faithful devotee of the old-fashioned shave. "Here we teach, The customer can feel the shave," Mr. Raguso told us. "We teach, It is very important to get the right lather, very important to get a lather machine that gives the right lather. Very important, because we don't use brushes anymore. We teach, It is very important to tell whether a beard is a soft beard or a tough beard. Very important how to use the hot towels to soften the tough beard. Then we teach how to strop on canvas, how to strop on leather—five strokes on each side. We teach, The shave is *artistic*. With a straight razor."

"What about disposable blades in the imitation straight razor?" we asked.

"Garbage!" Mr. Raguso said.



"You have to be nuts to want to be President, ladies and gentlemen, and our candidate is nuts."

THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
CHENEY

We called up Jerry Spallina, who started Jerry at Bergdorf, and who now has a shop in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, at Le Club International, and he told us that nobody in Fort Lauderdale ever asks for a shave. "I'm now in this beautiful place. It used to be owned by John Brown, of Kentucky Fried Chicken, who just married Phyllis George, and now he's the governor of Kentucky, so he can't own this place anymore," Jerry explained to us on the phone. "When I had my shop in the Squibb Building, at 745 Fifth Avenue, and then my shop at Fifty-fourth and Madison, I always used to send a barber up to shave old Mr. Goodman at Bergdorf Goodman. Now the shave is gone with the horse and buggy."

"We used to soap up the outside of balloons and make our students shave *them*," Paul Ferrara, who runs the Robert Fiance Hair Design Institute, at 405 Fifth Avenue, told us. "But shaving is no longer a part of our repertoire."

Paul Molé's barbershop, now seventy-five years old, is co-owned by an Englishman named Adrian Wood, and Mr. Wood told us he still gives shaves, but not many. "The clean look is in again, but our clientele, mostly bankers and stockbrokers, never abandoned the clean look in the first place," Mr. Wood said. "But these are people who like to shave themselves. They don't come to the barber for a hot towel. They're smart. They know they can go home and get the same result with a hot shower."

Monique of the Waldorf told us that her shop still gives shaves, with the old-fashioned straight razor, but not so often these days. "Customers who used to live in the Towers would come in here daily for a shave," she said. "James Farley. For over thirty years, he came in every morning at eight o'clock. Now the shave is almost extinct."

We wanted to know how the shave stood in Boston. "Thirty-four years ago, we used to do seventy-five shaves a day," Ralph De Stefano, manager of the Ritz-Carlton Barber Shop, told us over the telephone. "Now we average four, maybe five a day. It has always been a ritual with executives, the type that has more time. The late James N. B. Hill, grandson of the railroad tycoon. People like that. Once, I had three kings in here at the same moment—Peter of Yugoslavia, Michael of Rumania, and Leopold of the Belgians, all chatting together while sitting in the barber chairs."

"Only one," Benny Monticciolo, the owner of the Arcade Hair Stylists, downstairs in our building, said when we asked him how many regular customers he had for shaves. "He's Larry Stevens, of Stevens Personnel, on Fifth Avenue. He comes every Friday. We use the chromium blade. He rests. Otherwise, it's a dead item."

We told Kenneth, of Kenneth's, at 19 East Fifty-fourth Street, which was one of the first of the glamorous beauty salons to open its doors to unisex, about our study. Ten per cent of his clients now are men, he told us, but not one of them, in three years, has ever asked for a shave.

The hotbed of old-fashioned shaves seems, from our quick survey, to be Johnny's, at 2 Park Avenue. There we talked to a master barber named Vito Moles, who used to have his own shop, around the corner at 152 Madison Avenue, and who has been a barber for fifty-two years. When we arrived, we found a young man wearing blue-jeans lying in one of the shop's eight barber chairs and getting shaved. A splendid-looking copper-and-chromium towel sterilizer stood off to one side. The name "Bramhall Deane Co." was engraved on the cover in script. "It's sixty years old," Mr. Moles told us. "Good as new. Nothing like a nice hot towel over the face to give you relaxation. First I give the hot towel, then the lather, then another hot towel, then the shave, then the hot towel again. The men who come here as regulars know what's good for them. Every morning at seven-thirty, I shave Louis Helpern, in the underwear business. At eight, I shave Moe Mitchell, also in the underwear business. I've shaved four *generations* of Mitchells. Every afternoon at three, I shave Murray Singer, of the piece-goods business. Our manager, Joe Chiusano, shaves Harold Sachs, of the handbags business. Martin Fein, the auctioneer. Sidney Blaine, sportswear. These men don't know how to shave themselves. Every time they try it, they need a doctor. When they come in on Monday, after being on their own, they look like a porcupine. The sideburns are cockeyed. The hair is left on. They look terrible."

Jack Hausman, the vice-chairman of the board of Belding Heminway (threads, literally), is one of the Johnny's regulars. We telephoned him at a hotel in Palm Springs, where he was taking a little vacation.

"Vito has been shaving me for years and years, and I've never got nicked," he said. "Here, I miss Vito. It's restful to get a shave. I take a little nap. The hot towel is comforting, especially in winter. I started working at the age of fourteen, for my father, M. Hausman, at 110 Grand Street. The barber was a block away. I went there for a shave, because my father and my older brother went there for a shave. I followed the same procedure. When we moved uptown to East Thirty-second Street, we all started going to Vito, around the corner. I always go at nine-thirty in the morning. I'm not happy doing it any other way. I have breakfast every morning with my wife, Ethel, in Peacock Alley, at the Waldorf, and I walk every morning to work on East Thirty-second Street. I've been doing *that* for years and years, too. I don't like change. Here, I really miss Vito. I'm not getting shaved here. I look like a porcupine. I look terrible."

BROWSING

Divisional H.Q. near Vivres, November, 1916, and a certain young subaltern (*arrow*) blows his nose.

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"Sorry, Certified Checks Only!" Ink stencil on cardboard, 9 × 12 in., 1977, Floyd Bunce (1938–).

Compare with "Cash & Carry" (*Plate XVI*) and "Please Don't Ask for Credit" (*Plate XX*). Seminal. (Courtesy Teri Bunce)

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Nita clowns it up while Victor snoozes. Location shooting for "Honolulu Hayride" was done entirely on the Cosmophone ranch, near San Bernardino. (Culver Pictures)

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This "ordinary" aerial photo of Bridgeport, Connecticut, when the star-shaped patterns of Aztec skyball landing mounds are superimposed, suddenly becomes anything but!

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Royal Coat of Arms adorns even the medicine ball in King Zog's private gymnasium. Partisans who seized the Palace in 1944 discovered that the impressive-looking barbells (*center, background*) were actually made of aluminum. (Photo: Imperial War Museum)

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Man overboard! The Paomii's extremely close-coupled chundle stole a march on other Finnish racing toboggans of the day—making it as treacherous as it was fast.

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Overleaf: Aknh (? B.C.–? B.C.), cousin of Nushpta and half brother of Tra III, must have been one of the Corn Kingdom's most eligible bachelors.

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. . . But not all our Chief Executives have preferred wing tips! This pair of Bass Weejuns was President Gerald R. Ford's favorite footwear. (Photo courtesy Smithsonian Institution)

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Millions of bottle caps were dipped in tar, clear-lacquered, then painstakingly glued in place (*inset*).

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Above: Traditionally held in the foyer of Darjeeling's ornate Customs House, the Viceroy's annual pajama party was moved in 1865 to this field outside Simla.

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Facing page: Leghorn's long romance with the sleeve-valve engine had cost the firm dearly; the Derby Double Six when it finally appeared at Earls Court in October was much too little, far too late. Note 15-inch artillery wheels.

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The lightest licorice glaze can turn mere flan into Nirvflana. I like to garnish with banana nuggets.

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More weevils: (1) Boston spotted, (2) choker, (3) cob-backed, (4) frog-backed. A nest of Bostons was sighted as far north as Harrisburg, Pa., in 1937.

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Left: The neo-Palladian pile built on the site of the old Pesquoit Hotel in 1887 as a town house for Toth, the naphtha king.

Below: A 1934 proposal would have converted the structure into an autogiro terminal.

Right: As it stands today, sans minarets.

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32. The Hubbard Squash Council commissioned this poster in 1933. It was still to be sighted in small towns across America 20 years later. (The Hubbard Squash Council Collection)

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Mump Hoyle (*second from left, back row*) in 1885 as a rookie with Toledo. The misspelling is probably a gag.

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A: 1939–40 New York World's Fair Dixie cups are among the most prized by collectors. *B:* Dixie cups go to war. *C:* Postwar Dixie cup in "Dixiecolor" was a flop, but mint examples can fetch as much as $15. *D:* Hollywood's Rance Tremayne "isn't just whistlin' Dixie."

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First Class Dining Salon, looking aft from Grand Mezzanine. It had inspired Lady Orlop to lofty doggerel in 1925 (*inset*), but by the time this photo was taken, circa 1955, such effusions were a thing of the past. Note paper plates in foreground.

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"The only man who ever built a mercantile empire on a squint." (Bettmann Archive)

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Funny, it doesn't *look* HO-gauge! Walt used boiled potatoes to create the realistic boulders and "quarried" the gypsum mine out of ordinary household sponges. Total labor for the 9 × 12-foot layout—would you believe 7,000 hours?

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A rare interview. Elsie reminisces for the tape recorder. Her pug, Captain Jinks, seems to disapprove! (Photo courtesy the Author)

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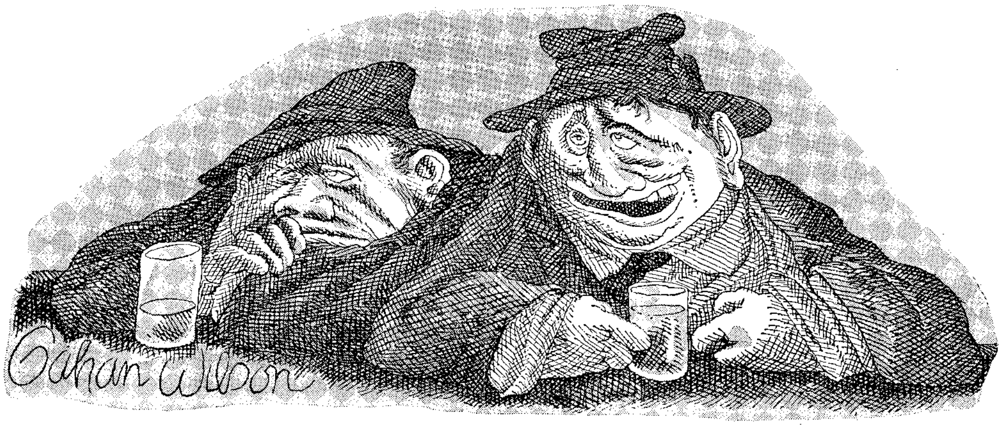
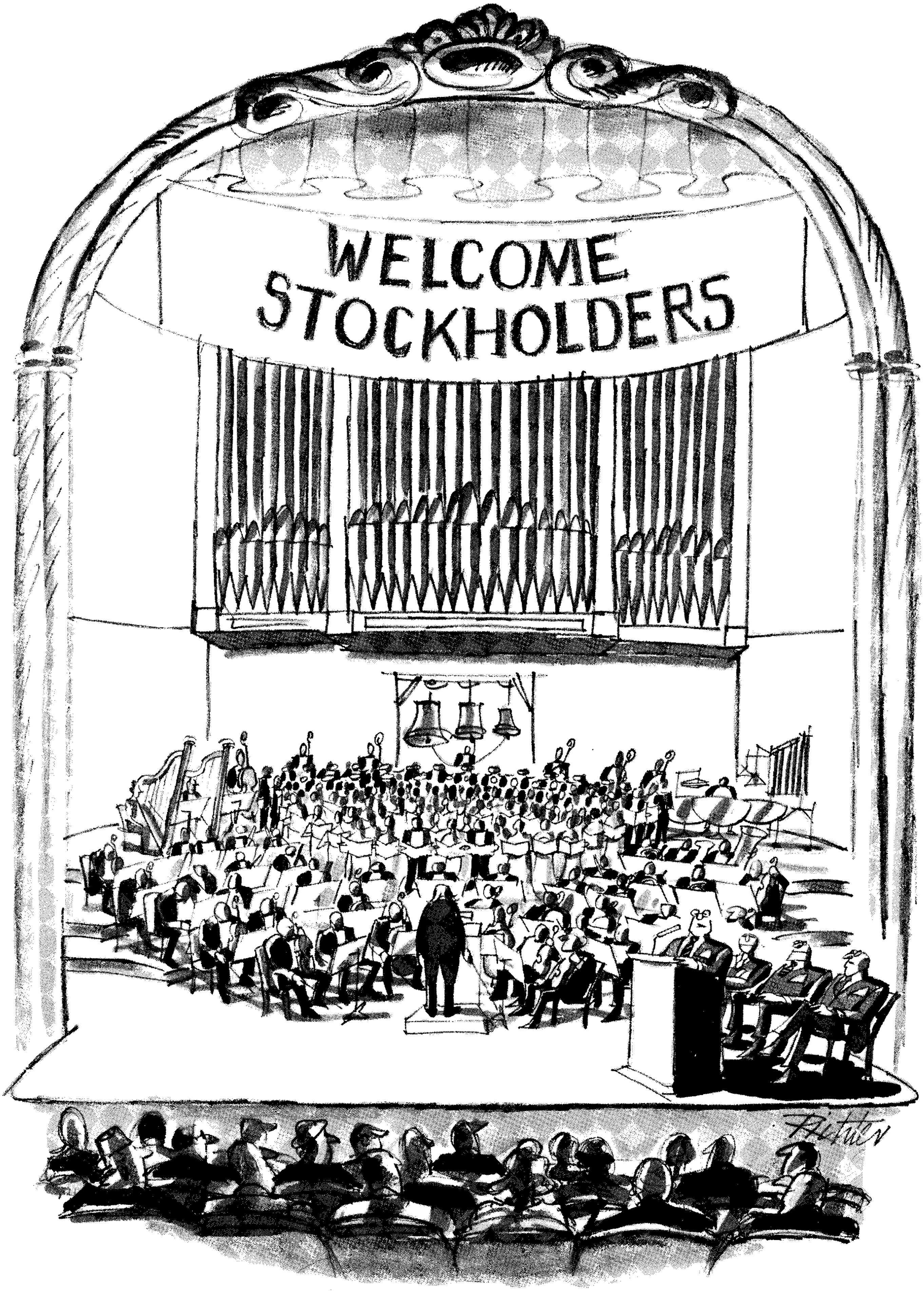
". . . Breathing flames, as loath to leave the earth as a baby is to leave its mother's arms, the big blue Blois et Canard with a terrible shudder finally heaved itself up into the murk at 7:32 A.M." In a tiny flat near Neuilly, meanwhile, Parcel lay sound asleep. Hector's call had never come.

—Bruce McCall



"But then I guess I'm a little at fault myself."


WELCOME
STOCKHOLDERS
Richter

"In a moment we'll have a few words by the chairman of the board. But, first, Mahler's Eighth Symphony."

AUTUMN SUNSHINE

THE rectory was in County Wexford, eight miles from Enniscorthy. It was a handsome eighteenth-century house, with Virginia creeper covering three sides and a tangled garden full of buddleia and struggling japonica that had always been too much for its incumbents. It stood alone, seeming lonely even, approximately at the center of the country parish it served. Its church—St. Michael's Church of Ireland—was two miles away, in the village of Boharbawn.

For twenty-six years the Morans had lived there, not wishing to live anywhere else. Canon Moran had never been an ambitious man; his wife, Frances, had found contentment easy to attain in her lifetime. Their four girls had been born in the rectory, and had become a happy family there. They were grown up now; Frances's death was still recent: like the rectory itself, the remaining occupant was alone in the countryside. The death had occurred in the spring of the year, and the summer had somehow been bearable. The clergyman's eldest daughter had spent May and part of June at the rectory with her children. Another one had brought her family for most of August, and a third was to bring her newly married husband in the winter. At Christmas nearly all of them would gather at the rectory, and some would come at Easter. But that September, as the days drew in, the season was melancholy.

Then, one Tuesday morning, Slattery brought a letter from Canon Moran's youngest daughter. There were two other letters as well, in unsealed buff envelopes, which meant that they were either bills or receipts. Frail and gray-haired in his elderliness, Canon Moran had been wondering if he should give the lawn in front of the house a last cut, when he heard the approach of Slattery's van. The lawnmower was the kind that had to be pushed, and in the spring the job was always easier if the grass had been cropped close at the end of the previous summer.

"Isn't that a great bit of weather, Canon?" Slattery remarked, winding down the window of the van, and passed out the three envelopes. "We're set for a while, would you say?"

"I hope so, certainly."

"Ah, we surely are, sir."

The conversation continued for a few moments longer, as it did whenever Slattery came to the rectory. The postman was young and easygoing, not long the successor to old Mr. O'Brien, who had made the rounds on a bicycle when the Morans first came to the rectory, in 1952. Mr. O'Brien used to talk about his garden; Slattery talked about fishing and often brought a share of his catch to the rectory.

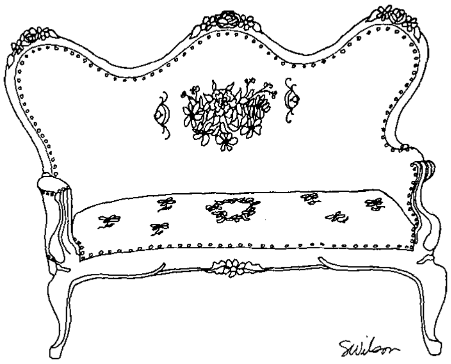
"It's a great time of year for it," he said now, "except for the darkness coming in."

Canon Moran smiled and nodded. The van turned around on the gravel, dust rising behind it as it moved swiftly down the avenue to the road. Everyone said Slattery drove too fast.

Canon Moran carried the letters to a wooden seat by the edge of the lawn he had wondered about cutting. Deirdre's handwriting hadn't changed since she was a child; it was round and neat, not at all a reflection of the girl she was. The brown English stamp, the Queen in profile blotched a bit by the London postmark, wasn't on its side or upside down, as you might possibly expect with Deirdre. Of all the Moran children, she'd grown up to be the only difficult one. She hadn't come to the funeral and hadn't written about her mother's death. She hadn't been to the rectory for three years.

"I'm sorry," she wrote. "I couldn't stop crying actually. I've never known anyone as nice or as generous as she was. For ages I didn't even want to believe she was dead. I went on imagining her in the rectory and doing the flowers in church and shopping in Enniscorthy."

Deirdre was twenty-one. He and Frances had hoped she'd go to Trinity and settle down, but although at school she seemed to be the cleverest of their children, she had no desire to become a student. She took the Rosslare boat to Fishguard one night, having said she was going to spend a week with her friend Maeve Coles in Cork. They didn't know she'd gone to England until they received a picture postcard from London telling them not to worry, saying she'd found work in an egg-packing factory.



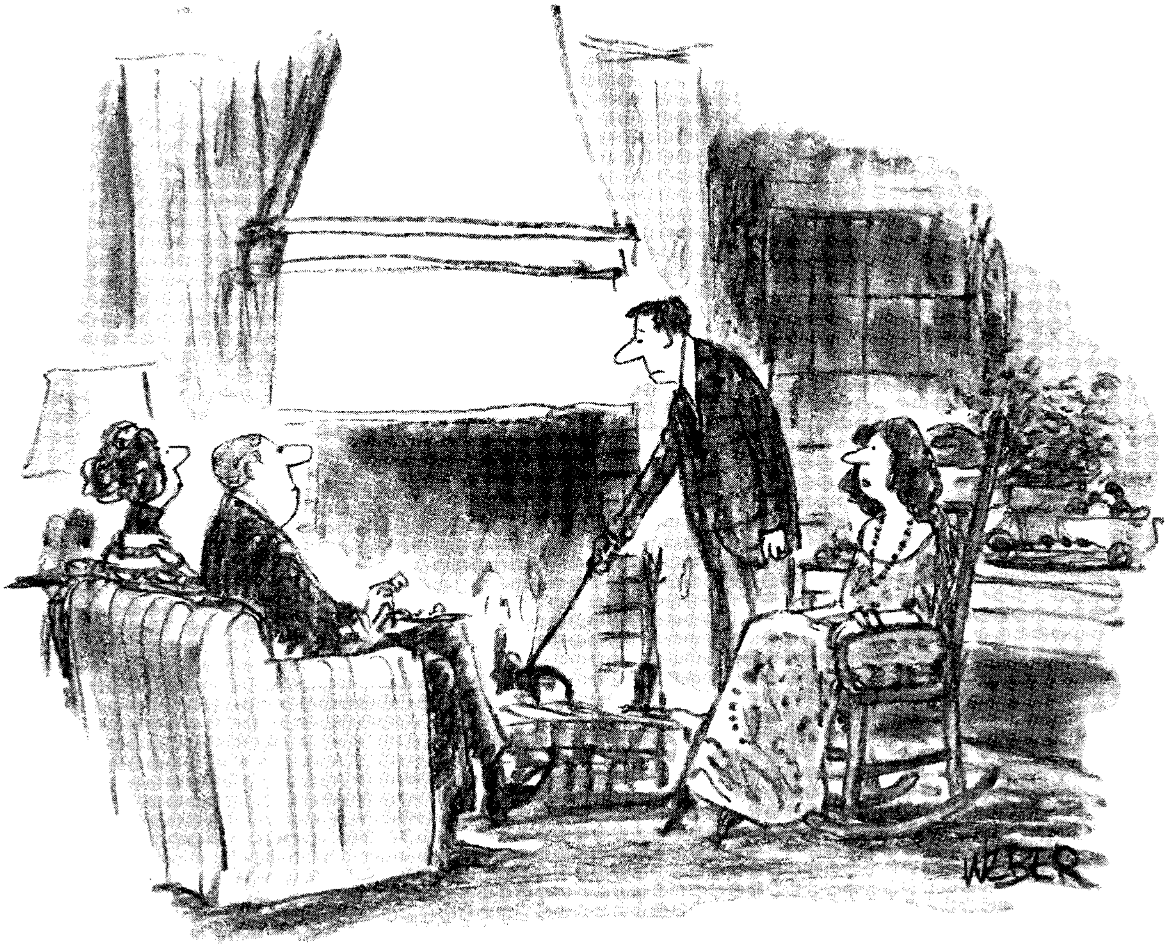
"Well I'm coming back for a little while now," she wrote, "if you could put up with me and if you wouldn't find it too much. I'll cross over to Rosslare on the 29th, the morning crossing, and then I'll come on to Enniscorthy on the bus. I don't know what time it will be but there's a pub just by where the bus drops you so could we meet in the small bar there at six o'clock and then I won't have to lug my cases too far. I hope you won't mind going into such a place. If you can't make it or don't want to see me it's understandable, so if you don't turn up by half six I'll see if I can get a bus on up to Dublin. Only I need to get back to Ireland for a while."

It was, as he and Slattery had agreed, a lovely autumn. Gentle sunshine mellowed the old garden, casting an extra sheen of gold on leaves that were gold already. Roses that had been ebullient in June and July bloomed modestly; Michaelmas daisies were just beginning to bud. The crab apples were falling already; the hydrangeas had a forgotten look. Canon Moran carried the letter from his daughter into the walled vegetable garden and leaned against the side of a greenhouse, half sitting on a protruding ledge, reading the letter again. Panes of glass were broken in the greenhouse, and white paint and putty needed to be renewed, but inside a vine still thrived and was heavy with black ripe fruit. Later that morning he would pick some grapes and drive into Enniscorthy, to sell them to Mrs. Roche in Slaney Street.

"Love, Deirdre": the letter was marvellous. Beyond the rectory the fields of wheat had been harvested, and the remaining stubble had the same tinge of gold in the autumn light; the beech trees and the chestnuts were triumphantly magnificent. But decay and rotting were only weeks away, and the letter from Deirdre was full of life. "Love, Deirdre" were words more beautiful than all the season's glories. He prayed as he leaned against the sunny greenhouse, thanking God for this salvation.

FOR all the years of their marriage Frances had been a help. As a younger man, Canon Moran often hadn't known quite what to do. He'd been at a loss among his parishioners, hesitating in the face of this weakness or that: the pregnancy of Alice Pratt in 1952, the argument about grazing rights between Mr. Willoughby and

Eugene Ryan in 1960, the theft of an altar cloth from St. Michael's and reports that Mrs. Tobin had been seen wearing it as a skirt. Alice Pratt had been going out with a Catholic boy, one of Father Hayes's flock, which made the matter more difficult than ever. Eugene Ryan was one of Father Hayes's also, and so was Mrs. Tobin.



“Phil had his ancestry traced, but it only goes back to 1910.”

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“Father Hayes and I had a chat,” Frances had said, and she'd had a chat as well with Alice Pratt's mother. A month later, Alice Pratt married the Catholic boy, but to this day she attended St. Michael's every Sunday, the children going to Father Hayes. Mrs. Tobin was given Hail Marys to say by the priest; Mr. Willoughby agreed that his father had years ago granted Eugene Ryan the grazing rights. Everything, in these cases and in many others, had come out all right in the end: order emerged from the confusion that Canon Moran so disliked, and it was Frances who had always begun the process, though no one ever said in the rectory that she understood the mystery of people as well as he understood the teachings of the New Testament. She'd been a freckle-faced girl when he'd married her—pretty in her way. He was the one with the brains.

Frances had seen human frailty everywhere: it was weakness in people, she said, that made them what they were as much as strength did. And she herself had her own share of such frailty, falling short in all sorts of ways of the God's image her husband preached about. With the small amount of housekeeping money she could be allowed, she was a spendthrift, and she said she was lazy. She loved clothes and often overreached herself on visits to Dublin; she sat in the sun while the rectory gathered dust and the garden became rank; it was only where people were concerned that she was practical. But for what she was, her husband had loved her with inobtrusive passion for fifty years, appreciating her conversation and the help she gave him because she could so easily sense the truth. When he found her dead in the garden one morning, he felt he had lost some part of himself.

Though several months had passed since then, the trouble was that Frances hadn't yet become a ghost. Her being alive was still too recent, the shock of her death too raw; the past refused to be the past. Often he thought that her fingerprints were still in the rectory; and when he picked the grapes or cut the grass of the lawn, it was impossible not to pause and remember other years. Autumn had been her favorite time.

“Of course I'd come,” he said. “Of course, dear. Of course.”

“I haven't treated you very well.”

“It's over and done with, Deirdre.”

She smiled, and it was nice to see her smile again, although it was strange to be sitting in the back bar of a public house in Enniscorthy. He saw her looking at him, her eyes passing over his clerical collar and black clothes and his thin, quiet face. He could feel her thinking that he had aged, and putting it down to the death of the wife he'd been so fond of.

“I'm sorry I didn't write,” she said.

“You explained in your letter, Deirdre.”

“It was ages before I knew about it. That was an old address you wrote to.”

“I guessed.”

In turn he examined her. Years ago she'd had her long hair cut. It was short, like a neat black cap on her head. And her face had lost its chubbiness; hollows where her cheeks had been made her eyes more dominant—pools of seaweed green. He remembered her child's stocky body, and the uneasy adolescence that had spoiled the family's serenity. Her voice had lost its Irish intonation.

“I'd have met you off the boat, you know.”

“I didn't want to bother you with that.”

“Oh, now, it isn't far, Deirdre.”

She drank Irish whiskey, and smoked a brand of cigarettes called Three Castles. He'd asked for a mineral himself, and the woman serving them had brought him a bottle of something that looked like water but fizzed up when she poured it. A kind of lemonade, he imagined it was, and didn't much care for it.

"I have grapes for Mrs. Roche," he said.

"Who's that?"

"She has a shop in Slaney Street. We always sold her the grapes. You remember?"

She didn't, and he reminded her of the vine in the greenhouse. A shop surely wouldn't be open at this hour of the evening, she said, forgetting that in a country town of course it would be. She asked if the cinema was still the same in Enniscorthy—a cement building halfway up a hill. She said she remembered bicycling home from it at night with her sisters, not being able to keep up with them. She asked after her sisters, and he told her about the two marriages that had taken place since she'd left: she had in-laws she'd never met, and nephews and a niece.

They left the bar, and he drove his dusty black Vauxhall straight to the small shop he'd spoken of. She remained in the car while he carried into the shop two large chip baskets full of grapes. Afterward Mrs. Roche came to the door with him.

"Well, is that Deirdre?" she said as Deirdre wound down the window of the car. "I'd never know you, Deirdre."

"She's come back for a little while," Canon Moran explained, raising his voice a little, because he was walking around the car to the driver's seat as he spoke.

"Well, isn't that grand?" said Mrs. Roche.

Everyone in Enniscorthy knew Deirdre had just gone off, but it didn't matter now. Mrs. Roche's husband, who was small and red-cheeked, with a cap, appeared beside his wife in the shop doorway. He inclined his head in a greeting, and Deirdre smiled and waved at both of them. Canon Moran thought it was pleasant when she went on waving while he drove off.

In the rectory he lay wakeful that night, his mind excited by Deirdre's presence. He would have loved Frances to know, and guessed that she probably did. He fell asleep at half past two and dreamed that he and Frances were young again, that Deirdre was still a baby. The freckles on Frances's face were out in profusion, for they were sitting in the sunshine in the garden, tea things spread about them, the children playing some game among the shrubs. It was autumn then also, the last of the September heat. But because he was younger in his dream, he didn't feel part of the season himself, or sense its melancholy.

A WEEK went by. The time passed slowly because a lot was happening, or so it seemed. Deirdre insisted on cooking all the meals and on doing the shopping in Boharbawn's only shop or in Enniscorthy. She still smoked her endless cigarettes, but the peakiness there had been in her face when she first arrived wasn't quite so pronounced—or perhaps, he thought, he'd become used to it. She told him about the different jobs she'd had in London and the different places she'd lived in, because on the postcards she'd occasionally sent there hadn't been room to go into detail. In the rectory they had always hoped she'd managed to get a training of some sort, though guessing she hadn't. In fact, her jobs had been of the most rudimentary kind: as well as her spell in the egg-

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UPSTATE

A knife blade of cold air keeps prying
the bus window open. The spring country
won't be shut out. The door to the john
keeps banging. There're a few of us:
a stale-drunk or stoned woman in torn jeans,
a Spanish-American salesman, and, ahead,
a black woman folded in an overcoat.
Emptiness makes a companionable aura
through the upstate villages—repetitive,
but crucial in their little differences
of fields, wide yards with washing, old machinery—where people live
with the highway's patience and flat certainty.

Sometimes I feel sometimes
the Muse is leaving, the Muse is leaving America.
Her tired face is tired of tired fields,
her cavernous cheeks are smudged with Appalachia,
she is a chalk-thin miner's wife with knobbled elbows,
her neck tendons taut as banjo strings,
she who was once a palomino galloping with a girl's mane
across blue pastures plinkety-plunkety,
staring down at a tree-stunned summer lake,
when all the corny calendars were true.
The departure comes over me in smoke
from the far factories.

But were the willows lyres, the fanned-out pollard willows
by their clear translation of water into song,
were the starlings not heartbroken as nightingales,
whose sorrow piles the looming thunderhead
over the Catskills, what would be their faith?
The spring hills are sun-freckled, the chaste white barns flash
through screening trees the vigor of her health,
like a white plank bridge over a quarrelling brook.
Clear images! Direct as your daughters
in the way their clear look returns your stare,
unarguable and fatal—
no, it is more sensual.
I am falling in love with America.

I must put the cold small pebbles from the spring
upon my tongue to write her language,
to talk like birch or aspen confidently.
I will knock at the widowed door
of one of these villages
where she will admit me like a broad meadow,
like a blue space between mountains,
and holding her arms at the broken elbows
brush the dank hair from a forehead
as warm as bread or as a homecoming.

—DEREK WALCOTT

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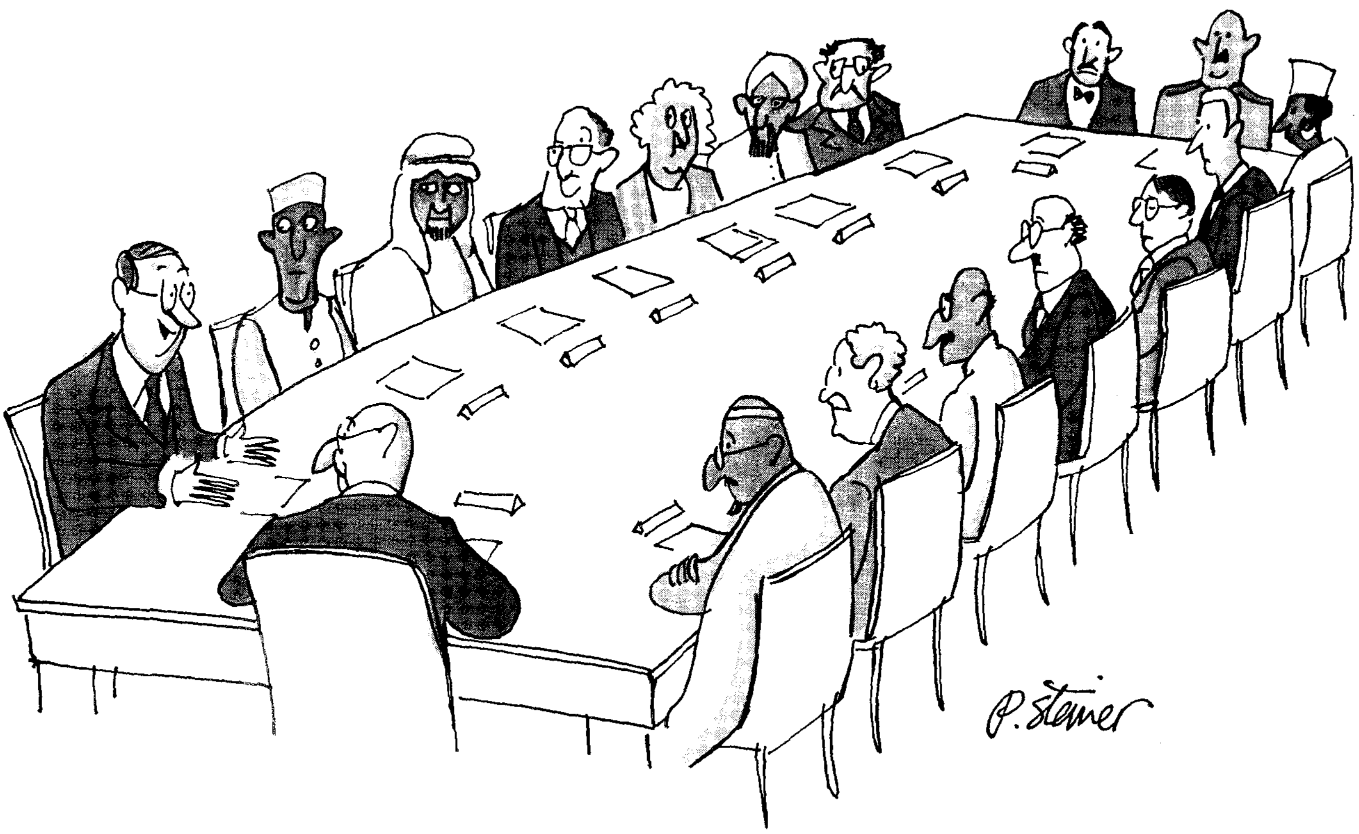


"*Look, everyone here loves vanilla, right? So let's start there.*"

• •

packing factory, there'd been a job in a factory that made plastic earphones, a cleaning job in a hotel near Euston, and a year working for the Use-Us Office Cleansing Service. "But you can't have liked any of that work, Deirdre?" he suggested, and she agreed that she hadn't.

From the way she spoke, he felt that this period of her life was over: adolescence done with, she had steadied and taken stock. He didn't suggest to her that any of this might be so, not wishing to seem either too anxious or too pleased, but he felt she had returned to the rectory in a very different frame of mind from the one in which she'd left it. He imagined she would remain for quite a while, still taking stock, and in a sense occupying her mother's place. He thought he recognized in her a loneliness that matched his own, and he wondered if it was a feeling that their loneliness might be shared that had brought her back at this particular time. Sitting in the drawing room while she cooked or washed up, or gathering grapes in the greenhouse while she did the shopping, he warmed delightedly to this theme. It seemed like an act of God that this autumn their circumstances should interlace. By Christmas she would know what she wanted to do with her life; and in the spring that followed, she would perhaps be ready to set forth again. A year would have passed since the death of Frances.

"I have a friend," Deirdre said when they were having a cup of coffee together in the middle of one morning. "Someone who's been good to me."

She had carried a tray to where he was composing the next week's sermon, sitting on the wooden seat by the lawn at the front of the house. He laid aside his exercise book, and a pencil and an eraser. "Who's that?" he inquired.

"Someone called Harold."

He nodded, stirring sugar into his coffee.

"I want to tell you about Harold, Father. I want you to meet him."

"Yes, of course."

She lighted a cigarette. She said, "We have a lot in common. I mean, he's the only person . . ." She faltered and then hesitated. She lifted her cigarette to her lips and drew on it.

He said, "Are you fond of him, Deirdre?"

"Yes, I am."

Another silence gathered. She smoked, and drank her coffee. He added more sugar to his. "Of course I'd like to meet him," he said.

"Could he come to stay with us, Father? Would you mind? Would it be all right?"

"Of course I wouldn't mind. I'd be delighted."

HAROLD was summoned, and arrived at Rosslare a few days later. In the meantime Deirdre had explained to her father that her friend was an electrician by trade, and had let it fall that he was an intellectual kind of person. She borrowed the old Vauxhall and drove it to Rosslare to meet him, returning to the rectory in the early evening.

"How d'you do?" Canon Moran said, stretching out a hand in the direction of an excessively thin youth with a birthmark on his face. Harold's mouse-colored hair was cut very short, cropped almost. He was wearing a black leather jacket.

"I'm fine," Harold said.

"You've had a good journey?"

"Lousy, 'smatter of fact, Mr. Moran."

Harold's voice was strongly Cockney, and Canon Moran wondered if Deirdre had perhaps picked up some of her English vowel sounds from it. But then he realized that most people in London would speak like that, as people did on the television and the wireless. It was just a little surprising that Harold and Deirdre should have so much in common—as they clearly had, from the affectionate way they held one another's hand. None of the other Moran girls had gone in so much for holding hands in front of the family.

He was to sit in the drawing room, they insisted, while they made supper in the kitchen, so he picked up the *Irish Times* and did as he was bidden. Half an hour later Harold appeared and said that the meal was ready: fried eggs and sausages and bacon, and some tinned beans. Canon Moran said grace.

Having stated that County Wexford looked great, Harold didn't say much else. He didn't smile much either. His afflicted face bore an edgy look, as if he'd never become wholly reconciled to his birthmark. It was like a scarlet map on his left cheek—a shape that reminded Canon Moran of the toe of Italy. Poor fellow, he thought. And yet a birthmark was so much less to bear than other afflictions there could be.

"Harold's fascinated actually," Deirdre said, "by Ireland."

Her friend didn't add anything to that remark for a moment, even though Canon Moran smiled and nodded interestedly.

Eventually Harold said, "The struggle of the Irish people."

"I didn't know a thing about Irish history," Deirdre said. "I mean, not anything that made sense."

The conversation lapsed at this point, leaving Canon Moran greatly puzzled. He began to say that Irish history had always been of considerable interest to him also—that it had a good story to it, that its tragedy was uncomplicated. But the two others didn't appear to understand what he was talking about, and so he changed the subject. It was a particularly splendid autumn, he pointed out.

"Harold doesn't go in for anything like that," Deirdre replied.

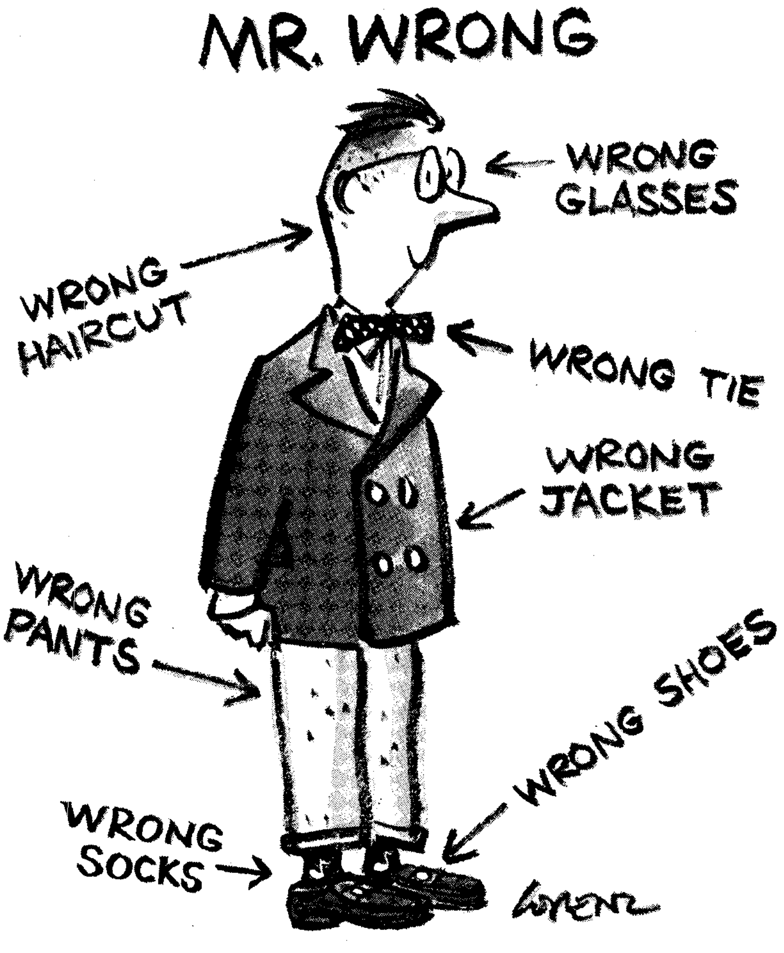
During the days that followed, Harold began to talk more, surprising Canon Moran with almost everything he said. Deirdre had been right to say he was fascinated by Ireland, and it wasn't just a tourist's fascination. Harold had read widely: he spoke of ancient battles, of the plantations of James I and Elizabeth, of Robert Emmet and the Mitchelstown martyrs, of Pearse and de Valera. "The struggle of the Irish people" was the expression he most regularly employed. It seemed to Canon Moran that the relationship between Harold and Deirdre had a lot to do with Harold's fascination, as though his interest in Deirdre's native land had somehow caused him to become interested in Deirdre herself.

There was something else as well. Fascinated by Ireland, Harold hated his own country. A sneer whispered through his voice when he spoke of England: a degenerate place, he called it, destroyed by class consciousness and the unjust distribution of wealth. He described in detail the city of Nottingham, to which he appeared to have a particular aversion. He spoke of unnecessary motorways and the stupidity of bureaucracy, the stifling presence of a Royal Family. "You could keep an Indian village," he claimed, "on what those corgis eat. You could house five hundred homeless in Buckingham Palace." There was brainwashing by television and the newspaper barons. No ordinary person had a chance, because pap was fed to the ordinary person—a deliberate policy going back into Victorian times, when education and religion had been geared to the enslavement of minds. The English people had brought it on themselves, having lost their spunk, settling instead for consumer durables. "What better can you expect," Harold demanded, "after the hypocrisy of that empire the bosses ran?"

Deirdre didn't appear to find anything specious in this line of talk, which surprised her father. "Oh, I wonder about that," he said himself from time to time, but he said it mildly, not wishing to cause an argument, and in any case his interjections were not acknowledged. Quite a few of the criticisms Harold levelled at his own country could be levelled at Ireland also—and, Canon Moran guessed, at many countries throughout the world. It was strange that the two neighboring islands had been so picked out, although once Germany was mentioned and the point made that developments beneath the surface there were a hopeful sign, that a big upset was on the way.

"We're taking a walk," Harold said one afternoon. "She's going to show me Kinsella's Barn."

Canon Moran nodded, saying to himself that he disliked Harold. It was the first time he had admitted it, but the feeling was familiar. The less generous side of his nature had always emerged when his daughters brought to the rectory the men they'd become friendly with or even proposed to marry. Emma, the eldest girl, had brought several before settling in the end for Thomas. Linda had brought only John, when she was already engaged to him. Una had married Carley not long after the death, and Carley had not yet visited the rectory: Canon Moran had met him in Dublin, where the wedding had taken place, for in the circumstances Una had not been married from home. Carley was an older man, an importer



of tea and wine, flushed and stout, certainly not someone Canon Moran would have chosen for his second-youngest daughter. But then he had thought the same about Emma's Thomas and about Linda's John.

Thomas was a farmer, sharing a sizable acreage with his father in County Meath. He always brought to mind the sarcasm of an old schoolmaster of Canon Moran's who used to refer to a gang of boys at the back of the classroom as "farmers' sons," meaning that not much could be expected of them. It was an inaccurate assumption, but even now, whenever Canon Moran found himself in the company of Thomas, he couldn't help recalling it: Thomas was mostly silent, with a good-natured smile that came slowly and lingered too long. According to his father—and there was no reason to doubt the claim—he was a good judge of beef cattle.

Linda's John was the opposite. Wiry and suave, he was making his way in the Bank of Ireland—at present stationed in Waterford. He had a tiny orange-colored mustache and was good at golf. Linda's ambition for him was that he should become the Bank of Ireland's manager in Limerick or Galway, where the insurances that went with the position were particularly lucrative. Unlike Thomas, John talked all the time, telling jokes and stories about the Bank of Ireland's customers.

"Nothing is perfect," Frances had always said, chiding her husband for an uncharitableness he did his best to combat. He disliked being so particular about the men his daughters chose, and he was aware that other people saw them differently: Thomas would do anything for you, John was fun, the middle-aged Carley laid his success at Una's feet. But whoever the husbands of his daughters might have been, Canon Moran knew he'd have felt the same. He was jealous of the husbands because ever since his daughters had been born, he had loved them unstintingly. When he had prayed after Frances's death, he'd felt jealous of God, who had taken her from him.

WmHamilton

"Oh, well. Better to be the victim of comedy than tragedy."

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"There's nothing much to see," he pointed out when Harold announced that Deirdre was going to show him Kinsella's Barn. "Just the ruin of a wall is all that's left."

"Harold's interested, Father."

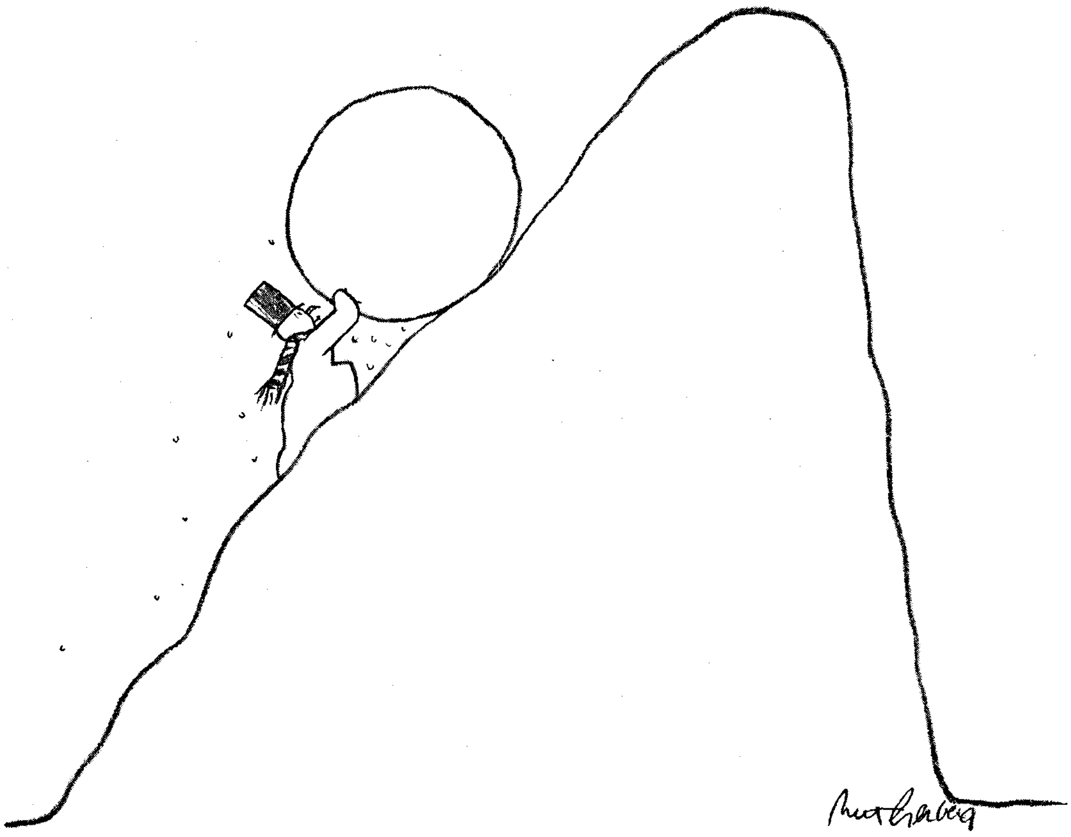
They set off on their walk, leaving the old clergyman ashamed that he could not like Harold more. It was just his griminess: there was something sinister about Harold, something furtive about the way he looked at you, peering at you cruelly out of his afflicted face, not meeting your eye. Why was he so fascinated with a country that wasn't his own? Why did he refer so often to "Ireland's struggle," as if that struggle particularly concerned him? He hated walking, he had said, yet he'd just set out to walk six miles through woods and fields, to examine a ruined wall.

Canon Moran had wondered as suspiciously about Thomas and John and Carley, privately questioning every statement they made, finding hidden motives everywhere. He'd hated the thought of his daughters' being embraced or even touched, and had forced himself not to think about that. He'd prayed, ashamed of himself then, too. "It's just a frailty in you," Frances had said—her favorite way of cutting things down to size.

He sat for a while in the afternoon sunshine, letting all of it hang in his mind. It would be nice if they quarrelled on their walk. It would be nice if they didn't speak when they returned, if Harold simply went away. But that wouldn't happen, because they had come to the rectory with a purpose. He didn't know why he thought that, but he knew it was true: they had come for a reason—something that was all tied up with Harold's fascination and with the kind of person Harold was, with his cold eyes and his afflicted face.

IN March, 1798, an incident had taken place in Kinsella's Barn, which at that time had been just a barn. Twelve men and women, accused of harboring insurgents, had been tied together with ropes at the command of a Sergeant James. They had been led through the village of Boharbawn—the Sergeant's soldiers on horseback on either side of the procession, the Sergeant himself bringing up the rear. As an act of education, an example to the inhabitants of Boharbawn and the country people around, the twelve had been herded into a barn owned by a farmer called Kinsella and there burned to death. Kinsella, who had played no part either in the harboring of insurgents or in the execution of the twelve, was afterward murdered by his own farm laborers.

"Sergeant James was a Nottingham man," Harold said that evening at supper. "A soldier of fortune who didn't care what he did. Did you know



he acquired great wealth, Mr. Moran?"

"No, I wasn't at all aware of that," Canon Moran replied.

"Harold found out about *him*," Deirdre said.

"He used to boast he was responsible for the death of a thousand Irish people. It was in Boharbawn he reached the thousand. They rewarded him well for that."

"Not much is known about Sergeant James locally. Just the legend of Kinsella's Barn."

"No way it's a legend."

Deirdre nodded; Canon Moran did not say anything. They were eating cooked ham and salad. On the table there was a cake that Deirdre had bought in Murphy-Floods in Enniscorthy, and a pot of tea. There was a bunch of grapes from the greenhouse, and a plate of wafer biscuits. Harold was fond of salad cream, Canon Moran had noticed: he had a way of hitting the base of the jar with his hand, causing large dollops to spurt all over his ham. He didn't place his knife and fork together on the plate when he'd finished but just left them anyhow. His fingernails were edged with black.

"You'd feel sick," he was saying, working the salad cream again. "You'd stand there looking at that wall and you'd feel a revulsion in your stomach."

"What I meant," Canon Moran said, "is that it has passed into local legend. No one doubts it took place, there's no question about that. But two centuries have almost passed."

"And nothing has changed," Harold interjected. "The Irish people still share their bondage with the twelve in Kinsella's Barn."

"Round here, of course—"

"It's not round here that matters, Mr. Moran. The struggle's worldwide, the sickness is everywhere actually."

Again Deirdre nodded. She was like a zombie, her father thought. She was being used because she was an Irish girl; she was Harold's Irish connection, and in some almost frightening way she believed herself in love with him. Frances had once said they'd made a mistake with her. She had wondered if Deirdre had perhaps found all the love they'd offered her too much to bear. They were quite old when Deirdre was a child, the last expression of their own love. She was special because of that.

"At least Kinsella got his chips," Harold pursued, his voice relentless. "At least that's something."

Canon Moran protested. The owner of the barn had been an innocent man, he pointed out. The barn had simply been a convenient one, large enough for the purpose, with heavy stones near it that could be piled up against the door before the conflagration. Kinsella, that day, had been miles away, ditching a field.

"It's too long ago to say where he was," Harold retorted swiftly. "And if he was keeping a low profile in a ditch, it would have been by arrangement with the imperial forces."

When Harold said that, there occurred in Canon Moran's mind a flash of what appeared to be the simple truth. Harold was an Englishman who had espoused a cause because it was one through which the status quo in his own country might be damaged. Similar such Englishmen, read about in newspapers, stirred in the clergyman's mind: men from Ealing and Liverpool and Wolverhampton who had changed their names to Irish names, who had even learned the Irish language, in order to ingratiate themselves with the new Irish revolutionaries. Such men dealt out death and chaos, announcing that their conscience insisted on it.

"Well, we'd better wash the dishes," Deirdre said, and Harold rose obediently to help her.

THE walk to Kinsella's Barn had taken place on a Saturday afternoon. The following morning Canon Moran conducted his services at St. Michael's, addressing his small Protestant congregation—twelve at Holy Communion, eighteen at morning service. He had prepared a sermon about repentance, taking as his text Luke 15:32: "For this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." But at the last moment he changed his mind and spoke instead of the incident in Kinsella's Barn nearly two centuries before. He tried to make the point that one horror should not fuel another, that passing time contained its own forgiveness. Deirdre and Harold were naturally not in the church, but they'd been present at breakfast—Harold frying eggs on the kitchen stove, Deirdre pouring tea. He had looked at them and tried to think of them as two young people on holiday. He had tried to tell himself they'd come to the rectory for a rest and for his blessing, that he should be grateful instead of fanciful. It was for his blessing that Emma had brought Thomas to the rectory, that Linda had brought John. Una would bring Carley in November. “Now, don't be silly,” Frances would have said.

“The man Kinsella was innocent of everything,” he heard his voice insisting in his church. “He should never have been murdered also.”

Harold would have delighted in the vengeance exacted on an innocent man. Harold wanted to inflict pain, to cause suffering and destruction. The end justified the means for Harold, even if the end was an artificial one, a pettiness grandly dressed up. In his sermon Canon Moran spoke of such matters, naturally without mentioning Harold's name. He spoke of how evil drained people of their humor and compassion, how people pretended even to themselves. It was worse than Frances's death, he thought, as his voice continued in the church: it was worse that Deirdre should be part of wickedness.

He could tell that his parishioners found his sermon odd, and he didn't blame them. He was confused, and considerably distressed. In the rectory Deirdre and Harold would be waiting for him. They would all sit down to Sunday lunch while plans for atrocities filled Harold's mind, while Deirdre loved him.

“Are you well again, Mrs. Davis?” he inquired at the church door of a woman who suffered from asthma.

“Not too bad, Canon. Not too bad, thank you.”

He spoke to all the others, inquiring about health, remarking on the beautiful autumn. They were farmers mostly, and displayed a farmer's gratitude for the satisfactory season. He wondered suddenly who'd replace him among them when he retired or died. Father Hayes had had to give up a year before. The young man, Father White, was always in a hurry.

“Goodbye so, Canon,” Mr. Willoughby said, shaking hands as he always did, every Sunday. It was a long time since there'd been the trouble about Eugene Ryan's grazing rights; three years before, Mr. Willoughby had been left a widower himself. “You're managing all right, Canon?” he asked, as he also always did.

“Yes, I'm all right, thank you, Mr. Willoughby.”

Someone else inquired if Deirdre was still at the rectory, and he said she was. Heads nodded, the unspoken thought being that this was nice for him—his youngest daughter at home again after all these years. There was forgiveness in several faces—forgiveness of Deirdre, who had been thoughtless to go off to an egg-packing factory. There was the feeling, also unexpressed, that the young were a bit like that.

“Goodbye,” he said in a general way. Car doors banged, engines started. In the vestry he removed his surplice and his cassock and hung them in a cupboard.

“WE'LL probably go tomorrow,” Deirdre said during lunch.

“Go?”

“We'll probably take the Dublin bus.”

“I'd like to see Dublin,” Harold said.

“And then you're returning to London?”

“We're easy about that,” Harold interjected before Deirdre could reply. “I'm a tradesman, Mr. Moran. An electrician.”

“I know you're an electrician, Harold.”

“What I mean is, I'm on my own, I'm not answerable to the bosses. There's always a bob or two waiting in London.”

For some reason Canon Moran felt that Harold was lying. There was a quickness about the way he'd said they were easy about their plans, and it didn't seem quite to make sense—the logic of not being answerable to bosses and a bob or two always waiting for him. Harold was being evasive about their movements, hiding the fact that they would probably remain in Dublin for longer than he implied, meeting other people like himself.

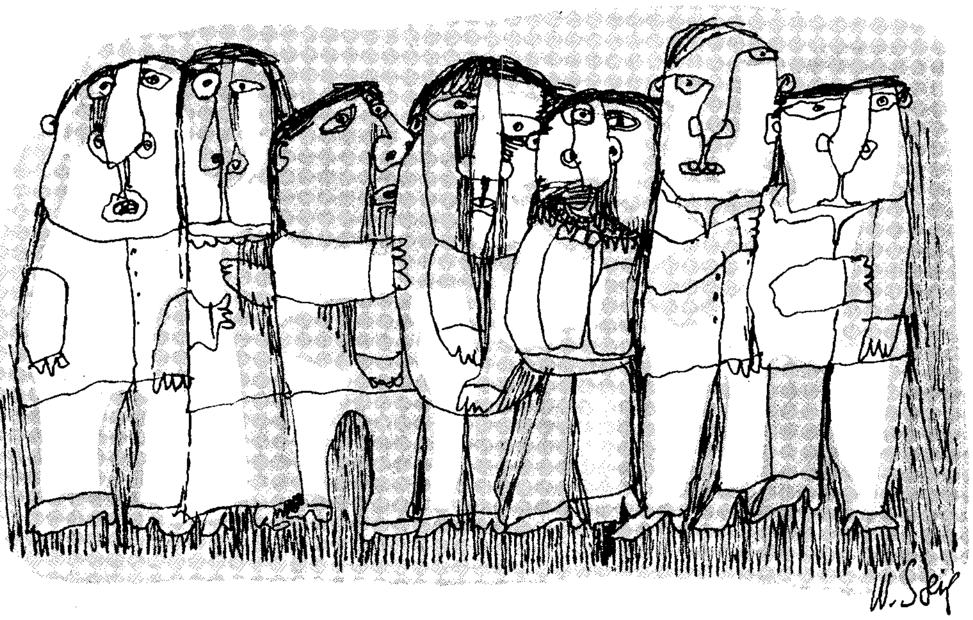
“It was good of you to have us,” Deirdre said that evening, all three of them sitting around the fire in the drawing room, because the evenings had just begun to get chilly. Harold was reading a book about Che Guevara and hadn't spoken for several hours. “We've enjoyed it, Father.”

“It's been nice having you, Deirdre.”

“I'll write to you from London.”

It was safe to say that: he knew she wouldn't, because she hadn't before until she'd wanted something. She wouldn't write to thank him for the rectory's hospitality, and that would be quite in keeping. Harold was the same kind of man as Sergeant James had been; it didn't matter that they

“Mine's the chinchilla.”



What's the World Coming To?

• •

were on different sides. Sergeant James had maybe borne an affliction also—a humped back or a withered arm. He had ravaged a country for its spoils, and his most celebrated crime was neatly at hand, so that another Englishman could make matters worse by attempting to make amends. In Harold's view the trouble had always been that these acts of war and murder died beneath the weight of print in history books, and were forgotten. But history could be rewritten, and for that Kinsella's Barn was an inspiration: Harold had journeyed to it as people make journeys to holy places.

"Yes?" Deirdre said, for while these reflections had passed through Canon Moran's mind, he had spoken her name, wanting to ask her to tell him the truth about her friend.

He shook his head. "I wish you could have seen your mother again," he said instead. "I wish she were here now."

The faces of his three sons-in-law irrelevantly appeared in his mind: Carley's flushed cheeks, Thomas's slow, good-natured smile, John's little mustache. It astonished him that he'd ever felt suspicious of their natures, for they would never let his daughters down. But Deirdre had turned her back on the rectory, and what could be expected when she returned with a man? She had never been like Emma or Linda or Una, none of whom smoked Three Castles cigarettes or wore clothes that didn't seem quite clean. It was impossible to imagine any of them becoming involved with a revolutionary, a man who wanted to commit atrocities.

"He was just a farmer, you know," he heard himself saying. "Kinsella."

Surprise showed in Deirdre's face. "It was Mother we were talking about," she reminded him, and he could see her trying to connect her mother with a farmer who had died two hundred years ago, and not being able to. Elderliness, he could see her thinking. "Only time he wandered," she would probably say to her friend.

"It was good of you to come, Deirdre."

He looked at her, far into her eyes, admitting to himself that she had always been his favorite. When the other girls were busily growing up, she had still wanted to sit on his knee. She'd had a way of interrupting him no matter what he was doing, arriving beside him with a book she wanted him to read to her.

"Goodbye, Father," she said the next morning while they waited in Enniscorthy for the Dublin bus. "Thank you for everything."

"Yeah, thanks a ton, Mr. Moran," Harold said.

"Goodbye, Harold. Goodbye, my dear."

He watched them find their seats when the bus arrived, and then he drove the old Vauxhall back to Boharbawn, meeting Slattery in his postman's van and returning his salute. There was shopping he should have done—meat and potatoes, and tins of things to keep him going. But his mind was full of Harold's afflicted face and his black-rimmed fingernails, and Deirdre's hand in his. And then flames burst from the straw that had been packed around living people in Kinsella's Barn. They burned through the wood of the barn itself, revealing the writhing bodies. On his horse the man called Sergeant James laughed.

Canon Moran drove the car into the rectory's ramshackle garage, and walked around the house to the wooden seat by the front lawn. Frances should come now with two cups of coffee, appearing at the front door with the tray and then crossing the gravel and the lawn. He saw her as she had been when first they lived at the rectory, when only Emma had been born; but the gray-haired Frances was somehow there as well, shadowing her youth. "Funny little Deirdre," she said, placing the tray on the seat between them.

It seemed to him that everything that had just happened in the rectory had to do with Frances—with meeting her for the first time when she was eighteen, with loving her and marrying her. He knew it was a trick of the autumn sunshine that again she crossed the gravel and the lawn; no more than pretense that she handed him a cup and saucer. "Harold's just a talker," she said. "Not at all like Sergeant James."

He sat for a while longer on the wooden seat, clinging to these words, knowing they were true. Of course it was cowardice that ran through Harold, inspiring the whisper of his sneer when he spoke of the England he hated so. In the presence of a befuddled girl and an old Irish clergyman, England was an easy target, and Ireland's troubles were a kind of target also.

Frances laughed, and for the first time her death seemed far away, as her life did too. In the rectory the visitors had blurred her fingerprints to nothing, and had made of her a ghost that could come back. The sunshine warmed him as he sat there; the garden was less melancholy than it had been. —William Trevor

•

Without mentioning his principal opponent by name, Bush suggests that some of Reagan's foreign policy pronouncements are dangerously hawkish.

"Ronald Reagan has proposed a blockade of Cuba to stop Russian aggression halfway around the world," Bush said Friday in Manchester.—*Washington Post.*

He's a cozy one, that Bush.

THE SPORTING SCENE

A THEORETICALLY HAPPY SITUATION

LAKE PLACID, N.Y.
FEBRUARY 25

A PAMPHLET called "1980 Winter Olympic Weather," which was put out last year by the National Climatic Center of the Environmental Data and Information Service of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration of the Department of Commerce, begins, "The Lake Placid area enjoys invigorating winters with frequent and abundant snowfall," and it goes on to say, "Lasting snow cover usually develops in late November and continues into April. However, rain has occurred in some winters." It occurred this winter on February 21st while the sensationally speedy speed skater Eric Heiden was earning the fourth of his five gold medals. (Each is made up of 7.5 ounces of silver and a six-gram coating of gold, worth, at today's metal-market prices, $383.27. In the long run, they may turn out to be worth far more to Heiden in breakfast-food endorsements.) The rain scared the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee, or L.P.O.O.C.—which by then had already called in the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, and the Girl Scouts to help unsnarl some of its problems—into beseeching the Army Corps of Engineers to make sure that the ice on Mirror Lake, where spectacular awards ceremonies were held most evenings for various winners, including Heiden, was thick enough to hold the crowds assembled to cheer the heroes and heroines of the hour and to gaze upward as fireworks rattled the sky. (The ice was pronounced safe.) There were a few flurries, but the only appreciable fall of snow during the Olympics came on February 16th, when some four thousand people were shivering in an outlying parking lot waiting for buses that never showed up; the dispatcher of a radio-equipped vehicle in which I was lucky enough to be a passenger warned drivers to steer clear of that particular lot, telling them that if they went there "you won't get your van out in one piece." By then, Lake Placid had had practically no real snow all winter, and the competition sites had been blanketed snugly with man-made flakes. Both the Commissioner of the New York State Department of Environmental Conservation and the president of the International Ski Federation—the kinds of middle-level figures who, like many Lake Placid natives, became Very Important Persons during the Games—had expressed a devout hope that, because they had their artificial ground cover groomed to just the texture and depth they believed desirable, no snow would fall at all. "If it snows hard, it will be a disaster," the commissioner proclaimed. Such paradoxes were par for the Winter Olympics course.

In February a year ago, the Lake Placid temperature once dipped to minus thirty-seven. It was not exactly balmy as the Games got under way. By February 20th, though—the onset of Lent, and also President Carter's fateful deadline for Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan—an eminent Georgia sportswriter doffed his parka and appeared in what he called his Atlanta outfit, consisting of a plaid suit, a shirt, and a tie, and I myself took off my thermal underwear, in which I had survived the luge and the ski jump and had also been sleeping. Had the weather been close to what it was in 1979, the casualties at that parking lot and in other freezing areas might have been close to those in Afghanistan. The president of the L.P.O.O.C. is a minister, and it may have been his private climatological prayers that produced the Games-saving clemency. The Reverend J. Bernard Fell, a former policeman and fire chief, who early in the course of the tangled Games suggested that the solution to the L.P.O.O.C.'s problems might be to bar access to all spectators, and who in all his public appearances wore a smile that can only be described as frozen, did make a few overtly prayerful remarks at the opening ceremony, on the thirteenth, and he must have directed further fervent thanks heavenward for the fact that

ROSE LaRUE
"A GREAT ENTERTAINER"
STEVENSON

around Lake Placid the ubiquitous pre-Games signs of "Welcome World, We're Ready" had finally been changed to "Welcome World, We Did It"—though some of the would-be spectators who paid as much as $67.20 for a single ticket to one of several events (including figure skating) that because of transportation hangups they couldn't get to may have wondered what that "It" meant. At one time or another during the affair's thirteen days—which to many of us who stuck with the carnival all the way seemed an eternity—the air of the Adirondacks, once thought so bracing for tuberculosis victims, was filled with other prayers. The Attorney General of the United States, Benjamin Civiletti, while inspecting the tight security setup on the eve of the Games, innocently prayed for a couple of inches of snow, just when nobody else wanted the stuff. The Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, prayed before the assembled (he called them "august") patriarchs of the International Olympic Committee that they would "come up with equitable solutions for the very difficult problems you will be discussing." (Their solution was to decree that the 1980 Summer Games would take place as scheduled in Moscow, with or without the participation of Mr. Vance's compatriots.) The august head of the I.O.C., Lord Killanin, said, "We can only pray that the leaders of the opposing factions"—the United States and the Soviet Union—"can come together to resolve these differences," and on another occasion His Lordship, who had no transportation problems of his own but while tackling an electronic racing-car game at the Olympic Village was observed to have some dreadful smashups, said, "My only prayer, as a grandfather [he is one six times over] is that there'll be peace in the world, not war." And the host state's governor, Hugh Carey, prayed at the opening ceremony, remarking in his orisons that "this is a place of healing, and may it be remembered as such." Lake Placid will be remembered for much, but probably not for its therapeutic qualities. Perhaps the final prayerful word was had by the Adirondack Church of the Nazarene, on Main Street, which inscribed on its outdoor signboard, the first cold Sunday of the Games, "Welcome World, the Lord Is Ready." On a more mundane but no less heartening level, the church offered free coffee and cookies to chilled passersby.

IN ANOTHER COUNTRY

Waiting to be served, we look from the veranda
down into a river
whose unpronounceable name
would mean nothing to you. Thick
green trees on the opposite bank ignite
as an elongated sun
touches their fringes,
and sheep gathered there to drink
slowly retreat into shadows,
where their suncharged fleeces
still glow in the dark.

Much farther downstream,
beyond where its broad back carries clouds,
some of the black rocks
gathered at a bend
are in motion, rise and
fall, rising again
and again as we
see, our eyes focussed now
for the distance,
the lengths of brightness
each rock flails, causing
the other, dormant stones
to shine.

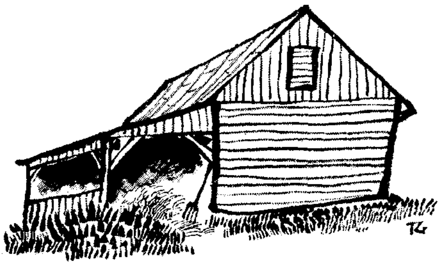
Washerwomen. Probably
wives and mothers
to the shepherds
we sense watching us
from the other shore. Perhaps
the white shirts
of the waiters brighten
drubbed upon those stones.
By the time our meal
is served and removed
in a flaring of silver
from these tablecloths,
immaculate in late
sunlight, we can hear
faintly the dull reports
of wet clothes slung
heavily down upon the stones.

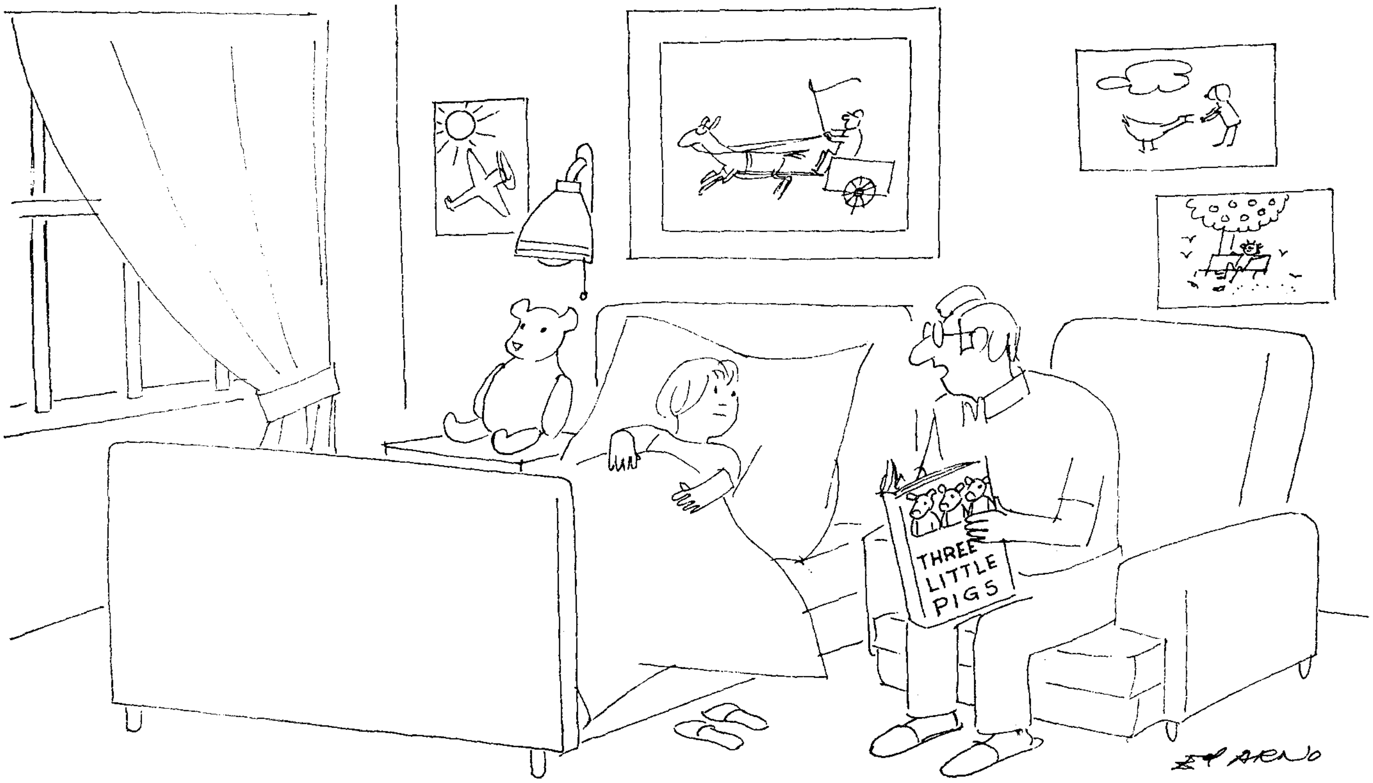
First the flash and, only
moments after, the slap
slap these flat stones
have known for centuries
or more, before learning
the roar of cars like ours,
casually laden
with items worth
more than we had known
before we saw the
stones of the river rising up
in the forms of women.

—William Pitt Root

• •

THE XIII Olympic Winter Games could be divided into two phases, political and athletic, both hotly competitive and with considerable overlap. The principal organizations running the Games—the I.O.C., the L.P.O.O.C., various international sports federations, and the American Broadcasting Company—were on the scene well ahead of the formal opening, and the first of these, along with the United States Olympic Committee, was feverishly working toward some compromise that would allow the U.S.O.C. to send a team to Moscow. Moscow, of course, was the *National* Broadcasting Company's baby. NBC had equipped those of its emissaries who came to Lake Placid with "Olympic Odyssey" patches on their jackets. It is an odyssey that now seems to have foundered somewhere between the Scylla of President Carter and the Charybdis of the I.O.C. The President was to have opened the first formal session of the I.O.C., held in the sombre theatre of a huge lakeside pile that once was the very exclusive Lake Placid Club and is now the Lake Placid Resort Hotel. Instead, Mr. Carter sent Secretary Vance, who, in a seven-minute speech, said, in reference to Moscow and to the ancient Greek custom of declaring truces during Olympics, "It would be a violation of this fundamental Olympic principle to conduct or attend Olympic games in a nation which is currently engaging in an aggressive war." The I.O.C. was not impressed. It was, however, shocked, according to its full-time director and chief spokesperson, Monique Berlioux. The I.O.C. has never had a woman among its eighty-nine exalted members, but Mme. Berlioux, a fifty-four-year-old Frenchwoman, has been working at its Lausanne headquarters since 1967 and has been all but running that establishment since 1971. She has a smile like a shark. During recent Olympic





"I don't know whether mortgage rates had gone up. Now may I continue?"

• •

Games, summer and winter, she has generally acted as if she were the most important woman on earth, which for those few quadrennial weeks she may well have been. Here at Lake Placid, she referred to the slaughter at the Munich Olympics as "a happening" (those Games, she said at one point, "succeeded to a finish," an odd choice of verbiage), and to the invasion of Afghanistan as a happening, too. When she was asked if it seemed appropriate to hold Olympic Games in the capital of a war-waging nation, she remarked that many nations could be considered to be at war today, among them Lord Killanin's Ireland—the only time anybody introduced *that* political situation into the ruffled Lake Placid scene. "We should try to unite and not to disunite" was Mme. Berlioux's advice to the world.

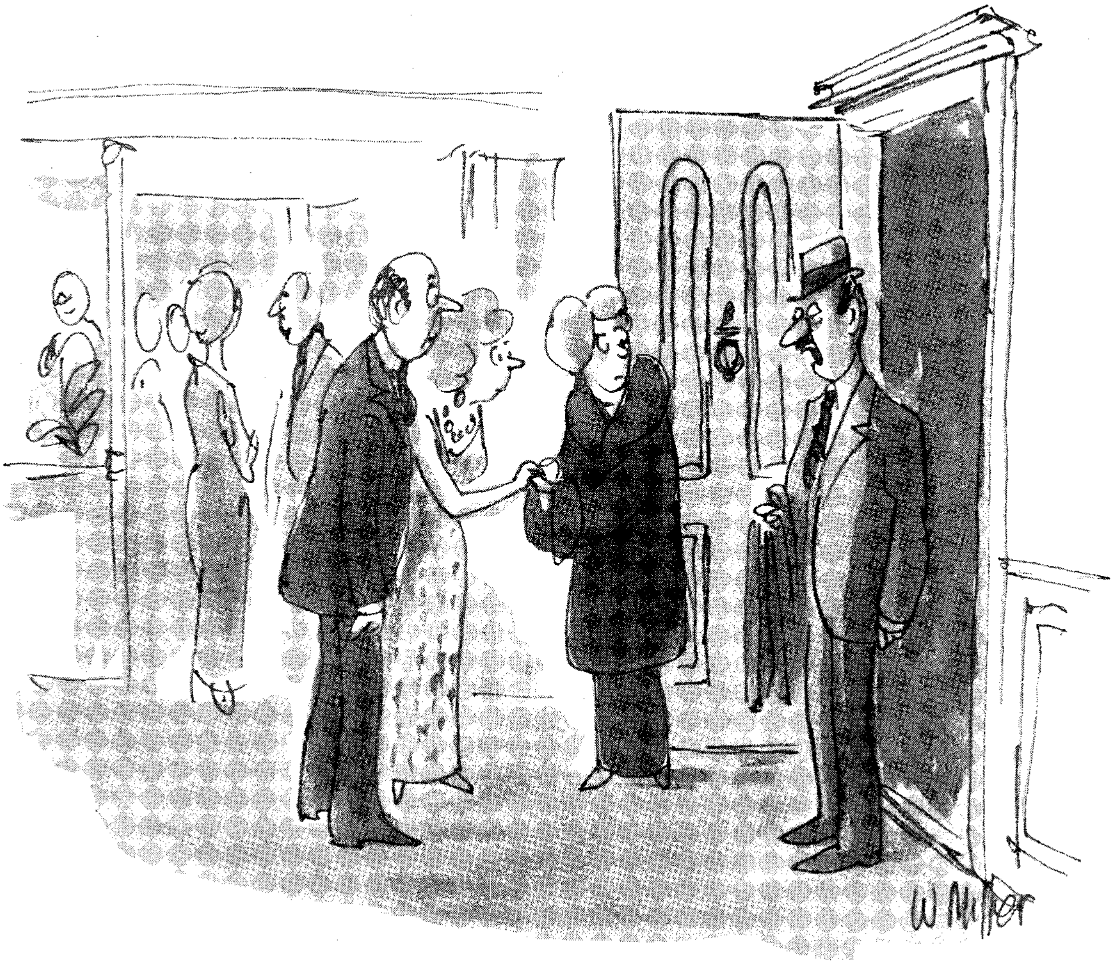
Lord Killanin, who is sixty-five and, like Madame, studied at the Sorbonne (and also, in his case, at Eton and Cambridge), used to be a film producer, as Michael Killanin, and may, these headachy days, be sorry he didn't stick exclusively to that. He is a member of the French Sports Academy and the International Association of Art Critics. He is a Leo. I know that because he said so, in remarking one day that he was so busy he hadn't had time to read his horoscope. Soon after he reached Lake Placid, he said that he had come here principally to watch the Games, an asseveration nobody took very seriously—his seat at the climactic ice-hockey confrontation between the United States and the Soviet Union was empty—and that, whatever Secretary Vance or President Carter or anybody else said or did, the Summer Games would not be postponed, cancelled, or removed from Moscow. "I am surprised at the immense misunderstanding of what can and cannot be done," he declared. Outwardly genial and roly-poly, he is by nature tough and unbending. When he appeared hatless and gloveless at the frigid so-called opening ceremony (six hockey games had already been played), someone described him as bareheaded and barefisted. (Standing in for President Carter there, Vice-President Mondale—who returned to the contests, along with Amy Carter, to see the United States hockey team, composed largely of fellow-Minnesotans, sweep to golden victory—uttered exactly twenty-six words, which may not be a new Olympic record but was surely the shortest public oration ever delivered by a practicing politician in a Presidential-election year.) Only once during the Games did I hear Lord Killanin's omnipotence challenged. That was when he did show up for an event, a pairs-figure-skating one, and a woman wearing a "Press Steward" badge was told by a Pinkerton guard to prepare herself for His Lordship's arrival. She drew herself up haughtily and said, "Lord Killanin is not the press." It made me tingle all over. There were in the pairs figure skating, as in most events, both United States and Soviet competitors. Lord Killanin's applause conveyed no partiality, and not much enthusiasm, either; he clapped as tepidly as if Cyrus Vance had been essaying a double axel on the ice.

It was ridiculous for the I.O.C. or any other group to believe that national rivalries and animosities could be excluded from the Lake Placid Games, any more than they have been from any other Olympics since, say, 1956, when the Summer Games were played in Melbourne, about the time Hungary was featured on the Soviet menu. Indeed, among the reasons cited in the Olympic oath for participation in the modern Games, the words "for the glory of sport" precede "for the honor of our teams"—and presumably our countries. Among the musical numbers inaptly chosen for choral rendition at the first formal meeting of the I.O.C., when Secretary Vance's sober exhortations were stonily received, was "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which, with its mingled appeals to bellicosity and Christian worship, could hardly have been expected to put all the members of that body in a peaceful state of mind. The ancient Greeks, who advocated individual conflict, did not have to cope with flags or flag-wavers.

The unanimous decision of the I.O.C., on February 12th, to sail full steam ahead to Moscow put the U.S.O.C. in an awkward spot. Its two ranking members—President Robert Kane (who is also director emeritus of athletics at Cornell) and Executive Director F. Don Miller (a retired Army officer who still likes to be called Colonel)—kept saying that they would naturally go along with whatever position the United States government took on Moscow, but it sometimes seemed as though their hearts weren't wholly in synch with their words. Kane, who described Secretary Vance's appeal to the I.O.C. as "hardfisted," also said, on behalf of the U.S.O.C., "That we seem to have adopted partially the point of view of the government doesn't mean that we've capitulated. . . . We feel a more filial relationship to the I.O.C. than to Washington. . . . The furthest thing in our mind is to try to undercut the Olympic movement. . . . We're trying to preserve the Games." At times, he waxed emotional, and spoke of destroying athletes' dreams. "We're trying to keep those dreams alive," he said. "Our athletes have hearts, some of which are broken already."

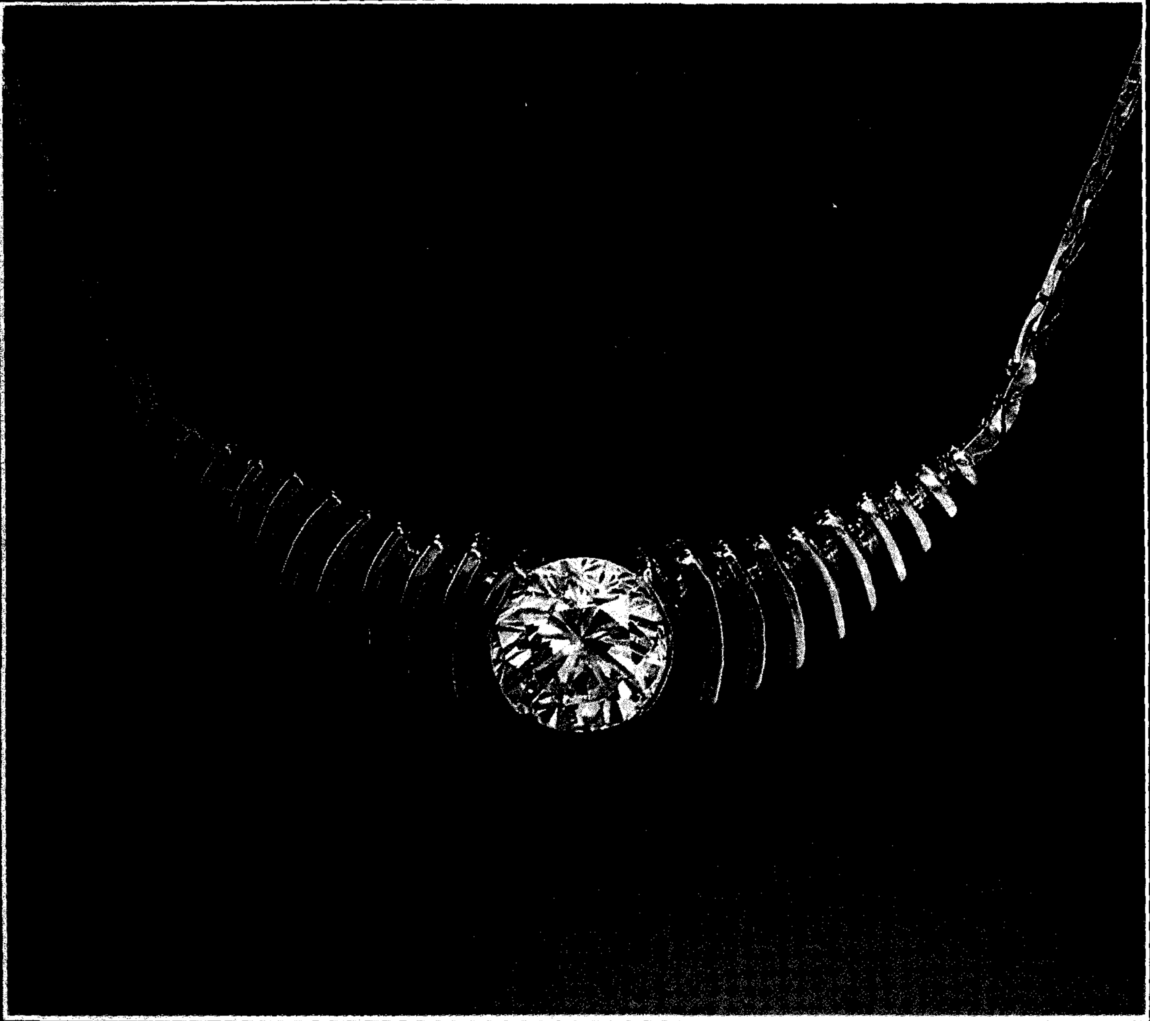
As of today, the U.S.O.C. hasn't formally decided not to send a United States team to Moscow, and it has said that it won't make up its mind until *its* supreme governing body, a House of Delegates, meets at Colorado Springs in April. The U.S.O.C. has good reason to be careful. Should it appear to have let its ultimate decision—it has until May 24th to respond to Moscow's invitation to join the summer fray—be determined by its government rather than made on its own, that could endanger the scheduled holding of the 1984 Summer Games in Los Angeles, if there are any Games then anywhere. Mme. Berlioux has warned the United States, with a smile, that "if you start something"—a boycott, that is—"you may start something in reverse."

In any event, one could not help wondering why the U.S.O.C.'s House of Delegates could not, like many a parliamentary panel, be convened right away. That Kane and Miller were in no hurry to convene it was made manifest when their committee's own lawyer stated here, astonishingly, that he had not even got around to studying its bylaws to determine whether such a special meeting *could* be held. Beyond all that, the U.S.O.C. has not so far embraced, and apparently never will embrace, the word "boycott," which has been on so many other lips, and which was also prominently wrapped around a lamppost outside the big new snow-white Olympic ice arena. A few blocks down Lake Placid's Main Street from that spot, a store proprietor polled four hundred and fifty-six passing Americans, as the committee meetings were dragging on and the Games were getting under way, and announced that seventy-nine per cent of them—and these were presumably people with pro-Olympic leanings—were pro-boycott. Most of the American athletes in the Olympic Village—perhaps out of sympathy for the dreams of Summer Games athletes—declined throughout to express their sentiments. Phil Mahre, the skier who won a rare silver medal—rare for an American—in the slalom, said, for instance, "We're not here to answer political questions." Eric Heiden, however, demurred; moments after capturing his fifth gold in the ten-thousand-metre race, the speed skater, who is twenty-one and will have to wait several years before he can aspire to high national office, stated that "someone who doesn't really know what's going on with the athletes"—presumably President Carter—"all of a sudden says, 'You guys shouldn't show up there in Moscow.'" (Heiden had earlier said that he was toying with the idea of trying out for the Summer Games cycling team; with his enormous thighs and legs alone, he could probably propel a transcontinental bus.) A notable exception to Heiden's point of view was that of another new national hero—Herb Brooks, the coach of the amazing, incredible, magnificent, stunning ice-hockey team that crushed the Soviets and then beat Finland to clinch the gold. Brooks, who



"Loved your party. Loved your guests. Loved your hors d'oeuvres. Love your house. Love you. Now love to hit the goddam sack."

The diamond solitaire.



A rare gift.

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A jewel that becomes more precious with
every passing year.
The gift that makes a rare and beautiful
moment last a lifetime.

A diamond is forever.

The 1/4 carat diamond shown is enlarged for detail. DeBeers.

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Curious, these Americans. Many pass judgment on an imported gin before trying all three.

To decide on one of the great imported English gins without sampling all three is like marrying the first man or woman who comes along. It might work out, but what might you have missed?

We'd hate you to miss out on the gentle gin.

Bombay
The gentle gin
One of the 3 great gins imported from England.

But, rather than invest in an entire bottle, order your next drink made with Bombay.

Judge for yourself.

If you still prefer another, what have you lost? But if you favor Bombay, think what you might have lost.

coaches hockey at the University of Minnesota—most topflight American hockey players come from Minnesota, as most topflight American speed skaters come from Wisconsin—said, "I see too many athletes who don't know about the world around them. I think that athletes should understand that he and she are very insignificant. I don't think you can separate athletics from politics. I think we should boycott the Moscow Games." Yeah, yeah, somebody called out, but would he be taking that lofty attitude if ice hockey were a summer sport? Yes, he said, he would.

WHILE the political drama was occupying center stage (and various theatre groups were performing to slim houses on real stages as part of a largely ignored Olympic arts program), Lake Placid—or, as a sassy local giveaway paper kept calling it, "Lake Flaccid," "Lake Panic," "Lake Placebo," or "Lake Plastic"—was gearing up for what, after six years of intense planning, everybody hoped would be an orderly occasion. Teams of athletes were arriving—or departing, in the case of the hapless Taiwanese, because the I.O.C., which recognizes two Germanys, is not up to coping with more than one China at a time; and because the Taiwanese wouldn't compete if they couldn't use their own flag and anthem. New colors were being hoisted daily at the Olympic Village, and more languages were heard nightly at the disco out there. (When the doubly fenced village is converted into a medium-security prison, the disco will become a conference room. That the grim establishment is now fully constructed did not abash some diehard downtown demonstrators, who were passing out literature, some of it nearly two years old, demanding that the construction of the prison be abandoned.) There was no team from Afghanistan or from Iran. A surprise arrival was a Mongolian contingent; nobody had expected any Mongolians, because a telegram they'd sent to the L.P.O.O.C. had, like many other communications to that entity, got sidetracked. Eventually, thirty-seven nations had twelve hundred and eighty-two athletes on hand (outnumbered more than two to one by the press), the smallest delegation consisting of a lone Costa Rican, a skier who fell in two of the three events he entered and finished next to last in the third. It is hard for little nations to compete with big ones. (Liechtenstein, whose skiers accounted for two gold and two silver medals, was a striking exception to *that;* but then Liechtenstein is only a principality, and its medallists were two members of a single family—Hanni Wenzel and her brother Andreas.)

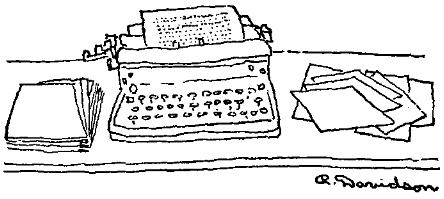
In the ladies' downhill ski race (in Olympic parlance, females are always ladies), the time gap between the first and the twenty-sixth finisher was less than ten seconds, but the twenty-seventh, and last, a lady from Lebanon, was nearly a whole minute slower than the twenty-sixth. (Lebanon has less snow than Liechtenstein.) The most extraordinary winning margin of the Games, where one second was a thumping lead—Ingemar Stenmark, of Sweden, who was acclaimed as unbeatable in the giant slalom, actually won that event by seventy-five one-hundredths of a second—occurred in the men's fifteen-kilometre cross-country skiing race. The gold medallist, another Swede, Thomas Wassberg, edged out Juha Mieto, of Finland, by—this, mind you, after fifteen long kilometres—precisely one one-hundredth of a second. Afterward, Wassberg said graciously that in his opinion Mieto should have been given a gold medal, too; and in the 1932 Winter Olympics, at Lake Placid, when stopwatches could measure nothing tinier than one-fifth of a second, he would have been.

Among the athletes, considerable attention was focussed on the Chinese, because none of them had been in any Olympics since the Communists prevailed, in 1949, and on the Russians, because of all the to-do over the Moscow Games. There were twenty-seven Chinese men and eleven Chinese ladies, and one of them told me in advance that their best expectation of a creditable performance was in speed skating. "Our hopes are not too high, not too low," he said. The team was accompanied by a four-man television crew, the People's Republic having been one of the few large places on earth that did not subscribe to ABC's marathon coverage. There would be close to a week's interval before viewers in Peking got to see them perform—and when they did, one was sorry to observe, there wasn't going to be much to look at. The first Chinese to go into action—let their names be here inscribed—were three skaters in the ladies' fifteen-hundred-metre race, Meiyu Kongu, Shuhua Chen, and Guogin Shen; but they ended up with three of the four worst times. Their teammate Guifeng Cao may have derived some satisfaction a couple of days later when, in the five-hundred-metre, she outskated the gold-medal winner in the fifteen-hundred, Annie Borckink, of Holland; but both ladies were well down in the standings. Most discomfited of all the Chinese must have been their figure skater Zhaoxiao Xu. He deserved high marks for effort, but one judge gave him a mark—a 6 being perfect and a 4 being rather poor—of 2.2. I ran into a Soviet skating judge a few minutes after that, and he told me that the lowest grade he had ever given anyone in his whole judicial career was a 2.8. So maybe poor Xu will return home with some sort of Olympic record after all. It could be different the next time around, if there is a next time. "The Chinese athletes are not disappointed," a spokesman for their delegation told me as they were leaving. "They are encouraged by what they have observed here. The Chinese are a hard-working people, you know, and once they determine to learn something, they learn it very hard."

THERE was a good deal of talk flying around about the judging of the figure skating, most of it to the effect that some judges seemed partial to their countryfolk and unfair to aliens. This is routine for Olympic Games; at the Summer Games, it happens in gymnastics and diving, where subjective assessments are also inevitable. "If all the judges gave the same mark," the president of the International Skating Union said when the controversial subject was broached to him, "I don't know why we should have nine judges." And the American ice dancer John Summers said, for his part, "If we didn't believe the judges would do their best, we wouldn't be here." Whether, among the nine who vigilantly scrutinized each figure-skating event, favoritism existed was moot. I kept careful track of the individual scores of an American judge and a Soviet judge, both of them women, during a contest in which each had a male compatriot performing. The American judge gave better marks to the American; so did the Soviet judge. I did it all without a computer, what's more, after being baffled by an earlier printout of a judges' list which indicated that an arbiter who was giving marks conspicuously different from the other eight was listed as H. Blackmun, from Yugoslavia. Then I noticed that another judge, ostensibly a West German, was W. Rehnquist. Wait a minute! The remaining judges enumerated were W. Burger (Hungary), W. Douglas (France), W. Brennan (Canada), P. Stewart (U.S.A.), B. White (Soviet Union), T. Marshall (Japan), and L. Powell (Great Britain). What was going on here? I ascertained later that the list I'd been given was a dummy, somebody's joke, and should have been destroyed, like similar sheets identifying one figure-skating team as Clark Kent and Lois Lane.

THE Russians: strange bunch. Six of them, in their burly fur coats and squat fur hats, stood behind me at the speed-skating rink the morning that Eric Heiden was gaining the third of his golds, and not only did they not applaud that exemplary Wisconsonite but they didn't applaud any Russian skaters, either. Maybe they were miffed because on his very first outing Heiden had been paired with and had decisively trounced the world's-record holder for five hundred metres, their own Evgeni Kulikov. Maybe they had been designated by the Kremlin to scan the audience to see if anybody was waving the back page of the *Adirondack Daily Enterprise*, on which a Florida man, at a cost of three thousand dollars, had caused to be printed, for six days, the Afghan flag in full color; he wanted people to take the page to events and flourish it, to heckle the Russians. The *Enterprise* had increased its print run from five thousand to seven and a half thousand for the Olympics, but never once did I see its back page flourished. Maybe these Russians were embarrassed because in one of the reams of books and pamphlets that Moscow had sent with its delegation—among them a hardbound volume describing the Soviet roster in Greek—the American skating star's name appeared as "Heyden." One learned from these tomes, incidentally, that the U.S.S.R. boasts, among other *trained* athletes, 261,901 speed skaters, 4,295,279 cross-country skiers, 749,940 ice-hockey players, and even 48,129 specialists in the biathlon, that arcane winter sport combining skiing and target shooting, of which one American biathlete said, somewhat defensively, "We look at our rifles as precision paper-punching equipment."

Maybe, for all I knew, the Russians behind me were disgruntled because a delegation of exiled Ukrainians had turned up in Lake Placid demanding that Ukraine—which, with a population of fifty million, outpeoples Liechtenstein (which, unlike Ukraine, has no seat in the United Nations) by two thousand to one—have its own separate Olympic team, not to mention its independence from the U.S.S.R. (There were also some Mohawk Indians around, demanding independence from the United States; should the I.O.C. ever recognize them as a distinct Olympic entity, they would presumably compete under the national name they would someday like to have, Haudenosaunee.) The irate Ukrainians, who said they represented a worldwide movement but confessed sadly that its total membership was several hundred, pointed out to anyone who would listen that the vaunted first-string goalie of the Russian hockey team, Vladislav Tretjak, was actually not a Russian at all but a true-blue Ukrainian; and when, in his team's clamorous semifinal confrontation with the United States, Tretjak was removed from his net-tending with the score at 2–all, and the non-Ukrainian who succeeded him let the winning American puck slide past his stick, the dissident group may have had one of its few opportunities to rejoice.



There was very little spectator booing of anyone. During the final round of the pairs figure skating, the ultimate gold-medallists, the Soviet husband-and-wife team of Irina Rodnina and Aleksandr Zaitsev, evoked one shout of "Go home!," but that was followed by many oohs and aahs that sounded contrite and apologetic. The weirdest crowd noises were those heard at a hockey game between Sweden and Czechoslovakia. The outcome of that was to determine whether or not the United States would next have to take on the awesome Soviets or the somewhat less formidable Finns. From thousands of American throats that by then had many times shouted out "U—S—A! U—S—A!" now emerged in unison the battle hymn "Let's Go Czechs! Let's Go Czechs!" Sweden won, handily.

One of the most eagerly anticipated matchups between Soviet and American superstars was to have been in the pairs figure skating, with Zaitsev and Rodnina pitted against Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia, who have been skating together for a decade. He is twenty-one now, she nineteen. She didn't like skating with him at first, she says, because when she was nine she didn't like to hold boys' hands. She had conquered that aversion by the time they reached Lake Placid, but then in a practice jump Gardner pulled a thigh muscle and a groin muscle, and after he had fallen several times while warming up for a formal competition, their coach withdrew them, to the profound grief of, among others, Gardner's high-school principal, a woman who had come from California expressly to see her star shine. "I didn't know whether to cry or to laugh it off," Gardner said afterward—thus summing up what many people in Lake Placid were feeling about the

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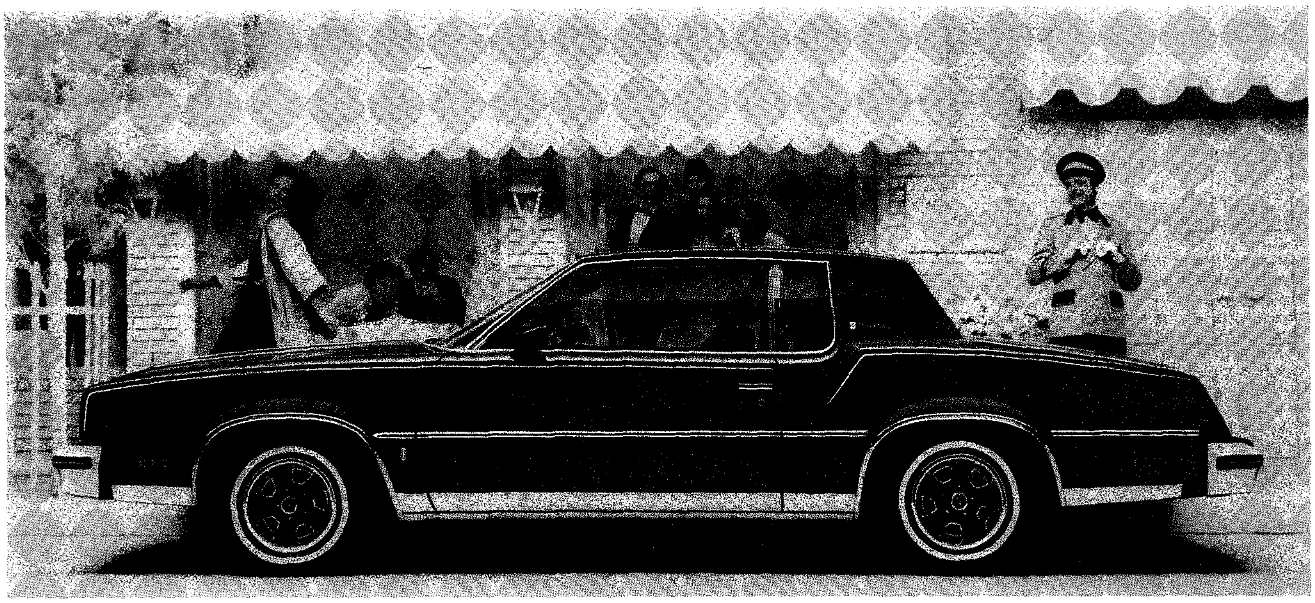

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DIESEL ENGINE	22	34

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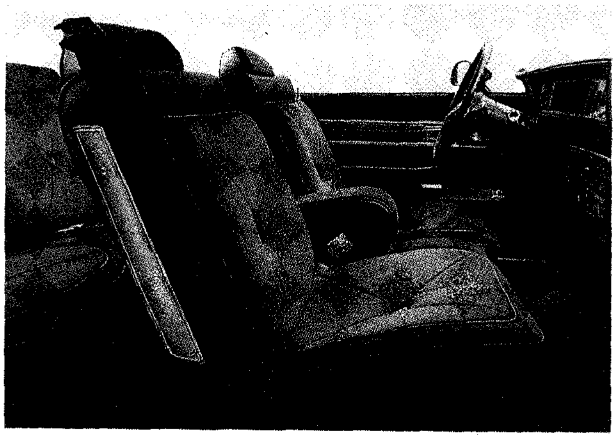

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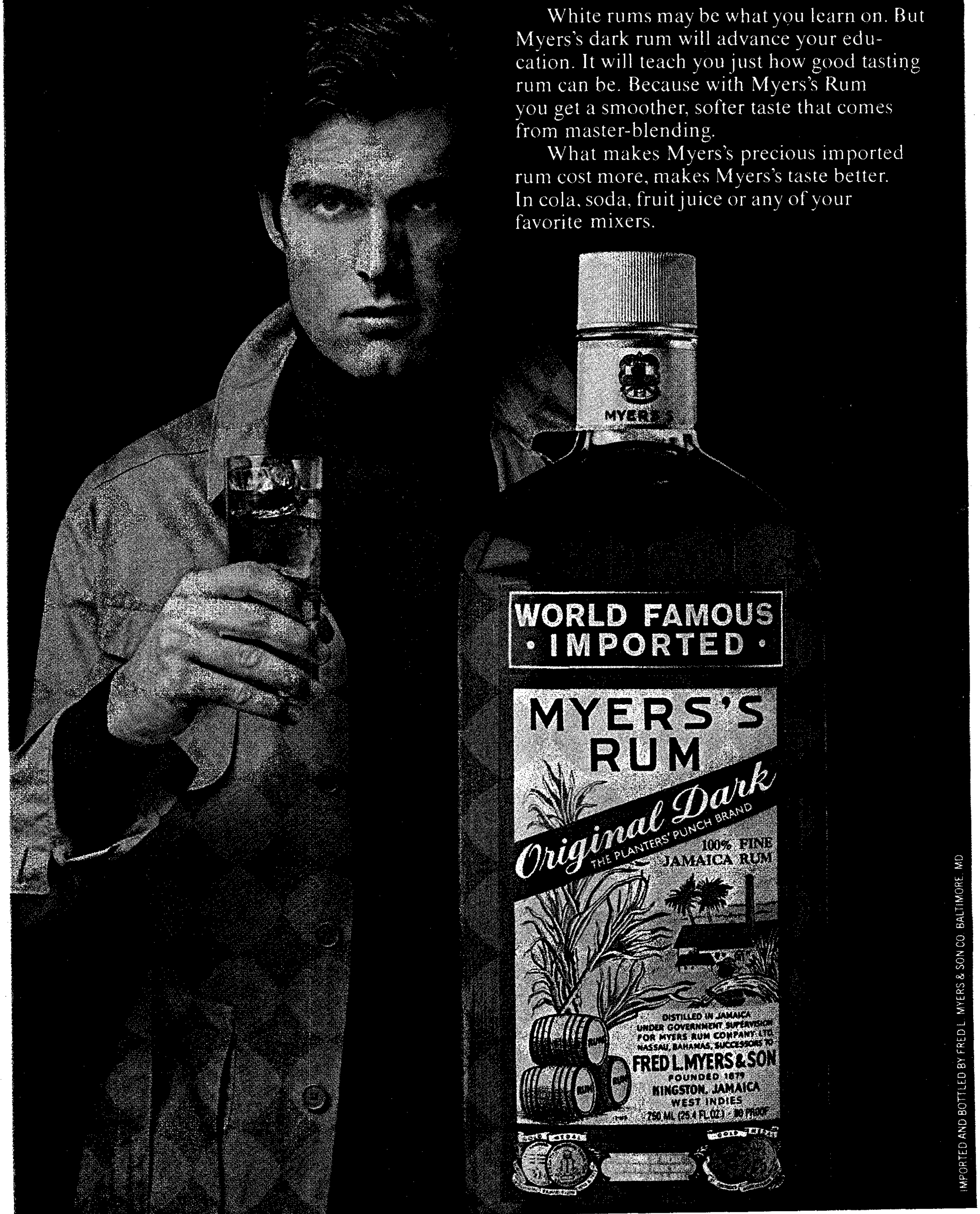

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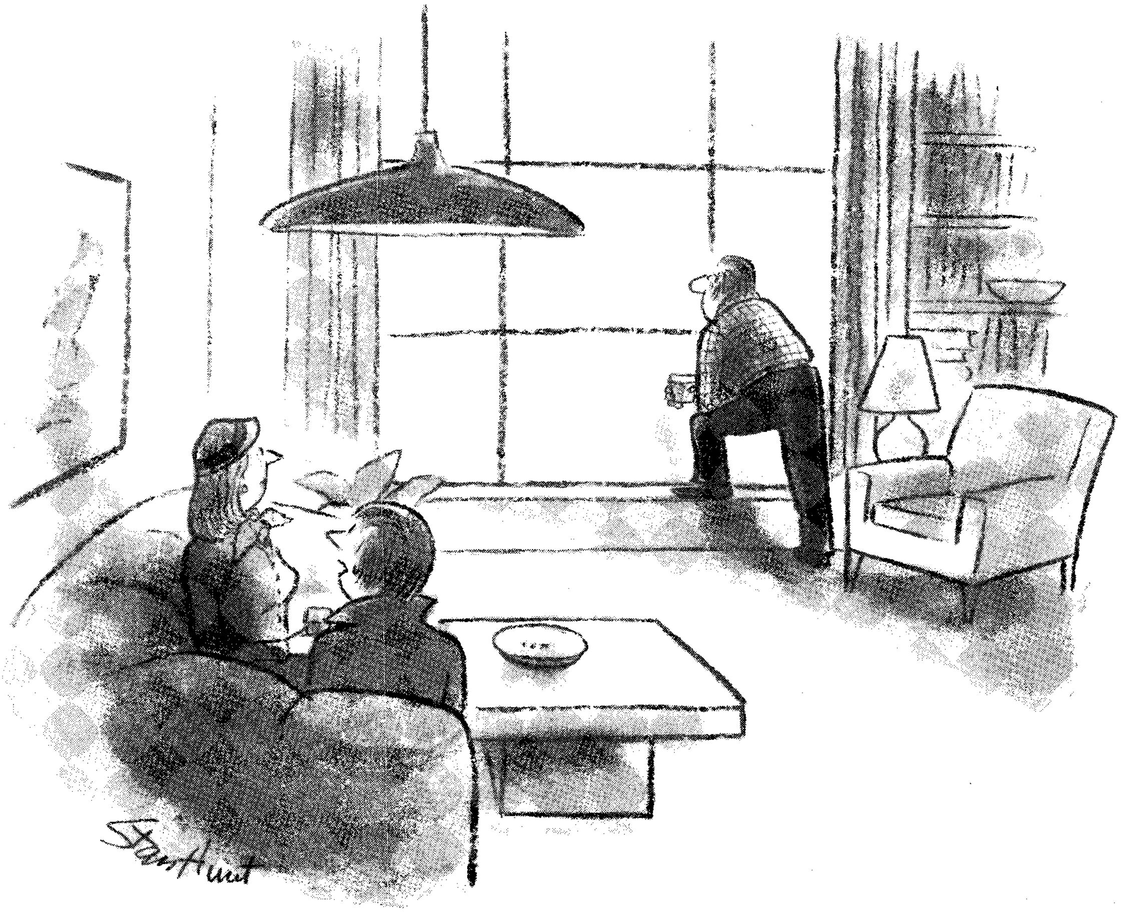
Games in general. Babilonia and Gardner received four hundred telegrams of sympathy after they were obliged to quit, and President Carter phoned to extend his condolences. They weren't around to receive the call, and Gardner said they didn't try to ring back. The President took no chances after that: a week later, he invited the entire United States team to fly down to Washington for lunch. This handsome invitation was extended on the day of the major Olympic head-on clash: that ice-hockey game between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., which was so epic even before the Americans scored their upset victory that the ABC television people spent a good part of a day pleading with all relevant Olympic officials to have it switched from its scheduled 5 P.M. starting time to 8:30 P.M.—prime time. ABC lost. That, too, had to be considered an upset, for it has long been evident in the sports world that what television wants, television generally gets. (To keep its more than a hundred Olympic cameras warm, ABC supposedly bought up all the surplus blankets in Lake Placid, and that may be one reason for my having felt constrained, on colder nights, to sleep in my thermals.) The veteran, professional Russian hockey team—sorry, Russian-Ukrainian-Latvian-Lithuanian-Byelorussian team—had not been vanquished since 1964, and at Madison Square Garden on the eve of these Games it had trounced this same young bunch of Americans (their average age is just under twenty-two) by the humiliating score of 10–3. The Soviets were overwhelming pre-Games favorites. Among the twelve teams entered, the Americans were generally rated about seventh. But after tying Sweden—they scored the crucial goal with only twenty-seven seconds left on the clock—and then upsetting Czechoslovakia (no Yankee cries of "Let's Go Czechs!" *that* evening), they were eligible for a collision that nobody had foreseen. At other events, tickets were being peddled for one-tenth their face value; for the U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. game, speculators were requesting, and receiving, two hundred dollars a precious ticket. The game ended 4–3 for the underdogs, in hoarse, celebratory pandemonium, with crowds in a Mardi Gras mood then frolicking up and down Main Street, singing—as the American players had on the rink inside—"God Bless America" with a fervor Kate Smith never attained. Coach Brooks later likened his United States team to a mongoose; in his view, apparently, the rugged Russian bear had been transformed into a cobra.

A bear cub has been designated the official mascot for the Moscow Games. Lake Placid picked a raccoon. The first Olympics poster produced for the L.P.O.O.C. had to be discarded, because it depicted a cuddly raccoon hanging on to the sacred (to the I.O.C.) five-ring Olympic symbol. A few copies of the disgraced poster survived the purge, and they were on sale in Lake Placid at a hundred dollars apiece. The I.O.C. is very protective of its five rings, and very strict about their inviolability—nothing, nothing, may mar, or, presumably, even touch, their surfaces—but it did grudgingly permit the Religious Affairs Committee of the L.P.O.O.C. to issue a poster on which some thin heavenly rays nicked a couple of rings. The I.O.C. is very strict about practically everything—it twice publicly rebuked the L.P.O.O.C. for putting on awards ceremonies that fell short of its protocolary standards—but it can be indulgent toward close friends. Thus, although Rule 58 of its Olympic Charter says that "no publicity whatsoever shall be allowed in the sky above the stadia and other Olympic areas, since this is part of the Olympic sites," the State of New York arranged without objection to have skywriters spell out "I ♡ NY" at the opening ceremony—a tribute that was stymied by clouds. Thus, too, although the same rule expressly forbids the display at any Olympic venue of any clothing or equipment "marked conspicuously for advertising purposes," the Burlington, Vermont, high-school band that performed during the arrival at the speed-skating rink of the holy Olympic torch was outfitted in wool hats that said "Have a Coke and a Smile." The Coca-Cola Company had more operatives at the Olympics (some seventy-five altogether) than the Associated Press, and among its promotional activities was a substitute-school program—the schools of Lake Placid and surrounding villages were closed for the duration—in the course of which children were urged to cook their own lunches and to use menus furnished by foreign teams. I never did find out whether any of the kids tested a menu furnished by Coca-Cola itself, which



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featured a barbecue sauce containing, among other ingredients, two cups of ketchup, one-third of a cup of vinegar, and three-quarters of a cup of Coke. At most Olympic food stands, Coca-Cola cost a dollar, the same as coffee. Hot dogs were two dollars, hot or cold. The biggest break that any commercial concern got at the Games, probably, was when Golden Boy Heiden, at one of his heavily attended press conferences—the turnout was understandable, since he had won five golds all by himself and no entire United States team had done as well in any Winter Games since 1932—answered a question about *his* diet by confiding to the whole world that for breakfast he'd had three bowls of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

THE athletic events went off smoothly, all in all, and the athletes got to where they were supposed to be on time. (The American skiers, lucky dogs, had a helicopter.) The whole world knows, too, that during the early stages of the Games few others got around with ease. To squeeze some sixty thousand bodies into a village with a normal population of twenty-seven hundred was, of course, a Herculean task, and there was no home-town Hercules to bring it off. With automobile traffic limited to cars bearing special, hard-to-get windshield stickers, the State Department of Transportation had estimated that it would require five hundred buses to move everybody from spot to spot. The L.P.O.O.C. had elected to settle for three hundred, instead, and the movements of all these vehicles, incredibly, were at the outset coördinated by a young woman two years out of college sitting alone in a trailer with a single telephone. Thousands of spectators were stranded, busless, at outlying parking lots. At Mount Van Hoevenberg, near the area where the luge and bobsled events were held, state police broke into a locked V.I.P. lounge to let ordinary people get out of the cold. One trooper threatened to arrest a Pinkerton guard supplementing the huge security forces when he tried to keep shivering elderly women out of a warm building to which they did not technically have access. Many of us who were housed in motels twelve miles or more away from Lake Placid became quite skillful at hitchhiking. While I was wagging my thumb one morning, I thought I heard a fellow down the road shout "Bus me!" to a passing police car. He was actually saying "Bust me!" He had concluded that getting arrested was the simplest way of getting to Lake Placid.

Eventually, Governor Carey—whose state had already invested forty-two million dollars and aeons of time in the Games and had been allowed to dub itself "The Olympic Ski State," thus putting itself right up there with Kirin beer and Chap Stick—declared the existence of a limited state of emergency, whatever that may be. The Greyhound bus company sent an emergency-management team to the scene to unravel the tangled transportation system. The state made a fleet of school buses available. They were idle anyway, because of the school holiday. The Lake Placid High School was not closed, though. It was converted into a center for the swarming press. It may go down in history as the only American public school in which Oysters St. Jacques and hard liquor were consumed. The home-economics classroom became a bar, the industrial-arts room a cafeteria, and the gymnasium a writing room. A liaison office of Lord Killanin's I.O.C. moved, fittingly, into social studies.

Lake Placid's Main Street, especially over the two weekends that fell during the Games, was a sea of humanity, most of it trying to buy or sell something. The restaurants along the street were, expectedly, crowded, but one could generally squeeze into them, and have one's wallet squeezed—to the tune of thirty dollars or more for a non-gourmet meal—before one emerged. The stores that had not been rented for a couple of weeks by ski manufacturers or winter-sports clothiers were thronged to the bursting point, but not necessarily by customers; it was warm inside. Then, there were the pin-and-badge shops and stalls. Insignia-swapping was one of the non-Olympic sports most vigorously indulged in. The United States athletes got off to a flying start in this respect when the U.S.O.C. gave each of them fifty red-white-and-blue pins to barter with. Different souvenirs had different values: I was told that one New York State Police shoulder patch was worth three bottles of Finnish vodka. The most unusual pin I spotted, on the jacket of a young woman whose identification tag read "V.I.P. Coördinator," said "1976." It was, its wearer said, a relic of the Summer Games that year in Montreal. "I don't travel much," she explained, "and I found it at the bottom of my suitcase when I was packing to come here." She was

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Orrefors, Inc., 107 Gaither Drive, Mt. Laurel, N.J. 08054 asked what her Olympic job entailed, and she said she was supposed to help out representatives of future Olympic host cities—Moscow, Los Angeles, and Sarajevo, which has won (if that is the right word) the 1984 Winter Games. Next to Eric Heiden and our hockey players, she was the single happiest person I ran into at Lake Placid. "The Russians have been great," she said. "I have had a ball with the Russians, probably because I refuse to discuss politics. If there are no Moscow Games in the end, I'll probably weep. I don't even play a sport, but I'm always enthusiastic about the Olympics. No matter how much griping there may be, I refuse to let the Olympics die. When all this is over, I'll go back home and remember it joyfully the rest of my life."

The V.I.P. Coördinator clearly had no need to visit the Stress Center that the L.P.O.O.C. had established on the second story of the local American Legion post. The center was supposed to alleviate the general public's woes and also, the L.P.O.O.C. announced, to counsel athletes "in handling the trauma of defeat and coping with the exhilaration of victory." But when I dropped by there, reportorially, a couple of days before the closing ceremony, I was told that not a solitary athlete had yet materialized (a number of the competitors have their private psychological consultants, one of whom gave a figure skater some tapes on positive thinking to listen to twice daily), nor, when it came to that, had any harried transportation official of the L.P.O.O.C. Indeed, the center had greeted only eight or ten visitors a day, and the only one it had had to soothe was a drunken spectator who, between snorts, had been overheard muttering threats of suicide. Who among us hadn't? "I'm very pleased that we haven't had much business," a Stress Center man told me. "But then we didn't expect much. The Olympic Games are a theoretically happy situation."

By that time, most people really were relatively relaxed. Even the state police, eight hundred of whom were assigned to the tense area, along with armies of other security men and ladies, were loosening up: I saw two troopers swapping banter on their walkie-talkies while they were only twelve feet apart and in full view of one another. By that time, too, most of the athletes had had their full taste of sweet victory or bitter defeat, and while some—Heiden's speed-skating younger sister Beth, for one, who ended up, after four races, with but a single bronze—cried

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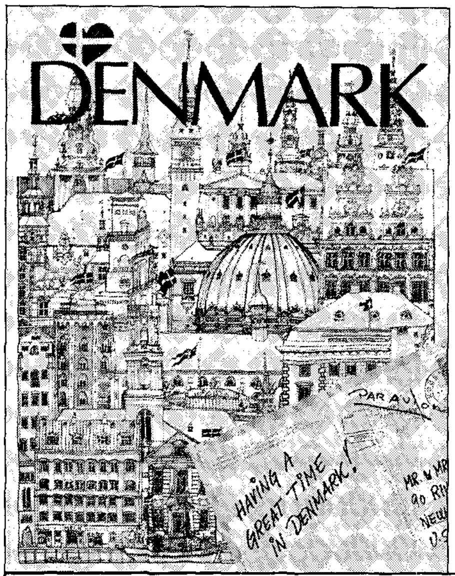
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NY 3-10

in their frustration, others were more philosophical. Not long before taking to the ice to leap and spin, the figure skater Linda Fratianne, for instance, had said mildly, "If I don't win the gold, it's not going to be the end of the world." She didn't—she won only the silver—and the world indeed went on spinning in its own inscrutable way.

Except for the parties—half jubilation, half wake—it all ended shortly before midnight yesterday, when the last of the après-ski fireworks sputtered out in the dark. Lord Killanin's final preachment, during the traditionally informal closing ceremony, was to the effect that these Games had contributed to mutual understanding, and that was certainly true of the members of the American ice-hockey team, who had mauled each other half to death in their shared post-game ecstasy. By six o'clock this morning, Lake Placid streets, most of which had been one-way thoroughfares for the previous two weeks, were back to their normal traffic patterns, and soon after the locals woke up, one imagined, they would begin worrying about such practicalities as whether the L.P.O.O.C.'s hundreds of temporary employees could, in this traditionally depressed community, find any other jobs, or whether anybody here could pay for the future maintenance of the new big white ice arena, which could turn out to be a white elephant. They would be wondering, too, it was an almost sure guess, when Lake Placid might be awarded *another* Winter Olympics. 1992? 1996? After another forty-eight-year interval—in 2028? Meanwhile, the U.S.O.C. had announced that whether or not any American athletes turned up at Moscow, a team would be selected—an all-dressed-up-and-nowhere-to-go scenario if ever there was one. Maybe the President will at least ask that Summer Games team to lunch. Whatever happens in the next few months, it may turn out that the embittered Ukrainian splinter group was prophetic. Way back in 1976, at Montreal, its members circulated a press release, to which nobody paid much heed, saying that they were "filled with concern that the 1980 Olympiad"—this summer's, in Moscow—would, because of its scheduled site, "be the last." Perhaps the Lake Placid Games will go down in history as the last really universal ones. They will certainly be recalled as the first during which the fate of another set of Games was a topic of never-ending interest.

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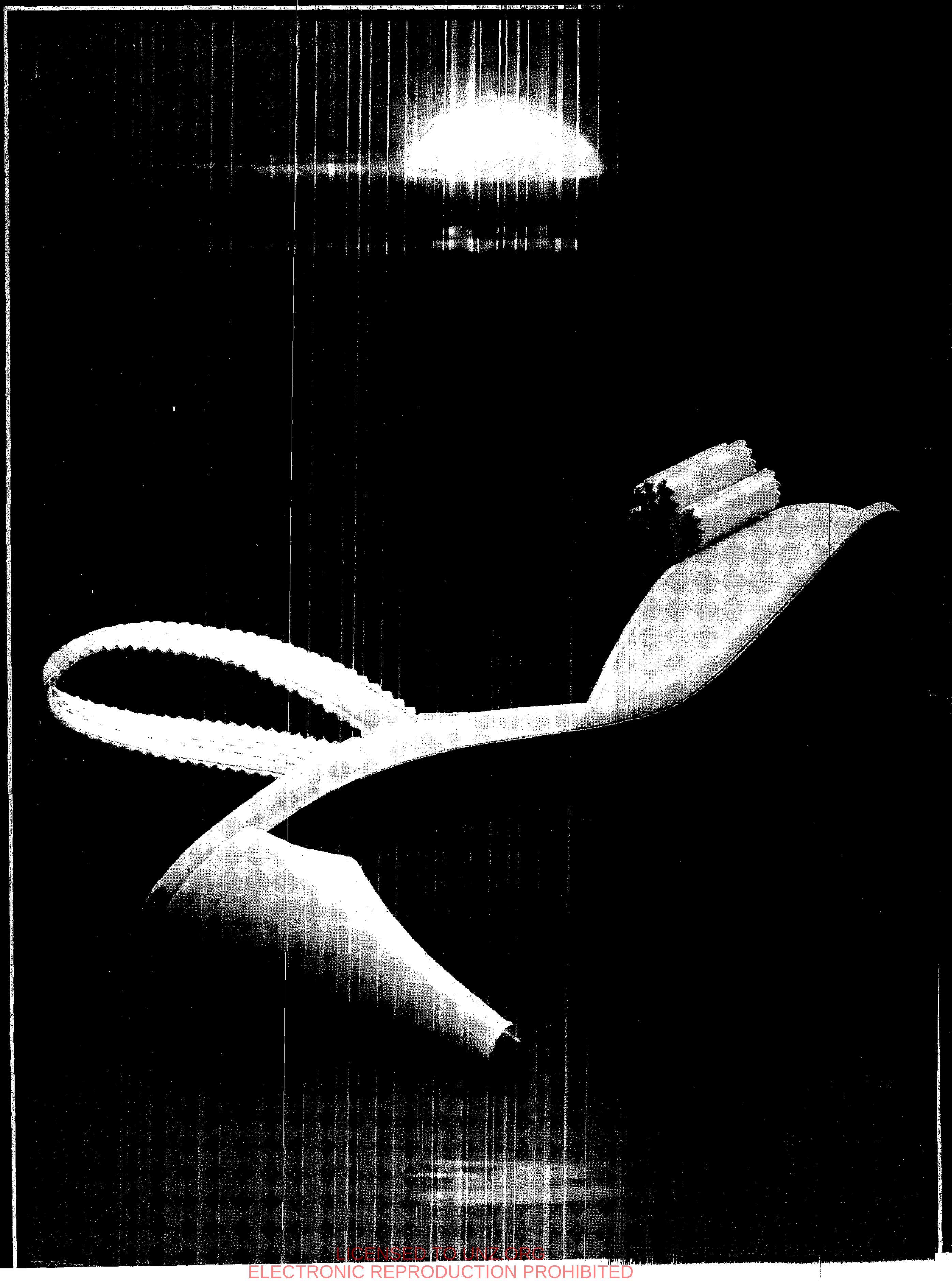

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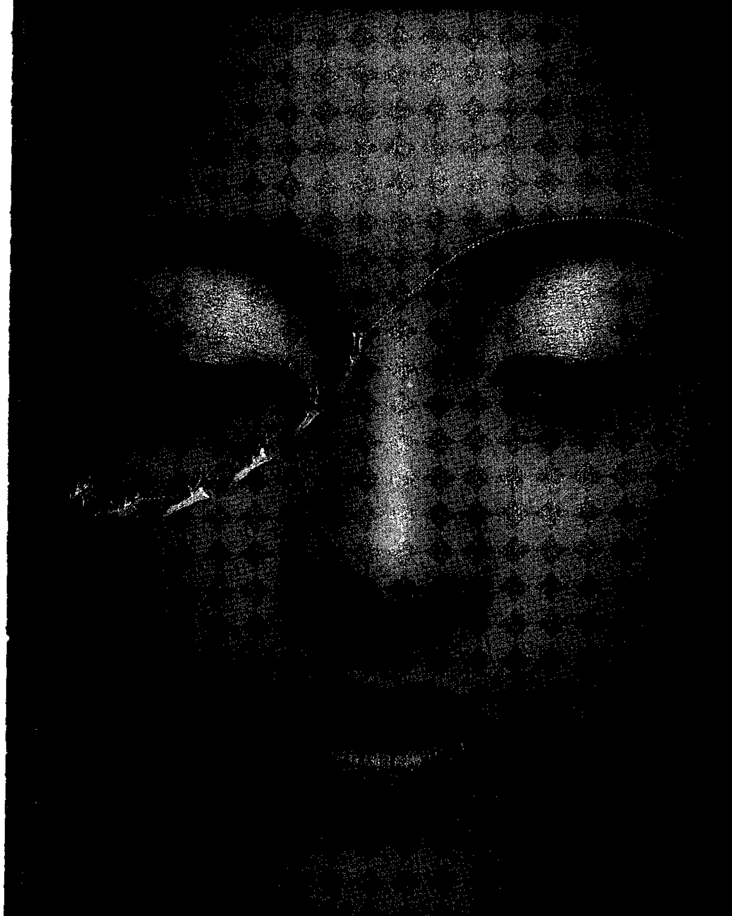

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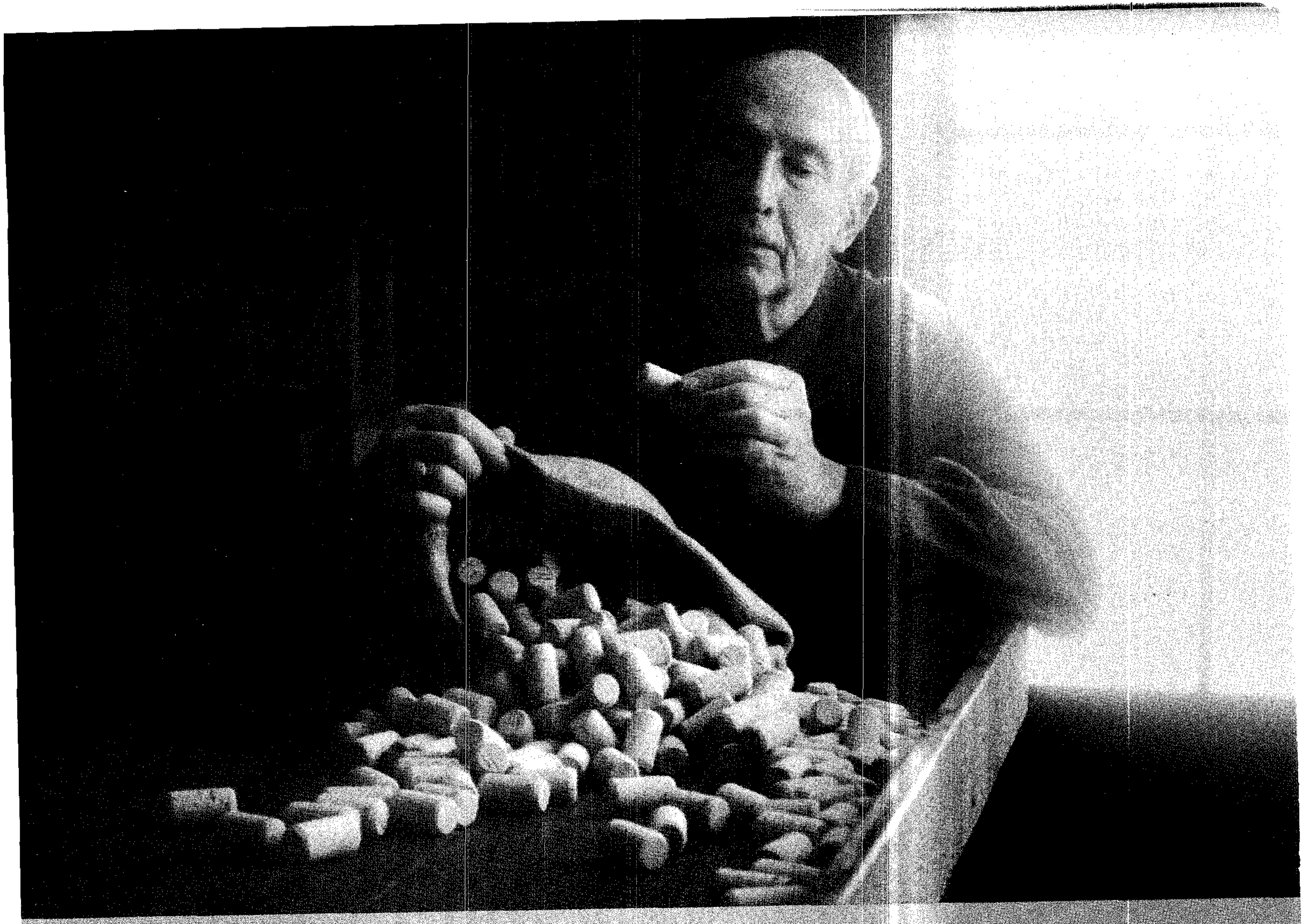

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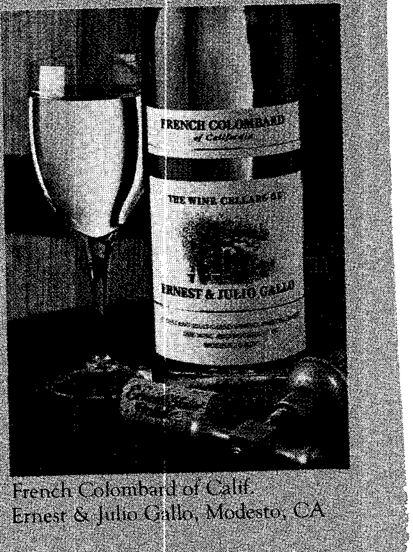
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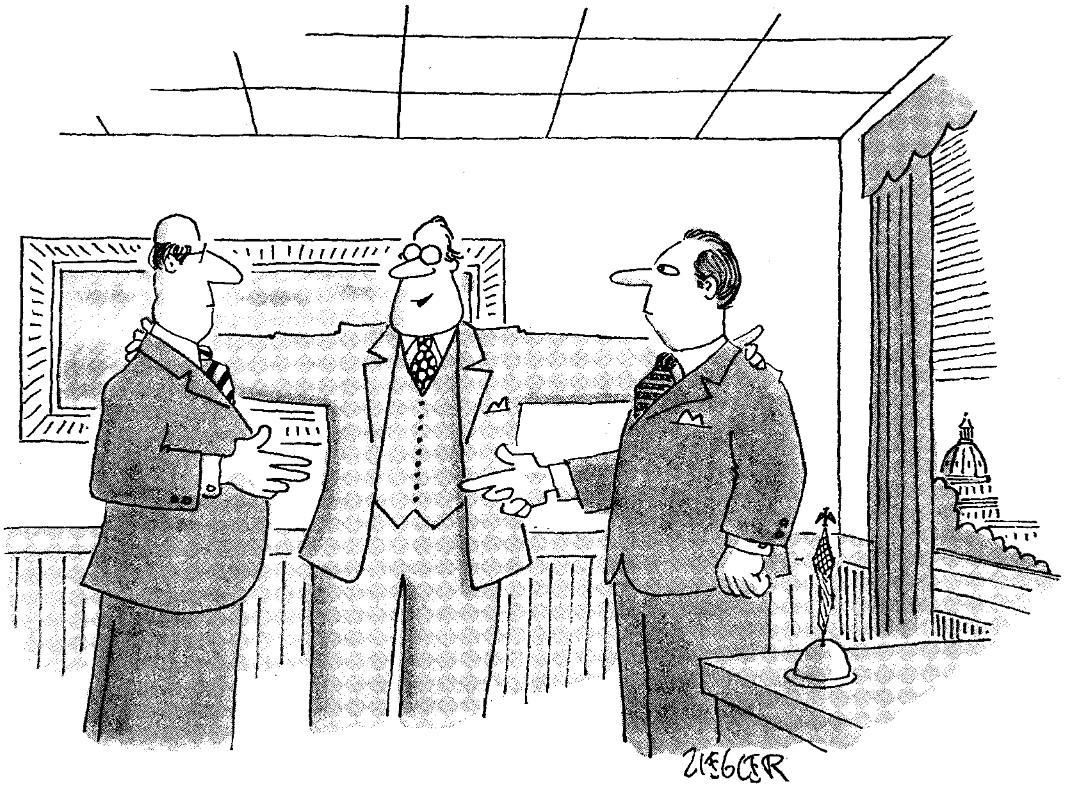
THE AIR

On the Trail of a "Fine Careless Rapture"

IN 1937, the great Scots documentary filmmaker John Grierson (friend of Eisenstein and patron of Robert Flaherty; he had himself coined the word "documentary," at least in a film sense, in a review of Flaherty's "Moana" in 1926) looked back toward the dawn of the cinema age at the end of the last century and noted that when Louis Lumière, the French film pioneer, first put the new technology of his Cinématographe to use, in 1895, he had done so in the service not of art or artifice but of a simple, straightforward reality. "The new moving camera was still, for him, a camera and an instrument to focus on the life about him," Grierson continued. "He shot his own workmen filing out of the factory and this first film"—"Lunch Break at the Lumière Factory," the first film made and shown anywhere—"was a 'documentary.' He went on as naturally to shoot the Lumière family, child complete. The cinema, it seemed for a moment, was about to fulfill its natural destiny of discovering mankind. It had everything for the task. It could get about, it could view reality with a new intimacy; and what more natural than that the recording of the real world should become its principal inspiration?"

When Grierson wrote those words, the battle for reality in film seemed in an especially parlous state. Long vanished was the "fine careless rapture," as Grierson described it, of Lumière's attempts at a "fresh new art of observation and reality"—overwhelmed at an early stage by the artifice of such as George Méliès, with his cinematic excursions to the fantasy landscapes of the moon and Hades. Vanished, too, for the most part, was the later school, or ambience, of "fresh air and real people," which had begun to appear tentatively in the pre-1914 English and Danish cinema and more definitely in the early American slapsticks and Westerns (notably in "The Great Train Robbery," whose "engineers and telegraph men," Grierson observed, "were contacts with the real thing, and unimportant as they now seem, it was a long time before they cropped up again")—swept aside, or, rather, into the studio, by the imperatives of the growing studio system, with its institutionalization of artifice and also of celebrity actors, often in historical costume. Moreover, in the world of "actuality films" things seemed no better. On the one hand, there were the newsreels: "dim records," in Grierson's stern view, "of only the evanescent and the essentially unreal," which were of interest mainly to curiosity seekers who might wish to see "the Kaiser at maneuvers and the Czar at play." On the other hand, there was the work of a few serious realists, such as Robert Flaherty, who in "Nanook of the North" had the idea of "making a story about people he knew—not foisting, studio fashion, a preconceived story on a background for the decorative quality it added, but taking his story from within," Grierson wrote. "The blizzards were real and the gestures of human exhaustion came from the life." But the superlative "Nanook" had to be financed by a fur company, Revillon Frères (thus, our present-day grants from oil companies are at any rate part of an ancient, if unfortunate, tradition), and "was turned down by every renter on Broadway," while some of Flaherty's subsequent films, such as "White Shadows in the South Seas," "Tabu," and "Elephant Boy," could be made and distributed only on the condition that Flaherty agree, in effect, to co-opt himself—either by allowing a Hollywood-designated director to accompany his film crew or by shooting part of "Elephant Boy," at Zoltan Korda's insistence, in a transparently studio setting. Indeed, it was Flaherty's untenable situation in America that led Grierson to find a place for the great American documentarist on the British marketing board's film unit, which he then headed. Even so, forty years ago the realist situation was not altogether bleak. In addition to Flaherty, Grierson listed Ruttmann, in Germany; Eisenstein and Pudovkin, in Russia; Cavalcanti, in France; and himself, in Britain, as inheritors of the cinema's great mission of discovering mankind, and added, "Our realist showing, if secondary to the main growth of cinema, has assumed a certain bravery." Moreover, there were signs of new developments appearing in Hollywood, where, "however diffidently the more difficult [contemporary] problems may be handled, they are not altogether avoided," Grierson wrote at the time. "Prison life, the plague of gangsterdom, the new police, unemployment, lynching and the secret societies, the New Deal, finance, and Hollywood itself are inspiring writer and director alike." And in the area of actuality films Grierson was much impressed by the arrival of "The March of Time," which, he



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said, "does what the other [cinema] news records have failed to do. It gets behind the news, observes the factors of influence, and gives a perspective to events. Not the parade of armies so much as the race in armaments; not the ceremonial opening of a dam but the full story of Roosevelt's experiment in the Tennessee Valley. . . . In no deep sense conscious of the higher cinematic qualities, it has yet carried over from journalism into cinema, after thirty-eight years, something of that bright and easy tradition of freeborn comment which the newspaper has won and the cinema has been too abject even to ask for."

I have quoted Grierson at such length because it is hard not to admire the old Scotsman (he died in 1972, after a long and distinguished career that included not only helping to edit Eisenstein's "Potemkin" but also being named the first commissioner of Canada's remarkable National Film Board) and because the battle for a greater realism in film continues to be fought in our day, with the same sense of shifting battle lines—though, I suspect, with a frequently different sense of purpose. Grierson got into difficulties in the late nineteen-forties, especially in America, for his leftist views and involvements, but it is clear from his writings that all along he remained an unreconstructed liberal, possessed of a hardheaded Jeffersonian sense of the need for intelligent, informed discourse in a democratic society. In discussing the origins of the documentary movement, he wrote, "Many of us after 1918 (and particularly in the United States) were impressed by the pessimism that had settled on Liberal theory. We noted the conclusion of such men as Walter Lippmann, that because the citizen, under modern conditions, could not know everything about everything all the time, democratic citizenship was therefore impossible. We set to thinking how a dramatic apprehension of the modern scene might solve the problem, and we turned to the new wide-reaching instruments of radio and cinema as necessary instruments in both the practice of government and the enjoyment of citizenship." It strikes me that as one casts about among the creations of the modern cinema and modern television for depictions of reality—at any rate, of "the modern scene"—one finds a surprising abundance of it, but often not where one might have been led to expect it, and often in forms that have little to do with such old-fashioned notions as "the enjoyment of citizenship."

In television news programs, for example, where one might have expected a great growth of creativity in the display of actuality, there exist today, it appears to me, the same sort of limitations that obtained in the nineteen-thirties, when Grierson was commenting on the newsreel that it "has gone dithering on, mistaking the phenomenon for the thing in itself, and ignoring everything that gave it the trouble of conscience and penetration and thought." Naturally, there have been some advances, but on examination most of them appear to be mainly technical—"feeds" and minicams and satellite relays, all of which tend to reinforce the relevance of Thoreau's remark on being informed of the first transcontinental telegraph link between Maine and Texas: "But what if Maine and Texas have nothing to communicate?" Indeed, some new limitations seem to have been added, partly as a result of the still defensive nature of broadcast news—which, in its efforts to acquire a supposedly printlike respectability, often transmits a self-important or bureaucratic news composed only of the doings or sayings of "newsmakers"—and partly as a result of rather more commercial-minded borrowings from the techniques and artistic values of entertainment programming. Thus, when the news pauses in its nightly broadcast of newsmakers, the carefully suited and buttoned-up newsman steps aside after his report on what the Senator said to the Ambassador about the Secretary of State and is often replaced by an even more theatrical figure: the newsman as genial talk-show host, as good-time guy, or—as in the case of CBS's Charles Kuralt—as Will Rogers. His message is in its own way as unreal and off-key as the message of the first newsman: that the world and its events and problems, instead of being largely defined by the actions and statements of institutional spokesmen (thus, of *institutions*), is in fact largely defined by folksy, chatty *individuals*. There is yet a further limitation, it seems to me, which is not so noticeable in nightly network news programs as it is in certain of the newer sort of network documentaries, and which might be described as the limitation of "visual freedom." I have put the phrase in quotes because, like most varieties of freedom, the freedom that the network documentary units either have found for themselves or have been given by their masters (I am thinking here par-

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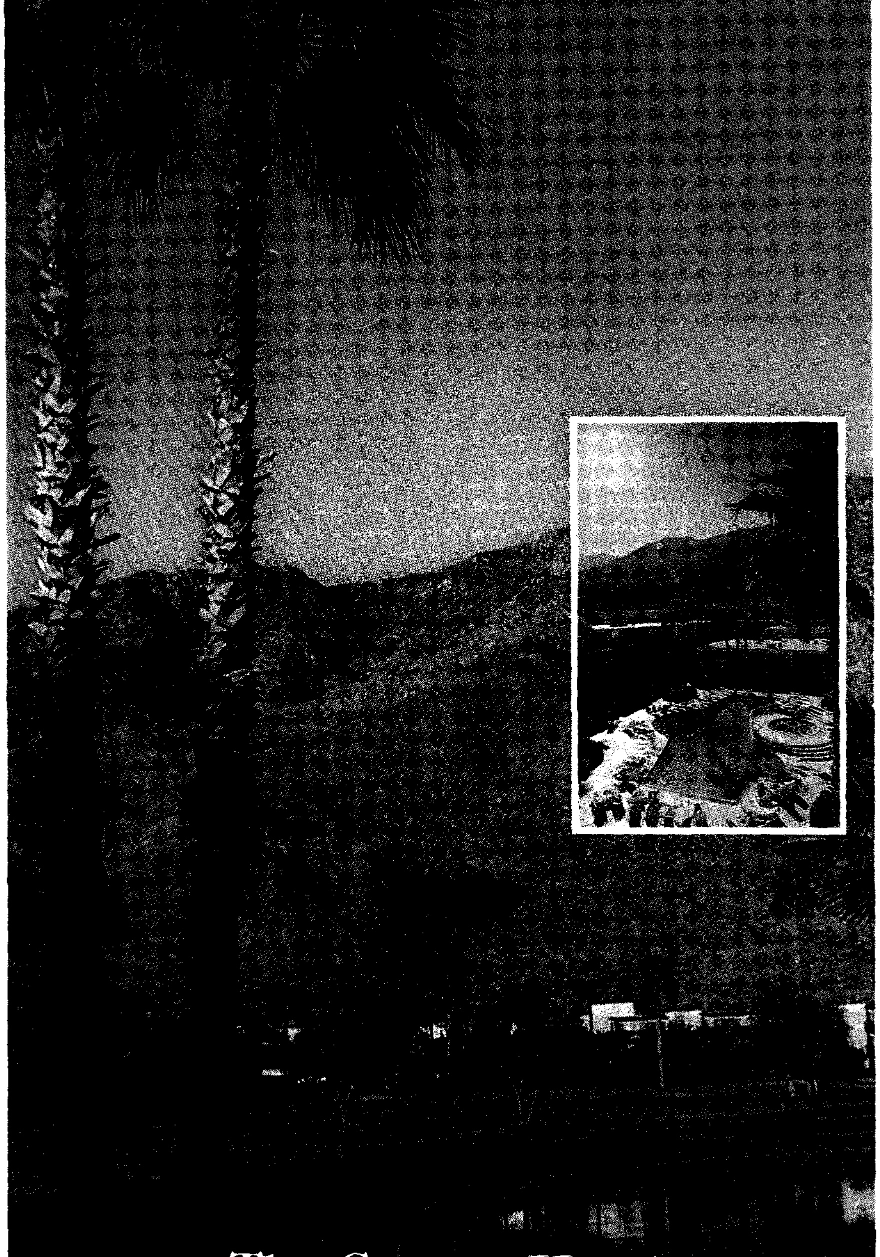

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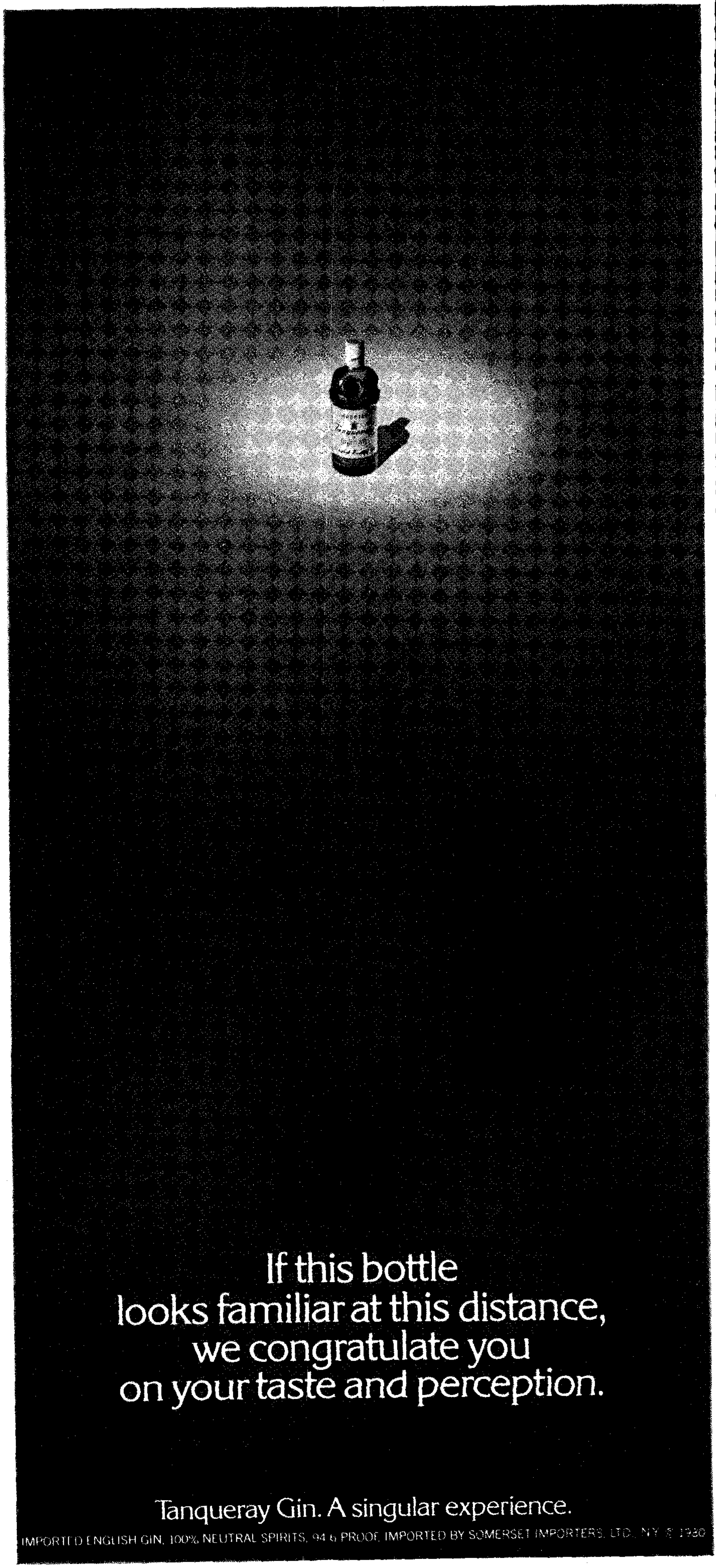
ticularly of some of the recent documentaries in the much publicized ABC News "Close-up" series) is somewhat illusory. In other words, though the network-news cameras have been released from the confinement of print-oriented camera coverage, they have not been released into a truly free space, where the parties involved might sit awhile and ponder the new freedoms and see how these might most effectively serve their documentary aims; rather, they seem to have been marched straight off in the service of another master. In a way, one can hardly blame them, for the new master is a powerful one, and rules over a large and growing visual empire. How might one describe this attractive despotic presence? An awkward phrase is sometimes better than no phrase at all, so let us call it the realism of artifice: Artificial Realism.

It doesn't seem to be much of an exaggeration to say that the Artificial Realism of the fiction film is now the most powerful force in the contemporary film world. Consider, after all, some of the ingredients in the "reality" of an important film today. There is the whole matter of sound, for instance; a hyped and artificial sound that is so taken for granted by large elements of the audience as to be scarcely noticed as an addition or an intrusion: a feat of audio engineering. A film such as "Apocalypse Now" relies preponderantly for its effects on sound; much of its "importance," in fact, derives from the "importance" of its sound. After all, the *sound* of the helicopters fills the ears and inhabits the inside of the head even more intimately than the images of the helicopters are experienced by the optic nerves—an aural intimacy that young people, with their stupefying stereos, and TV advertisers, with their foreground of music and theme songs, are already well aware of. This sound, as has been noted, is largely artificial: artificially augmented, played up, played down, mixed, and so forth. Increasingly, too, in films—in important, expensive films—the sound of dialogue is also artificial; that is, it is produced by "looping": recorded at a later time. One might even go as far as to say that in a modern film with a big budget the more there is of supposedly realistic or naturalistic dialogue—those lifelike murmurs and whispers and overheard snatches of conversation spoken by two people across the street waiting for the light to change—the more likely it is that this realistic dialogue was "looped": painstakingly recorded months after the shooting, often



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with the director present, and synchronized with the original frames. The role of sound in films—indeed, in mass communications—is worth a whole essay in itself, but this is probably not the place for it, except to note that the popular audience seems to understand intuitively the extent to which sound contributes to the new "reality," and that movie-theatre owners, with their expensive new Dolby System equipment, are hurrying to provide it.

In addition to sound, then, as a keystone of the new film reality, there is the matter of the fiction film's "look." Once upon a time, the part played by Set Design and Wardrobe in films was a relatively minor one—except, of course, in elaborate musicals or historical epics. Though not unimportant by any means, in most realistic or naturalistic films the sets and clothes were designed not to be unduly noticed—nor was the audience really looking at them. But in the past decade or so a whole new sub-industry has grown up of highly skilled men and women, often trained originally in television-commercial filming, who, as Production Designers, now create the "look" of important movies. Indeed, the Production Designers are not far behind the Film Editors in their claim to a share in the *auteur*ship of recent movies, and with good reason, for in many cases the "reality" of a modern realistic film—its seeming substance; the sense it imparts of being a representation of real people engaged in a real existence—is often little more (once one has subtracted the cumulative texture of its artificial sound) than its artificial "look": the "look," for example, of an advertising man's life in New York, or of a Depression family's shanty in the nineteen-thirties. All theatricality involves artifice, but in our new realistic movies the artifice is not only hyped but lacquered over with "art." The Depression shanty is not only "real" (as it might have been in less insistent times) but "artistically real." Look at that old zinc tub with the hog-bristle scouring brush—a touch borrowed from a Walker Evans photograph! Look at the old boots, and the dust on the boots, brought in plastic bags from the Appalachian foothills! It is no longer the "reality" of the ancient crafts of stage design and wardrobe—where the audience, nudged and prompted by the props and costumes, could construct a larger, truer reality in its head—but, rather, a new, assertive, almost grandiloquent reality, born not merely of artifice but of Art Design, where the audience is virtually com-

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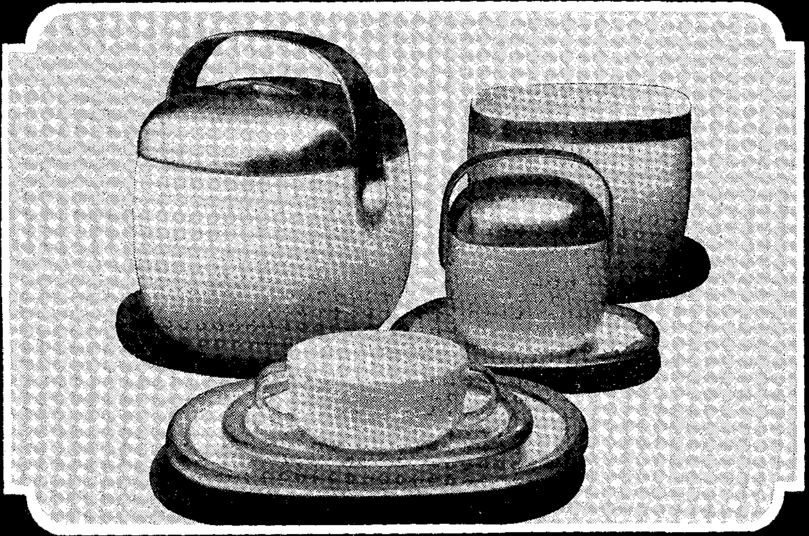

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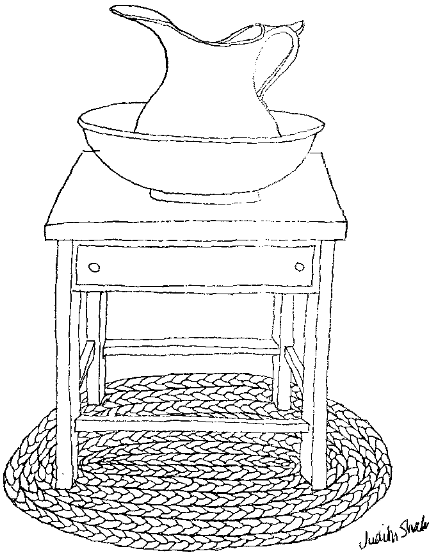
pelled to notice every object, every "touch," and, while supposedly being gratified in its senses, is in fact being controlled much too rigorously to be able to think or imagine for itself.

Even so, it is the third element of Artificial Realism that is probably the most important, though it is also the most difficult to pin down or to describe coherently. Call it, perhaps, the Screenplay Factor. For beneath the artificial sound that, as it were, animates the movie, and beneath the artful production values that give it its "look," there is the more fundamental "reality" that is asked for in the screenplay. Where does this screenplay "reality" come from? In some rare movies nowadays, such as Peter Yates and Steve Tesich's "Breaking Away," it comes from carefully observed and personally felt experience. In a few other cases, such as John Huston and Benedict Fitzgerald's "Wise Blood," a strong literary model may exist for a movie; this means not that it has to be filmed in literary terms but that it usually can't be filmed successfully without somehow leaving intact, or at least respecting, the original spinal cord of theme and character. In most instances, however, screenplays increasingly seem to be little more than strategies for getting movies filmed—battle plans, as it were, with the principal energies of the authors being expended on a kind of cinema logistics: on structure; on organization; on moving Character A from X to Y, maybe with the wife but not the dog, or with the dog but not the wife, or with both wife and dog but not the heart attack. Individuality of character becomes a secondary substance, which arrives, if at all, ready-made with the persona of the star. Meanwhile, the thematic core of the screenplay—not merely the relationships between the characters but the source of the energy that brings them all into conflict—appears to derive, more frequently than not, either from earlier, role-model films or from the popular novels or detective stories that gave birth to those films: from a pool of "collective consciousness" that is in fact not consciousness at all but a floating library of narrow-gauge, subliterary (which is not to say *non*literary) forms that can be fitted on to this or that situation. The truth is that the core of the modern screenplay is in many cases a core of quasi-engineering details, and that the center of the actual story is either left to the last or attended to in a kind of shorthand—a shorthand based on the reality of other movies. For example, the mode of the detective film, which derives from the subliterary detective novel (which in turn derives, at considerable remove, more commonly from literature itself than from observed reality), has been allowed to inhabit a whole variety of supposedly realistic films whose "reality," in the grip of such thirdhand and predictable models, is then stillborn. Not just the figures in prototypical detective films but the tones, attitudes, and gestures can be (and are) repeated endlessly, even in non-detective films—providing a kind of easy, though artificial, reality while displacing the "realer" reality that might have been there.

The influence of the fiction film on television is hard to chart with exactitude, but it is clearly present. (The influence of television on fiction films is also there, though the main source of that influence seems to be television commercials.) Fiction films, after all, are the great mythmaking models of our age. Where formerly the majority of people—both rich and poor—lived in the imaginative realms of the great poets, dramatists, and novelists, they now inhabit, and think it important to inhabit, the film worlds of the popular directors and stars and their co-*auteurs*. In the area that might at first glance be taken to represent television's reality view—namely, television news—the influence of these films seems not yet pronounced; nonetheless, it definitely exists, and I suspect that it is being felt more strongly all the time. Take what might seem an unlikely place to find any fiction-film reality at all: "60 Minutes." Here is a conservatively mounted, news-oriented program, whose essence is the dramatic interview, backed up by solid television camerawork. But look more closely. At those moments when "60 Minutes" is most on target, is most clearly



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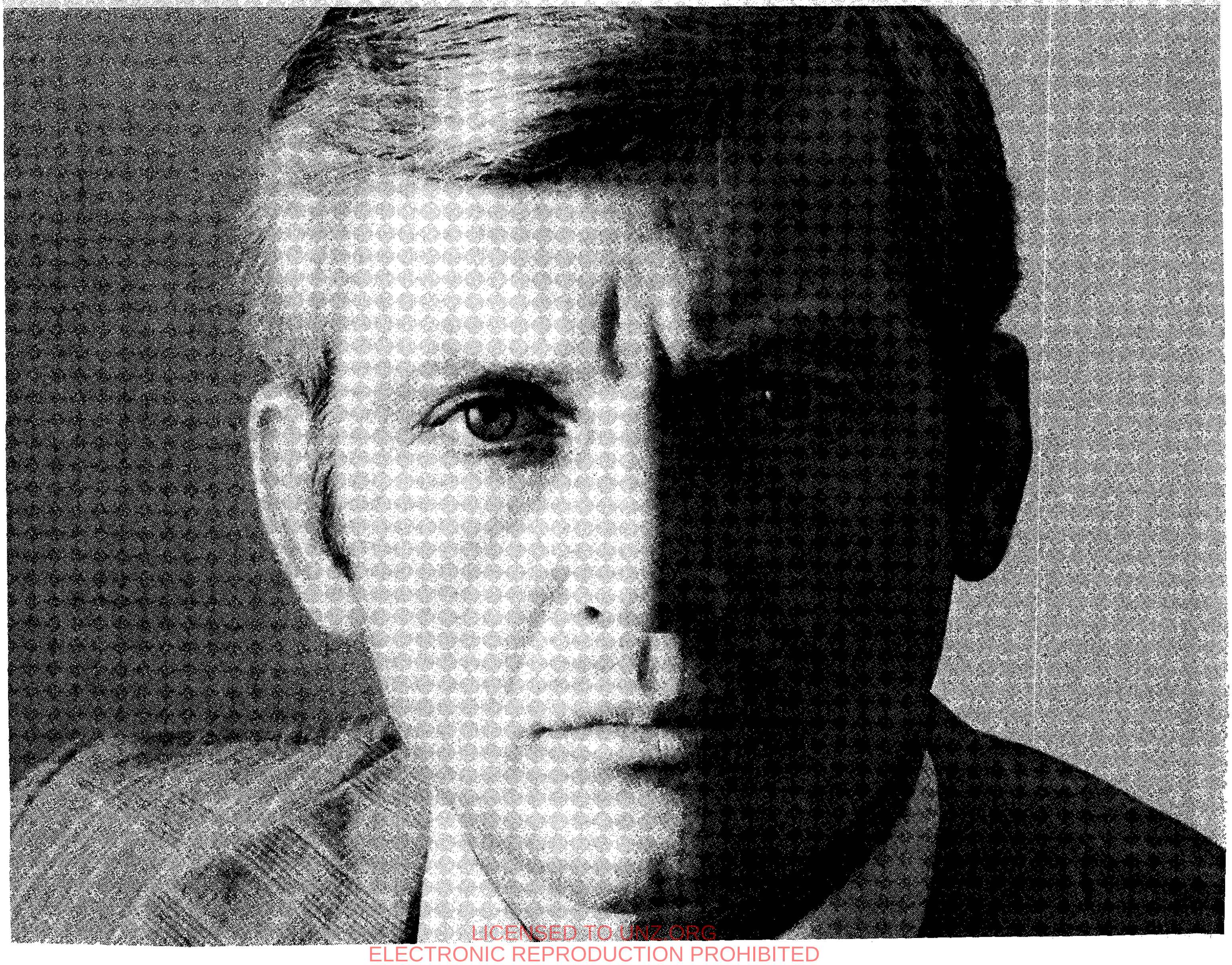

W TO LISTEN THAN TWO EARS.

of trouble. For example:

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in focus, is most being itself—when Mike Wallace, say, is going after some crooked manufacturer of defective wheelchairs—what reality is being conveyed, what thematic reality underlies the ostensible reality of the reporter and his interview? It is not, after all, a reality modelled on actual journalism (though now, since life imitates art, TV reporters try to get themselves into "60 Minutes" situations) but a reality modelled on a mixture of detective and courtroom movies of a generation ago. Think of the strangely conservative and old-fashioned persona of the "60 Minutes" correspondent, sometimes glimpsed by the camera as he strides manfully into the dens of corruption (in the manner, perhaps, of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"), sometimes carefully framed as he sits on a simple chair, dressed in an unpretentious but definitely respectable suit, a plain shirt, and a plain tie (in the manner, perhaps, of Ralph Bellamy), interviewing some miscreant, and nearly always with a little spiral-bound notebook on his lap. Why, for instance, the little spiral-bound notebook, seeing that the interviewer is surrounded by a battery of faithfully recording cameras and sound equipment? Because, though the content of the interview may be real, the dramaturgy of the interview is realistic largely in a film sense; its reality is the reality neither of present-day investigative reporters nor of present-day prosecutors but of a nineteen-fifties movie.

Granted, the influence of fiction-film reality on "60 Minutes" isn't very pronounced, but it is more pronounced there than on the documentary program that it has not so much supplanted as pushed to the side: "CBS Reports." "CBS Reports" still exists, and continues to do some fine work in the conventional television-documentary format (for example, its report on South Africa last season, which stays in the mind as a model of clarity and accessible, informative reporting), but there seems to be a general feeling, not least among certain network executives, that something is somehow missing from its format. One hears it said now that the once venerated program lacks "pace." That it has lost a certain *élan vital.* I imagine that what it appears to have lost is what ABC's new documentary series, "Close-up," appears to have gained: the "look" and "reality" of the fiction film. I have seen about six of the recent "Close-up" documentaries, which may not be enough to generalize from, but I found them invariably easy to watch and appealing to watch, and sometimes exciting to watch. The visual images weren't always strong, or even original, but the effect was one of energy—movie energy. The editing provided a movielike pace. The music (often loud, or insistent) provided a movielike beat. One was drawn along as a viewer (for instance, of a documentary on teen-age gangs, or on arson) in a sort of visual-sonic glide, building and letting down, building and letting down—with the images flowing by and the music proceeding as well as it could from the imperfect television-set sound equipment—and periodically interrupted by little jolts of excitement: all as in a movie, a fiction film. In the end, one might have been seeing a movie—or had one? By that, I don't mean to renew the controversy that surrounded one of the "Close-up" documentaries as to the real or re-created nature of certain events but, rather, to go beneath those issues and raise a question about the reality of the certifiably *real* events. After all, *whose* reality had it been? A journalist's reality? The camera's reality? A film editor's reality? A reality somehow uninfluenced by the hyped-up false reality of fiction films? It seems to be an open question, for the time being.

At present, it seems fair to say that the condition of the reality film (be it fiction or nonfiction) in this country is vastly better than it is in many other countries, though it still falls far short of a healthy democratic ideal. That is, if Walter Lippmann was speaking soundly, though pessimistically, when he remarked on the impossibility of a true democracy in a world where there was so much to be known, and if John Grierson was also speaking soundly, though optimistically, when he wrote about the need to create a democratic citizenship through a communication of the real world to its citizens, then the current situation, which provides a filmed reality—however abundant and various—that is heavily weighted and distorted by the artificial reality of the modern fiction film, is likely to be of great service neither to the citizen-audience nor to any ideal of honest art. Fortunately, there are some signs of hope on the outskirts of the network-news organizations. Thus, the chief cause for optimism lies in the tenacity and the growing skills of the young nonfiction filmmakers: filmmakers who are willing to sustain a sometimes difficult independence, and to struggle—if not always in garrets, then at least through the sub-world of grants and funding by which our corporate and governmental establishments seek

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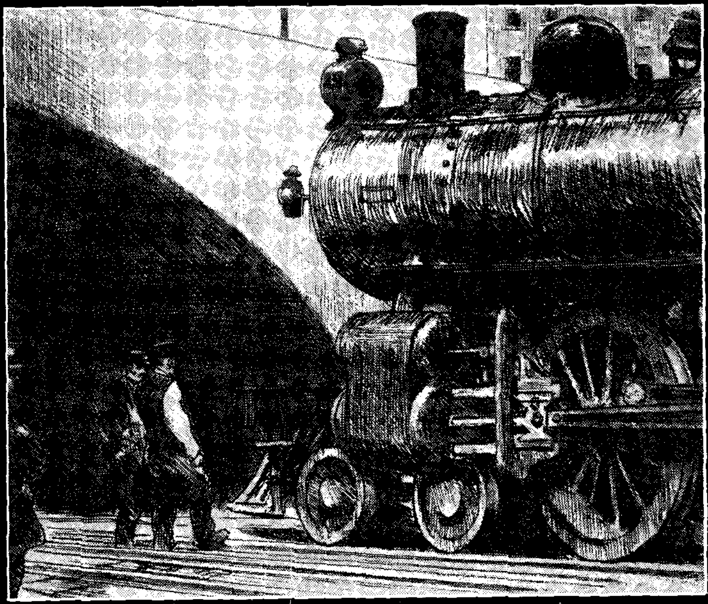

Edward Hopper, **The Locomotive**, 1923; etching; 8 x 10 inches; signed

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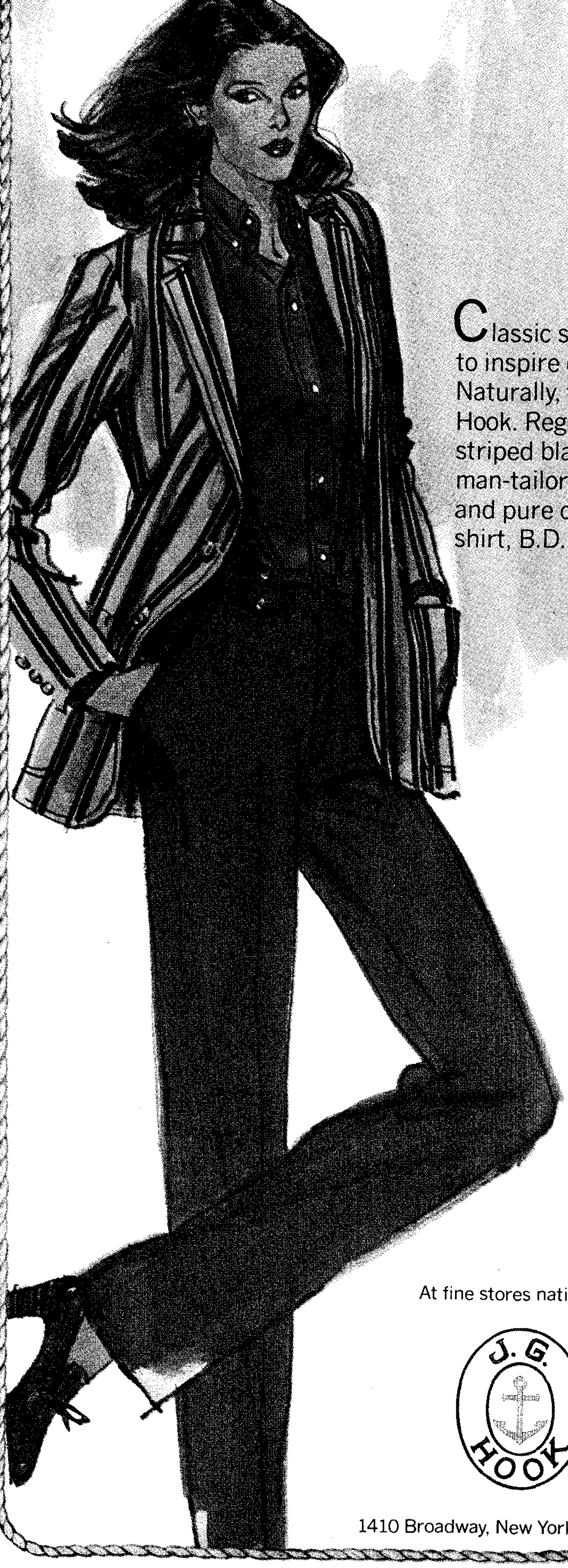
to keep unknown quantities in their place—in the service of a more personal and involved form of film journalism than the networks usually permit. At present, though their names are not yet legion, there appear to be at least several hundred men and women, many of them young, who practice the craft of nonfiction filmmaking at various levels of talent and acceptance. Among the better-known names in this group—though it is hardly a group, as such—are Jack Willis ("Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang"), Richard Cohen ("Deadly Force"), Lynne Littman ("Once a Daughter"), Errol Morris ("Gates of Heaven"), Jon Alpert and Keiko Tsuno ("Vietnam: Picking Up the Pieces"), and Alan and Susan Raymond ("The Police Tapes"), all of whom have worked under the auspices of WNET/13's enterprising department the Television Laboratory. It is unwise to generalize about an array of young talent as diverse as this, whose imperfections are sometimes as noticeable as their skills, although there is clearly much to be said for the passion for making things known which seems to exist among them all. The truth is that passion has been sadly lacking in nonfiction reality films for a long time—one might even say since the days of Flaherty and Grierson. Of course, there have been exceptions, though usually outside the networks: such nineteen-sixties documentaries as Richard Leacock, Donn Pennebaker, and the Maysles brothers, who continue to do fine work, though they have lately branched out into different fields. There is Harry Rasky, the Canadian, and Michael Rubbo, from Australia. There is the remarkable Frederick Wiseman—remarkable in his pursuit not only of a documentary style but of a moral technique for showing the filmic truth of a situation, and remarkable, too, for his inability to stop himself from pushing both style and technique into inaccessibility. In the main, however, nonfiction filmmaking in the television era has been primarily a function of the television networks, and although these well-meaning films—which, more often than not, are deliberately buried by the network brass in some late-evening time slot—have done their duty, so to speak, in the matter of informing the audience about certain broad and usually distant issues, there has rarely been much more to the transaction than that: a sincere, dutiful, and passionless communication from the schoolroom. Even the noble Edward R. Murrow, whose radio broadcasts from England touched so many emotions in the early stages of the Second World War, seemed confined to solemn lecturing in his documentaries for "CBS Reports." It would be unfair to blame Murrow or his producer, Fred Friendly, for the network constraints that surrounded and inhibited their work for CBS News; still, when I re-watched "Harvest of Shame" (the noted Murrow documentary program about migrant farm workers in this country) a few months ago, it seemed—after the passage of twenty years—a worthy piece of journalism, and, in some places, a fine piece of journalism, but, on the whole, a strangely distanced work. Such passion as the documentary contained appeared to reside mainly in Murrow's voice—heard, for the most part, in stately, resonant narration. In contrast, the scenes and images (in short, the essence of the film) were dry, conventional, and quite remote, as in a well-made sociological study. At any rate, the point of the observation is not to disparage Murrow or those early "CBS Reports" programs (which were generally in advance of any comparable television journalism being shown in America) but to suggest that commercial and political factors already built into the network system have so curtailed the role of passion and personality in communicating reality information as to render most network documentaries intrinsically no more communicative—and no less alienating—than lectures from a distant and uninvolved authority. At the beginning of the class, the teacher is *there*, and we are *here*, and the subject is *over there*, scrawled on the blackboard in easy-to-read letters, and at no time during the next hour do any of those positions or relationships change: the participants remain in their places; we are communicated at but not involved.

For years, under the heading of news or documentary or actuality, the networks have been broadcasting a noninvolved reality—often with skill, with energy, with physical courage, even with occasional bursts of moral courage, which have resulted lately in well-publicized coverage of once unacceptable subjects. But then the problem was never—or was only incidentally—one of conservatism in the choice of subject matter. For, despite the stern Puritan spirit that lies too close to the documentary form, the truth is that an audience might gain at least as much from a great nonfiction film about, say, the Colorado River as from conventionally filmed journalism about minority hiring or industrial



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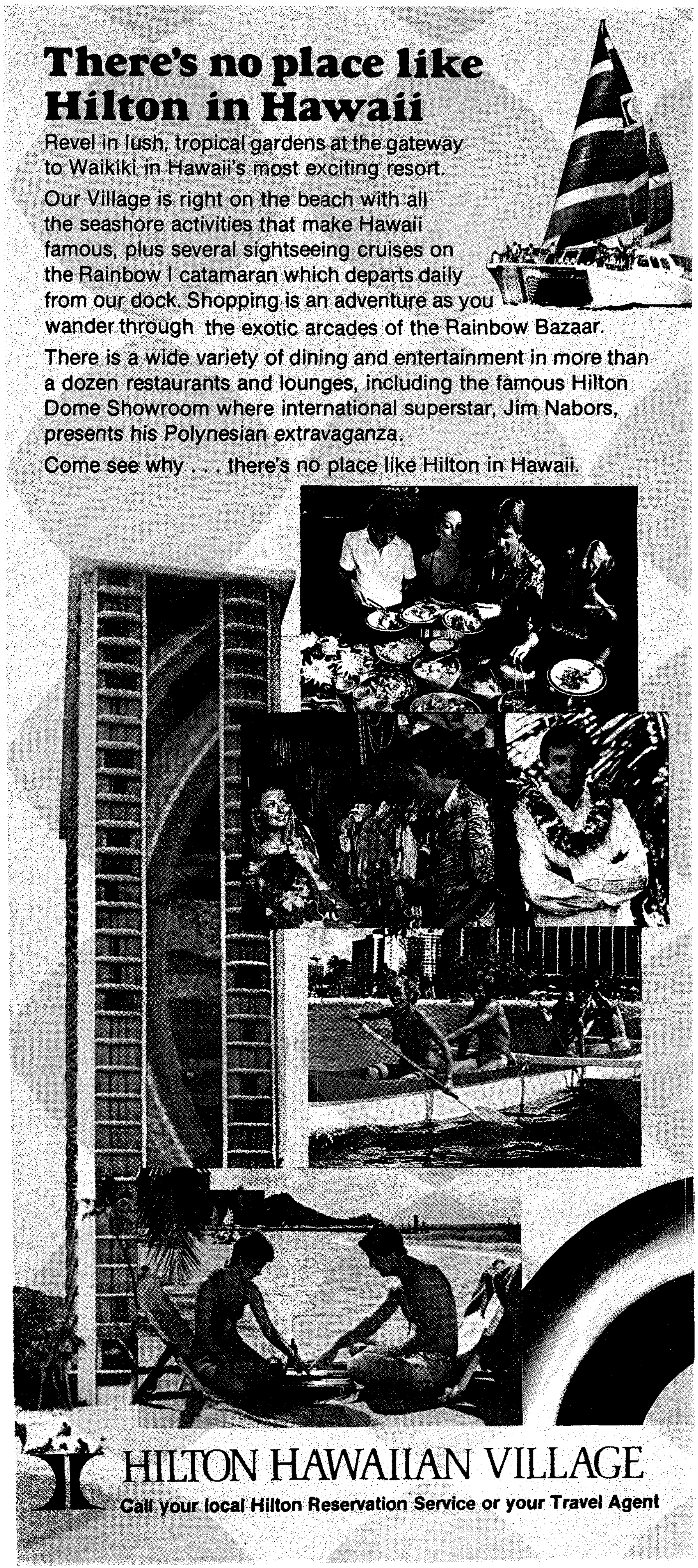
chemicals. The problem is the noninvolvement of the communication. Moreover, in the last decade there has been a considerable rise in the number of regionally oriented documentaries produced by local stations, and this is all to the good, in that most of them at least relate to genuine local problems and interests, and are generally a step forward from the old days, when the TV station in, for instance, a lumber-company town would suddenly come forth with a "documentary" filmed on the lumber company's land and mostly showing the lumber-company president discoursing on the virtues of tree harvesting. But here, again, what seems to have happened (at least, in the several dozen local documentaries I watched last year) is that the local documentary-makers have set out to imitate not only their big-city colleagues' dour and hortatory choice of subject matter but their unemotional, distanced methods as well; instead of personal, accessible, humane, even sometimes (perish the thought!) humorous stories of America and American life, the local stations seem to be relentlessly producing their own provincial and punishing œuvres on minority hiring and industrial chemicals—as if these obviously noteworthy flaws in our society were the only things that mattered in American life; indeed, as if societal sin were the single divinely decreed subject for the nonfiction film.

Thus, one looks beyond the networks to the new movement of young documentarists. First, they are filmmakers, not converted print journalists with cameras in their hands. And then they have a passion to communicate, which nobody can do without in successfully communicating reality—*especially* reality, which the public, by and large, has so many defenses raised against. But we are not yet home free with these young nonfiction filmmakers. To begin with, they are not yet arrived so much as still out there, scurrying around for grants, worrying about the cost of film, and being alternately starved and bored to death by funding committees. Then, many of them seem as ambivalent about the practice of journalism as some of their colleagues in the old-fashioned print world do; that is, they would like to deal with nonfiction subjects, because those are often the most interesting, but they would *like*—some of them, some of the time—to deal with them by employing, as the phrase goes, "fictional techniques," because those are often the most appealing. This ambivalence lurks as a troubling quality, for example, in the otherwise admirable docu-



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mentary "The Police Tapes," by Alan and Susan Raymond, about the activities in the combat zone surrounding a South Bronx police precinct. Here the point of view is never inhibited or distanced. The camera is intimate, jumpy, nosy, scurrying along, always involved. The level of communication is much above that of mere duty, much above the schoolroom. So far so good; we have been starved for nonfiction reality, and here it is. But there is something else, too, though it is hard to pin down—a mode, let's call it, or a modelling, that blurs the images of "The Police Tapes" with those of a dozen fiction films, TV series, and the like. One is "real," of course, and the others are "made up," but what is that bridge between the two, and how did it get there? And what other traffic—what appealing blurred mixtures of fact and fiction—may be presumed to have shuffled back and forth across it? The Raymonds, it should be noted, have recently taken a step upward from the garret, having been adopted, as it were, by ABC's documentary unit. One wishes them luck in the heady, fast-paced, filmic atmosphere of "Close-up," because they are young and serious and good. One also wishes that, as nonfiction filmmakers, they won't try to be what they shouldn't be, because it is mere foolishness for a nonfiction craftsman to take the current trendy talk about "fictional techniques" too seriously. The "techniques" that are usually referred to are the property neither of fiction nor of nonfiction but are simply techniques for filmmaking or writing, as the case may be; in a sense, anyone who wishes to may use them. The stumbling block is the particular craft that one practices: if one practices fiction, then one's goal is the reorganization of experience (an artistic reorganization, even a falsifying, of experience), but if one practices nonfiction, then one's goal might be said to be *carefulness*—a careful, loving fidelity to the real. Fancy footwork, dazzling movement, dramatic confrontations, by all means! But if there is no careful, loving fidelity to the real at the center of the work, then it isn't nonfiction, and it probably isn't fiction. What it may be is yet another fashionable, ambitious space probe, floating in the commercial void.

Meanwhile, as we await the millennium, at which time the networks will be flooded with passion and personality, and the young filmmakers will be suffused with nonfictional carefulness, and the whole nation will be bathed in such a glorious glow of in-

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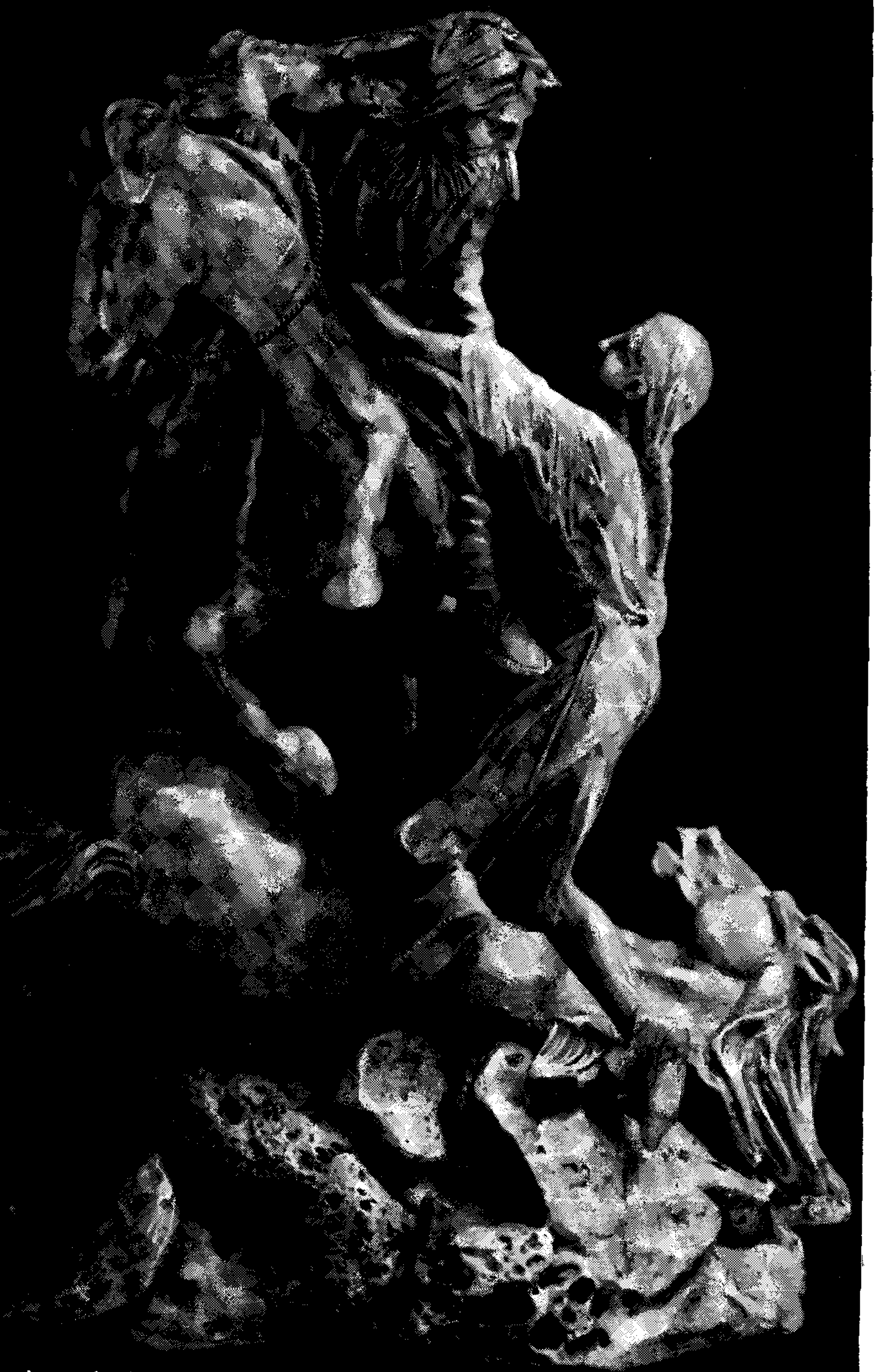

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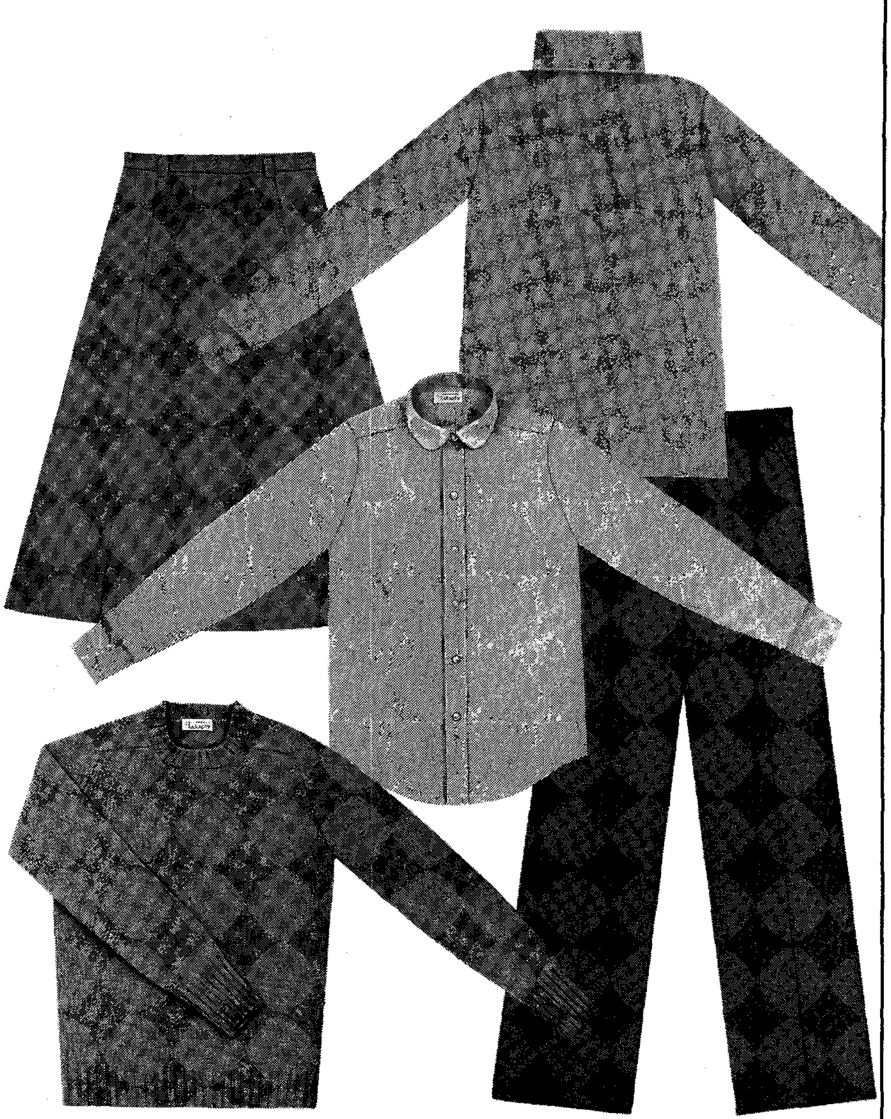

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formation as to make Walter Lippmann spin nervously in his grave, there is probably, even now, more workaday *reality* being communicated by such relatively quiet, well-constructed television fiction series as "Lou Grant," "The White Shadow," and "Skag" than by most of our flashy, "realistic" fiction movies, as well as by most network public-affairs programs stacked end to end. An imperfect reality, to be sure—an unassertive reality, with room to breathe in. Nonetheless, those television entertainments provide a depiction of certain aspects and areas of American life which is accessible and involving and generally realistic, and is clearly none the worse for being unhyped by important sound effects and ungraced by Scandinavian cinematography. Indeed, there is something about the prosaic, small-screen, acoustically undernourished home television set that may well make it (as long as it stays *that way*) the greatest communicator of realistic life that the world has seen, once people understand how to use it. There is a modesty to the equipment, and a sort of petlike familiarity surrounding its domestic lodging in our homes, that seems to militate against too much artistic hype, too much fake Art Design reality. Junk, yes; the TV set has ample room for junk. But those high-gloss, quasi-artistic, bogusly important film spectacles that arouse near-orgiastic responses in darkened movie theatres appear only to make the nineteen-inch picture tube uncomfortable. Alas, I saw in the morning paper that "Skag"—that fine program not so much about steelworkers as about an American family—was having rating trouble and might be cancelled. Too bad. Sooner or later, people will get the hang of such shows, for they have a powerful logic behind them. In contrast to the trendy fiction films that play on our alienations, or the public-affairs programs that preach to us like children—sinful children in a classroom—these solid, humane, carefully done reality fictions help make us a community. I imagine that old John Grierson would have been pleased by them, too. Like all good men, he loved the reality of the world, and, like most great men, he was none too awestruck by hyperbole or Art Design.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

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That isn't exactly the usual kind of family problem, but then, despite her refreshing simplicity, I guess one would have to quarrel with Dostoevski. Happy families are not all alike.—*Georgie Anne Geyer in the Sacramento (Calif.) Bee.*

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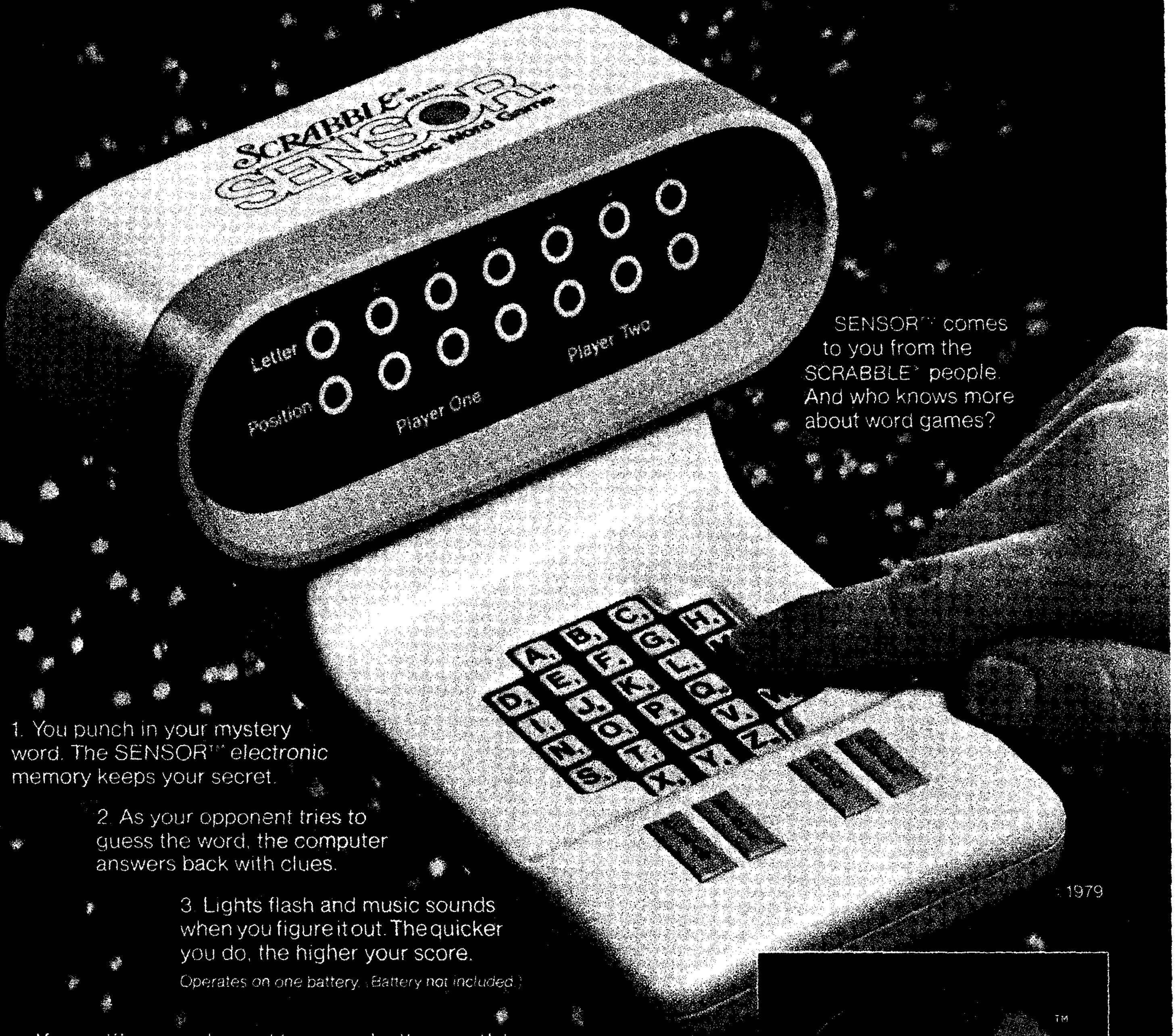
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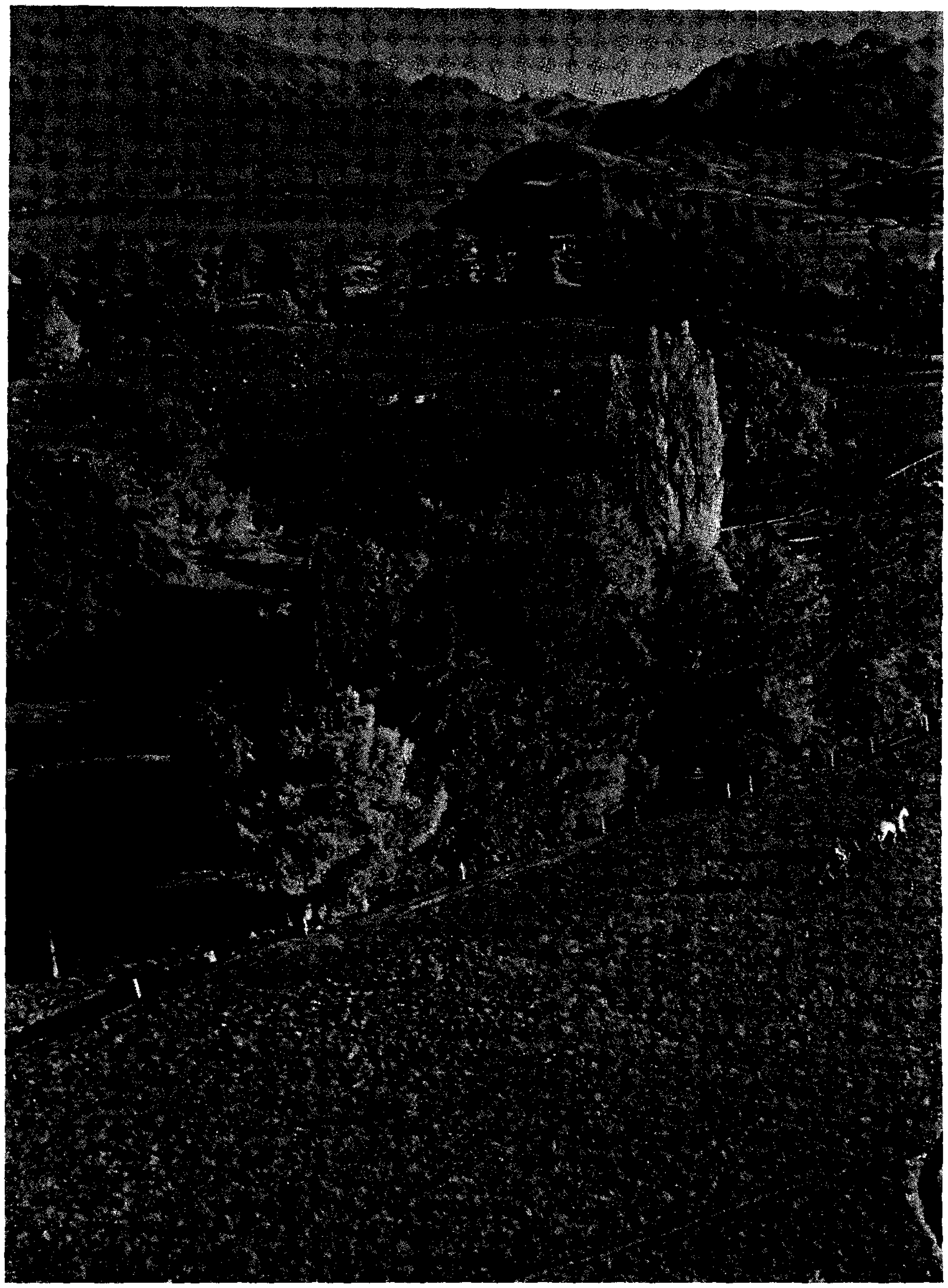

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one island, you haven't seen 'em all.

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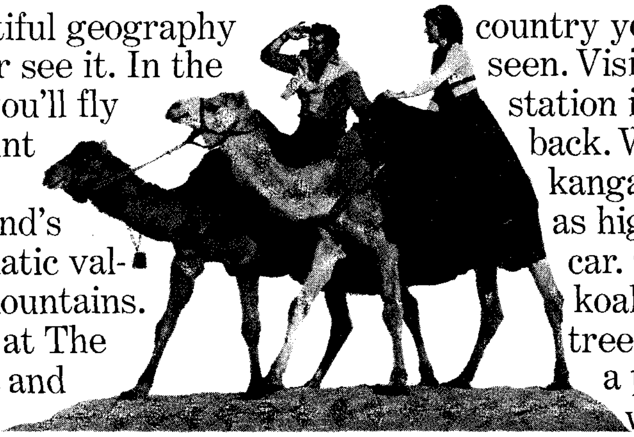

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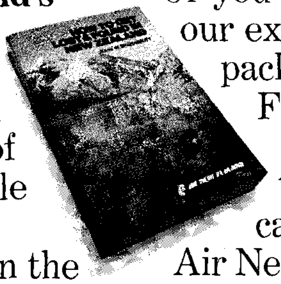

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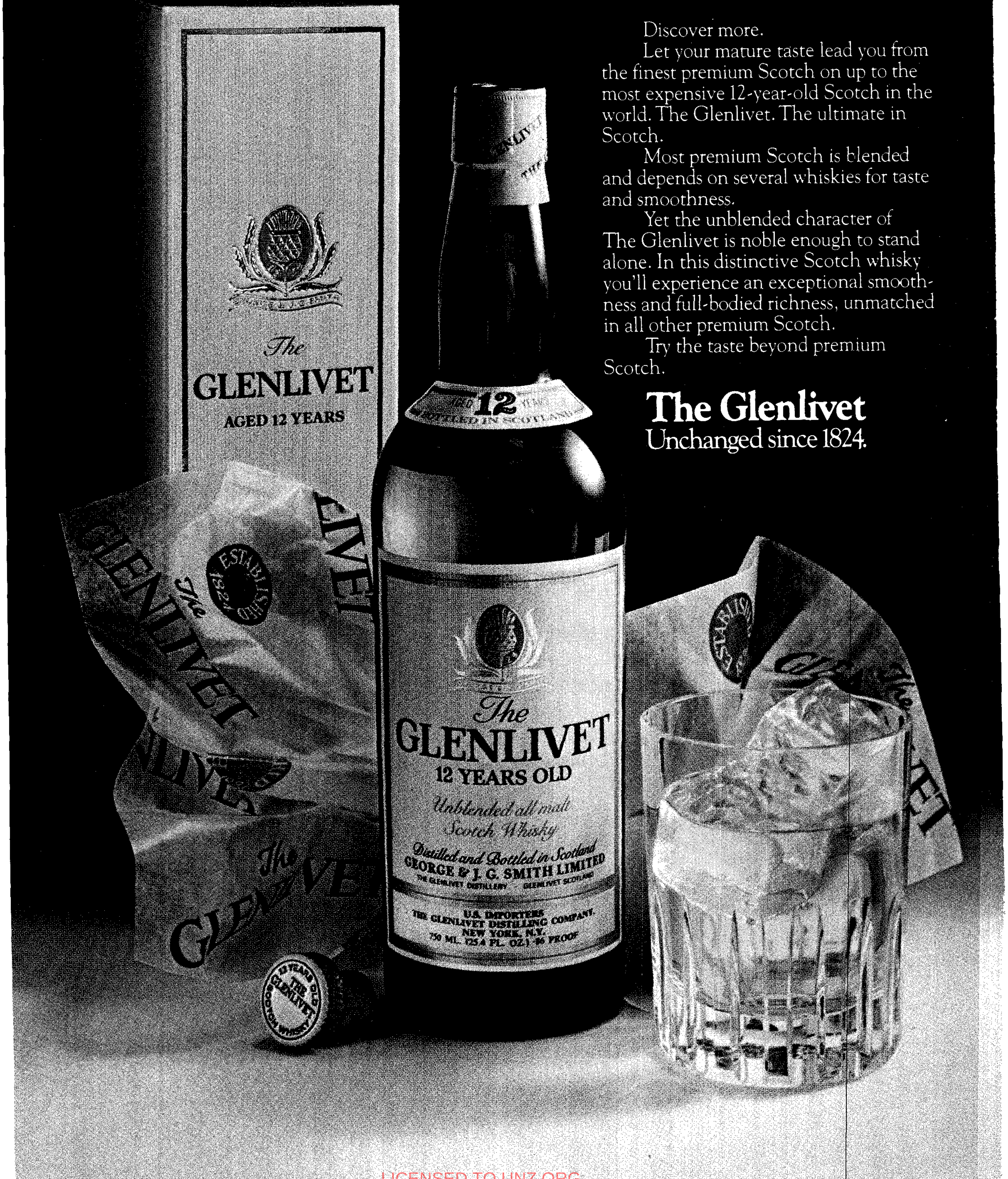
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THE THEATRE

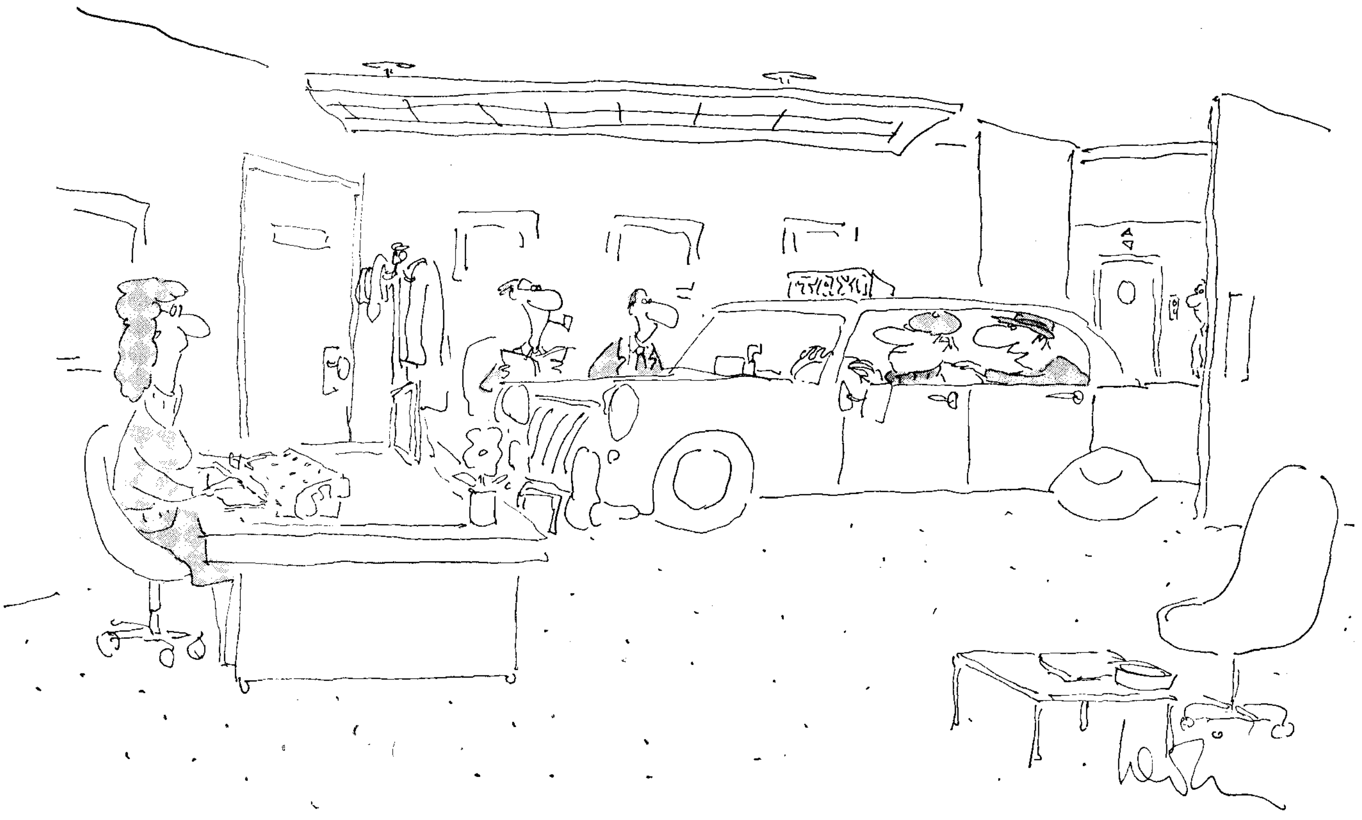
Merry Subversions

THE Circle in the Square has staged an ideal production of Shaw's "Major Barbara." It is an unusually pleasing play, written when Shaw, though approaching fifty, continued to possess the heart of a prankish schoolboy and a mind so delighted with its powers that from time to time we catch it unabashedly giving itself a congratulatory hug. By the time Shaw sat down to write "Major Barbara," his skill at exposing conventional social hypocrisies by turning every received idea on its head and pummelling its bottom had been joined to an equal skill at dramaturgy; the garrulousness and lack of attention to stagecraft that marred so many of his late works are here held easily in check. He has found his voice—a voice racily eloquent, disputatious and yet lyrical—and if he is not, as he is said to have boasted, Shakespeare's master, he is at least capable of holding discourse with him. Shaw was one of those major figures of the twentieth century, like Picasso, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose exceptional energy manifested itself partly in mere vulgar showmanship; they all had a touch of the mountebank about them. The Shaw of "Major Barbara" is sometimes just such a mountebank, but we forgive him at once; at the very least, he has taken us seriously enough to make us laugh.

For most playwrights, of course, it would have been unthinkable to choose as the hero of a comedy a multimillionaire munitions-maker who, far from being ashamed of providing the means of killing hundreds of thousands of his fellow-creatures, incessantly glorifies his occupation and its bloody consequences. Moreover, Shaw has had the nerve to show his hero, Andrew Undershaft, engaged in making corrupt ninnies out of functionaries of what must have seemed, in 1905, the most respectable eleemosynary institution in the world—the Salvation Army. This is Shaw being Peck's Bad Boy with a vengeance, and if his paradoxes, like those of his friend Chesterton, are often more acrobatic wordplay than truly logical, they bring a welcome zest to our tongue-tied contemporary theatre.

The director, Stephen Porter, has cast "Major Barbara" with care. As the villainous-virtuous Undershaft, Philip Bosco is giving the performance of his career. His superlatively executed arias are parried by a steely wife, Lady Britomart (Rachel Gurney), and a prospective son-in-law, Adolphus Cusins (Nicolas Surovy); his chief victim and beneficiary is his daughter Barbara, played with fire and occasional dry ice by Laurie Kennedy. Rand Bridges makes a marvellous upper-class simpleton—every time he uttered a startled "I say!" I cackled with glee. Jon De Vries, who is fearless at tearing a passion to tatters, plays the scoundrelly Cockney, Bill Walker, and Nicholas Walker (no kin to Bill, as *Time* would say) plays the stiff-backed young heir to the Undershaft fortune. The admirable scenery and costumes are by Zack Brown, and the lighting is by John McLain. The Circle in the Square is enjoying its finest hour; I urge you to share it.

SHAW was a practitioner of merry subversion, and so, in a lesser fashion, was Charles MacArthur, whose comedy "Johnny on a Spot" has been given a sensationally attractive new production by the BAM Theatre Company, in much-more-readily-accessible-than-you-may-think Brooklyn. When the play opened on Broadway, in 1942, it petered out after four performances, and I am at a loss to know why. It is a noisy, outrageous, and sentimental piece of work, every moment of which gave me pleasure. I will try to keep from comparing it to "The School for Scandal," or even "Three Men on a Horse," but I will risk almost any other extravagance in the hope of its enjoying a successful rebirth. The action of the play concerns the election of a governor in an



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unnamed Southern state of unbounded political crookedness and chicanery. A drunken, lubricious wastrel with a voice of sorghum is being returned to office by a grateful, gullible public, but, for reasons that you will have to visit BAM to ascertain, he is no longer in charge of his fate. MacArthur, who was the co-author, with Ben Hecht, of "The Front Page," was a masterly deviser of preposterous, exciting plots and preposterous, amusing wisecracks. So complex is the plot of "Johnny on a Spot" that over thirty characters are required to weave the cat's cradle of its innumerable mischievous wrongdoings. In this day of one- and two-person shows, how agreeable it is to see a stage crowded with actors! The lavish, phony-stately setting, by John Lee Beatty, is a marvel of architectural aptness. Doors constantly open and shut, an elevator rises and descends, one or another of several telephones is always sure to be ringing, pretty women shout and weep and kiss and faint, water sprinklers go into violent action, and at last a gigantic iron lung makes its appearance—a sort of medical Moby Dick, playing a key role in a scene that no one will ever manage to make clear before Judgment Day.

The BAM Theatre Company had seemed a little gingerly in its approach to its first offering, "The Winter's Tale," but it sails into "Johnny on a Spot" with obvious confidence and brings it off in triumph. Gary Bayer is superbly abrasive and inventive as the governor's campaign manager, and Roxanne Hart is nimble and winsome as the governor's secretary. Also to be praised are Anna Kluger Levine, Jerome Dempsey, Gerry Bamman, Patrick Hines, John Heffernan, Bill Moor, Avril Gentles, and Frank Maraden, who plays a reformed forger of the most sickening rectitude, unwilling at first even to forge his own pardon. The costumes are the handiwork of William Ivey Long, the lighting is by William Mintzer, and the lively direction is by Edward Cornell.

AT the South Street Theatre (which is not on South Street but far to the west, on Forty-second Street; so much for common sense), the Encompass Theatre has mounted a first-rate production of a charming and robust little operetta called "Elizabeth and Essex," based on the play "Elizabeth the Queen," by Maxwell Anderson. The book is by Michael Stewart and Mark Bramble, the music is by Doug Katsaros, and the lyrics are by Richard Engquist. The plot, which is highly melodramatic (Will Lord Essex go to the block or will he not? Yes. No. Yes. No. Yes), is rendered credible thanks to a dazzling performance by Estelle Parsons as the aging, berouged, lovesick Elizabeth. She is indeed a queen, this Elizabeth: England must come before Essex. Richard White makes a splendidly dashing and honorable Essex, while Florence Lacey is the most delicately sorrowing of ladies-in-waiting, and Gordon Stanley is a wicked Lord Cecil, born to be hissed. A. Christina Giannini has designed some unusually handsome and rich-seeming costumes for Elizabeth and her courtiers to wear, inside a simple, courtly setting by Michael C. Smith. The lighting is by Carol B. Sealey, the choreography by Sharon Halley, and the direction by Nancy Rhodes.

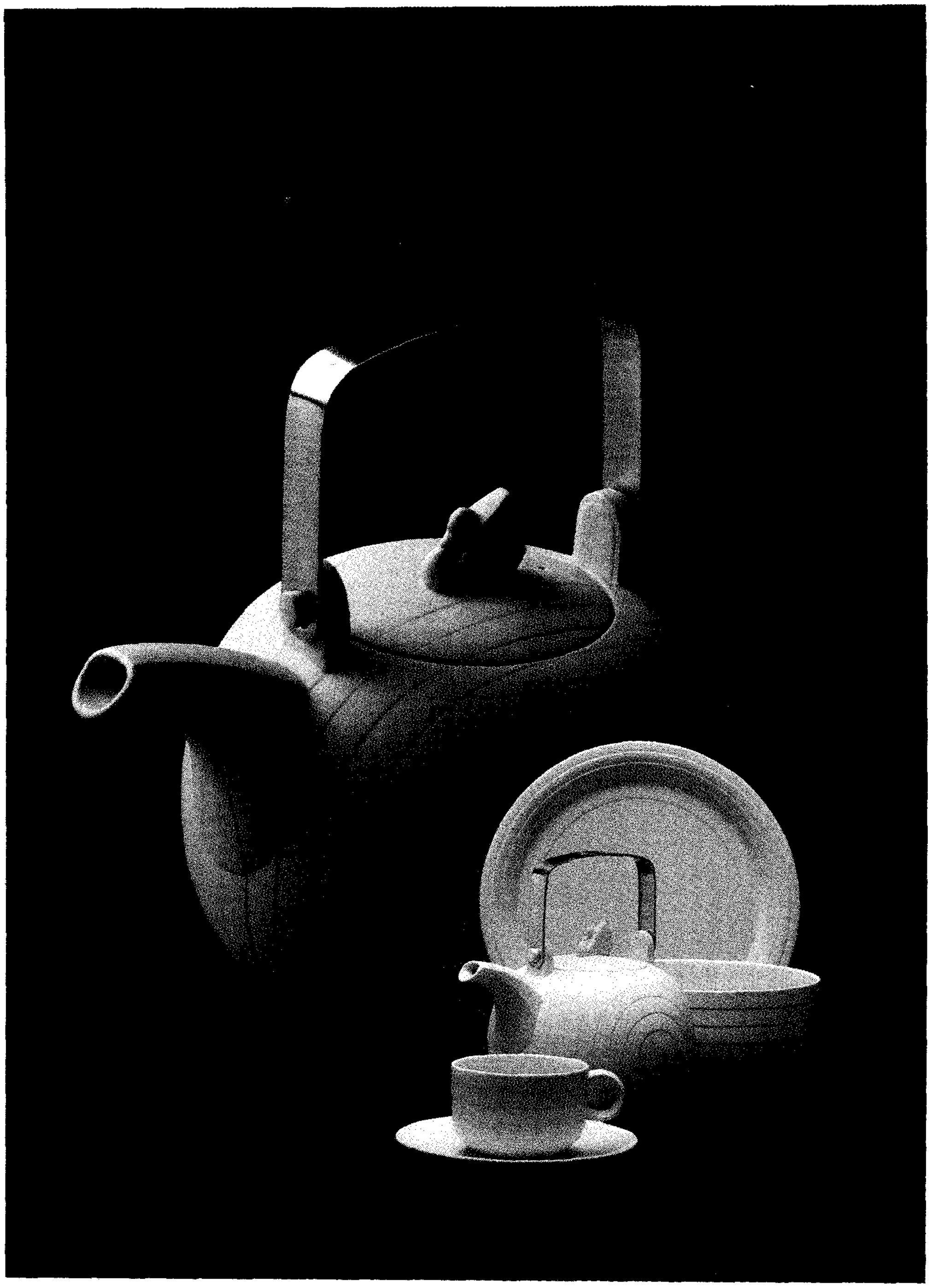
THE rather sour remark I made earlier about one- and two-person shows was no doubt prompted by two unlucky specimens of the genre: "Mister Lincoln," by Herbert Mitgang (at the Morosco), in which the ordinarily very able actor Roy Dotrice recites his lines with care but is never Lincoln, and "Charlotte," by the German playwright Peter Hacks, with Uta Hagen and Charles Nelson Reilly. Mr. Reilly uttered only a single word all evening long, and that word was "Charlotte." The play slipped away in short order, and I was not surprised.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

> Schaefer studied saloons in western Montana in 1977 and 1978 while on the staff of the Universiy of Montana in Missoula. But he says bar atmosphere everywhere affects drinking habits, and some atmospheres are more risky for thtse aho might drink too much.
>
> Country music, di lights, macho decorations, a small dance floor an unequal distributin of the sexes and a oerance for drunken, disorderly behavior encourae bar patrons to overconsume, Schaefer says.
>
> Saloons that don't encourage overdrinking are generally better lit, have other forms of entertainment, have large da ce floors that willaccommodate more dancers, have a balanced numde of men and women and will not put up with oady behvior, Schaefer says.
>
> —*Newburgh (N.Y.) Evening News.*

Schaefer, old fellow, your drink needs topping up.



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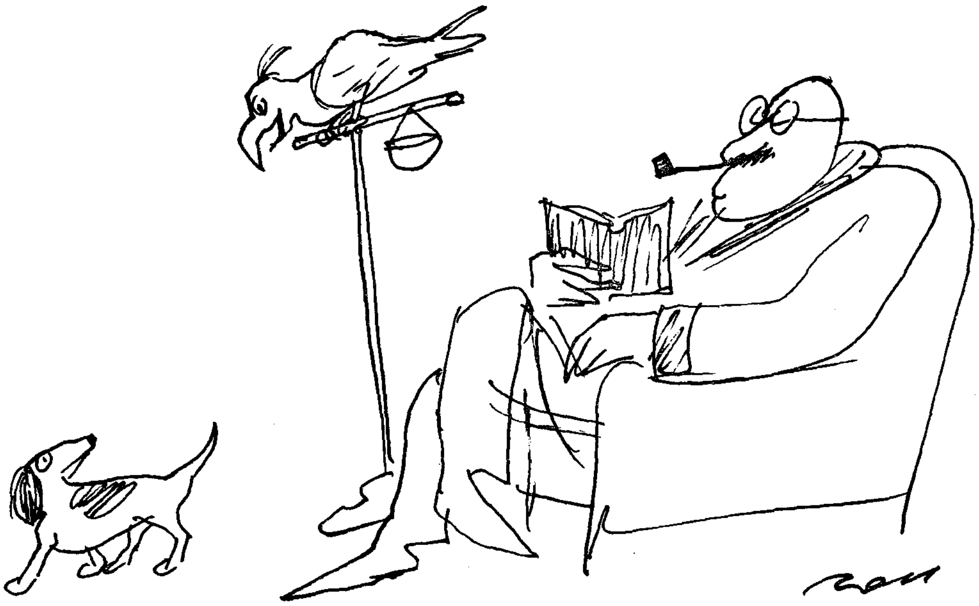
AROUND CITY HALL

COUNTING

POLITICAL rhetoric on the municipal level tends to be a lot fancier today than it was sixty years ago, when Fiorello LaGuardia, then the President of New York's Board of Aldermen, was having a series of public disagreements with City Comptroller Charles L. Craig. During one embattled City Hall meeting, Craig turned to Mayor John F. Hylan, who was presiding, and said, "Will you please hit that little Wop over the head with the gavel?" Nowadays, politicians from all ethnic backgrounds can be heard using terms like "viable," "charismatic," "insensitive," "quality of life," "genocide," and "empathize." Last spring, a prominent Puerto Rican who had charged Mayor Edward Koch with acting as if Hispanic New Yorkers did not exist described what this neglect did to a group that makes up seventeen per cent of the local population. "We've been traumatized," he said. Political leaders of the twenty-five per cent of New Yorkers who are black regularly accuse Koch of being "insensitive" or, on occasion, of being "insensitive to the viable concerns of our people." Sometimes the Mayor does show sensitivity to their concerns. For example, on January 15th of this year he had scheduled a press conference at which he planned to hand out copies of the city's tentative budget for the 1981 fiscal year, beginning July 1st. It was pointed out to him that January 15th was the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., and thus was not the ideal date on which to release the new budget figures, since there was certain to be an outcry from black leaders to the effect that imposing the proposed cuts in municipal jobs and services would amount to committing genocide against their people. The Mayor postponed the press conference for a day. Charges that he was "balancing the city budget on the backs of the poor" came from Hispanic as well as black leaders. There were even some small protest marches in front of City Hall, but they had a perfunctory air about them. Everyone understood that the protests that could make a difference would be the ones that were staged in the last weeks before June 20th, by which date the Board of Estimate and the City Council—the successor to the old Board of Aldermen—must vote on the final budget. Queens Councilman Edward Sadowsky, the chairman of the Council's Finance Committee, who will play a central role in the legislative maneuvers that lead up to this deadline, was so little concerned about the Mayor's January budget figures that a few days before they were handed out he took off for a vacation in the Virgin Islands.

Mayor Koch testified at the end of January before the Senate Banking, Housing, and Urban Affairs Committee, which holds regular hearings on whether New York is living up to the fiscal obligations imposed on it by the 1978 legislation that provided the city with a billion six hundred and fifty million dollars in federal loan guarantees. Koch assured the committee—whose chairman is the sharp-tongued Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire—that his proposed budget, which would raise local taxes by a hundred and ninety-two million dollars and eliminate about thirteen thousand city jobs, half of them in the public schools, was, above all, "realistic." Maryland Senator Paul Sarbanes brought up the fact that it allowed for only a four-per-cent annual wage increase in the new contracts for city employees which must be negotiated this spring, and that Albert Shanker, the head of the local teachers' union, had said that this was unacceptable. "Albert Shanker is not Moses," said the Mayor—a remark that, like several others he made during the meeting, was greeted with appreciative laughter. During the session, Proxmire told Koch, "I'm very happy that you're Mayor of New York. Mayor, you're a real star. You were never better than you were today." A couple of weeks later, however, the Senator told reporters that Koch's budget figures were "unrealistic." Not only had the Mayor glossed over the wage-settlement problem but he had included among the city's revenues for the coming fiscal year a hundred million dollars in new federal aid, which Proxmire doubted if the city would receive. Congress, said the Senator, might not vote a penny of it.

Negotiations were already going forward on the new labor contracts that could critically affect the city's fiscal condition. In this case, everyone understood that nothing really significant was likely to happen until the final days, or even hours, before the first of the contracts, that of the Transport Workers Union, was scheduled to run out—at midnight March 31st. If no new agreement has been signed by then, T.W.U. officials have said, there will certainly be a strike, which will shut down all bus and subway service here. If this crisis should come, Koch would be back in this country to preside over it. On February 22nd, he left for what he described as a vacation—a twelve-day visit to the Chinese cities of Peking, Xian (Sian), Hangchow, and Shanghai, with a stopover in Tokyo on the way home. Things were so quiet at City Hall on the fiscal and other fronts that the official party of ten that accompanied the Mayor on the excursion included City Comptroller Harrison Goldin; City Council Finance Chairman Sadowsky; the Mayor's counsel, Robert Tierney; the City Hall chief of staff, Diane Coffey; and Deputy



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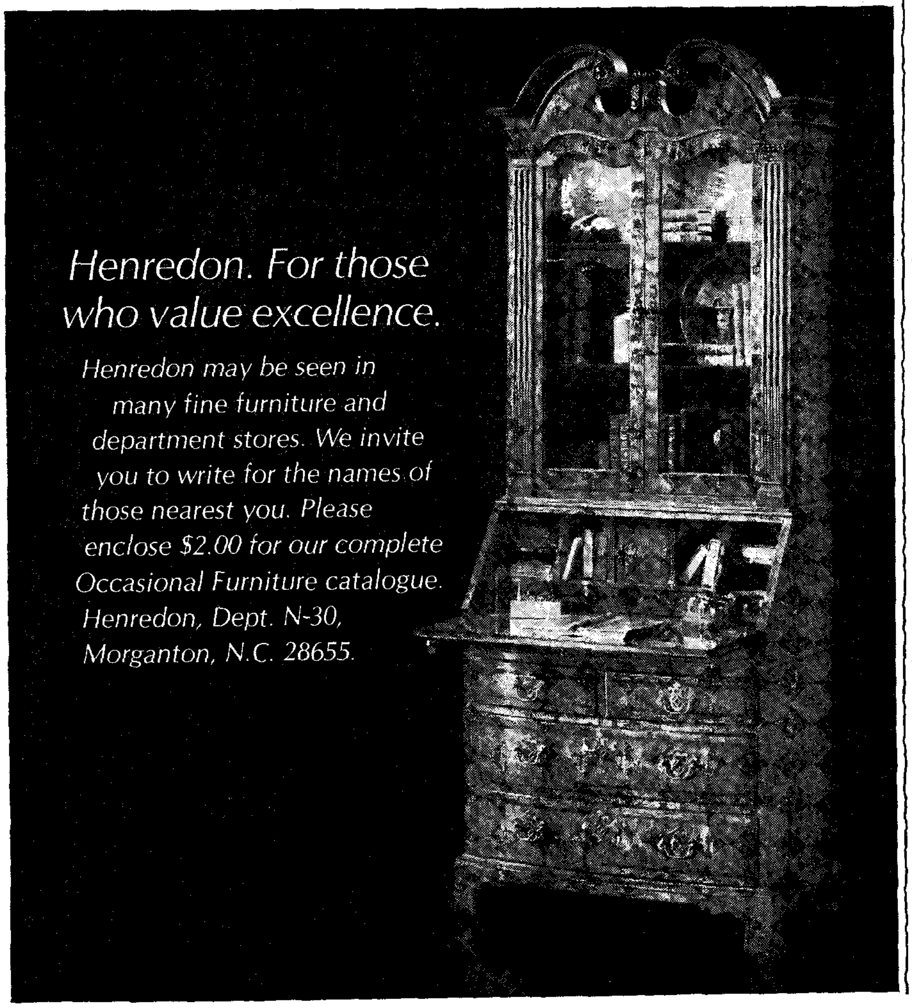
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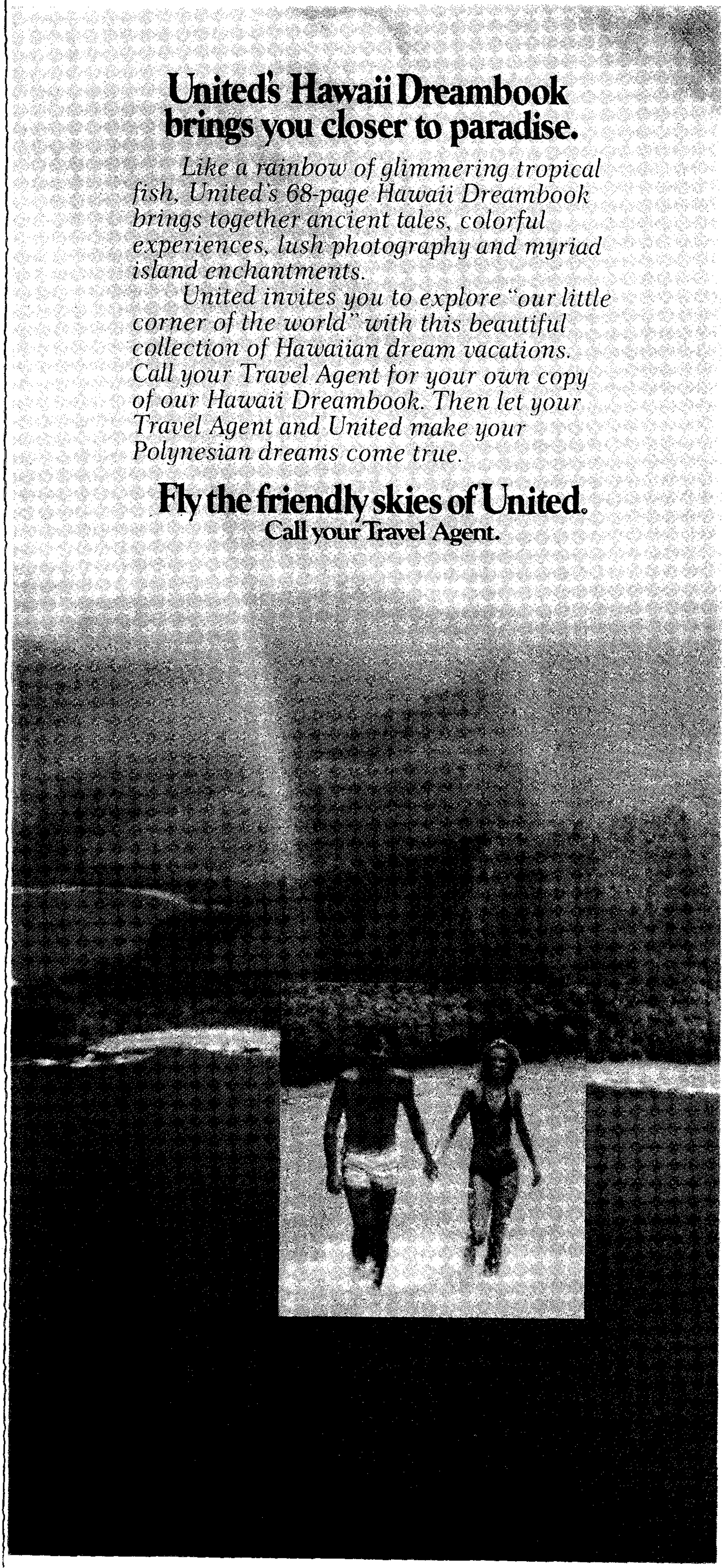
Mayor Peter Solomon, who was making his second official trip to China in five months. Also included were Koch's official photographer, his bodyguard, and the wives of two of his friends and contributors to his 1977 mayoral campaign, one of whom is now Assistant to the Mayor for Special Events and the other of whom is Vice-Chairman of the Mayor's Commission for Distinguished Guests. The tenth member of the party was David Jones. Last year, local black leaders, noting that at City Hall there was no black member of the City Planning Commission for the first time since 1969 and no black member of the Board of Estimate for the first time since 1953, urged the Mayor to name a member of their race to a "policymaking position," so that there would be at least one significant black voice in city government and they would have someone to talk to at the Mayor's end of City Hall. Koch's choice was David Jones, an associate in the prominent Wall Street law firm of Cravath, Swaine & Moore, who last June was named as his special adviser. Immediately, some black political leaders complained, as they had about several other members of their race who put in short stints in the Koch administration, that Jones "couldn't find his way to Harlem," by which, the Mayor suggested, they meant that the blacks he appointed weren't in their pockets. The pretense that Jones would serve as the significant black voice at City Hall was soon dropped, and last September Koch gave him the job of coördinating the city's 1980 census operations. The Census Bureau has conceded that in 1970 the national undercount was two and a half per cent. Because those most likely to have been left out were members of minority groups living in cities, the total number of unaccounted-for New Yorkers may have been close to half a million. The error cost the city dear, since so many federal funding formulas are based on population. In 1980, there is less concern about a possible undercount here among Jones' fellow-blacks than among Hispanics, both because of their language problem and because of the large numbers of them who are illegal immigrants, fearful of questioning by any government agency. It is not clear what Jones will learn in China that will be helpful in what his office has described as its "herculean" drive to persuade reluctant New Yorkers to fill out the census forms that will be mailed to local households on March

28th. Possibly, the Mayor felt that it was worthwhile to have him in the party to demonstrate to the Chinese, as the Mayor has not been able to demonstrate satisfactorily to New York's black community, that he is comfortable with persons of color. Four representatives of radio stations and a reporter for the *News* accompanied the city officials, so New Yorkers can look forward to the relaying of some of the habitual Koch one-liners from the Great Wall. ("Will He Bring Home a Panda?" was the question asked on the front page of the *News* after the first dispatch from Peking.) Before the Mayor left, he announced that, as a Chinese-restaurant addict, he felt secure with the three phrases he had memorized in Mandarin, which were "I'm lost," "I'm hungry," and "Please feed me." From the offices where the city labor contracts were being negotiated, Victor Gotbaum, the head of the largest local municipal union, said that he hoped the Mayor would enjoy Peking duck as well as the crow the unions had on their menu for him.

ONE could see why the Mayor might want a change of scene. New York, which many of its residents like to think is the place where nearly everything important happens, has been rather out of things in recent weeks. It is, after all, not Teheran or Kabul, or even Lake Placid. It has also been rather on the sidelines of the noisier domestic political confrontations. In the syllabus of the informal travelling seminar on Contemporary American Studies that is being offered this semester, courtesy of the Presidential campaign, potential voters have already been enlightened, *seriatim*, about the problems of Iowa farmers, Maine millworkers, New Hampshire resort owners, and the new suburbanites of the Old South. The special concerns of New Yorkers are not scheduled for attention until the middle of the course. The New York primary date, which is set for March 25th, was originally supposed to come even later. The Carter forces had preferred mid-April. Last November, however, the state's Governor and its junior United States Senator, Hugh Carey and Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who most political experts then assumed would give an early endorsement to their good friend Senator Edward Kennedy, were given credit for having, between them, succeeded in moving the primary ahead here. As the prospects were then calculated, Kennedy, having overwhelmed the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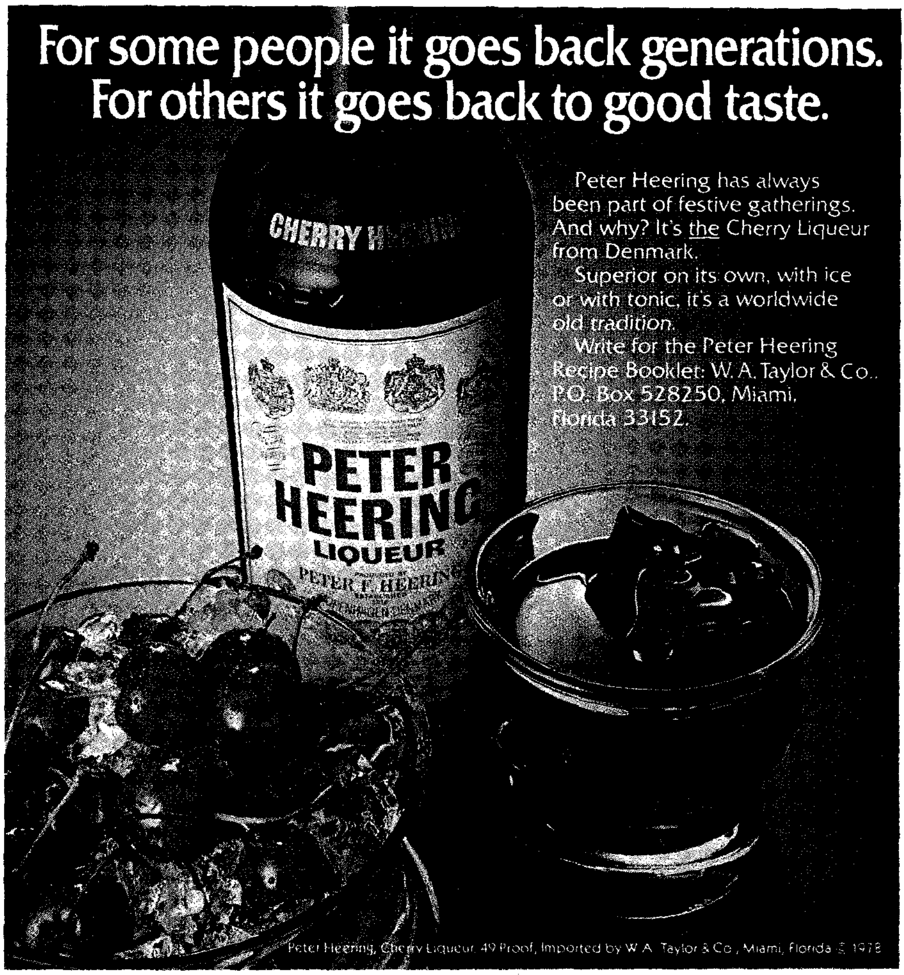

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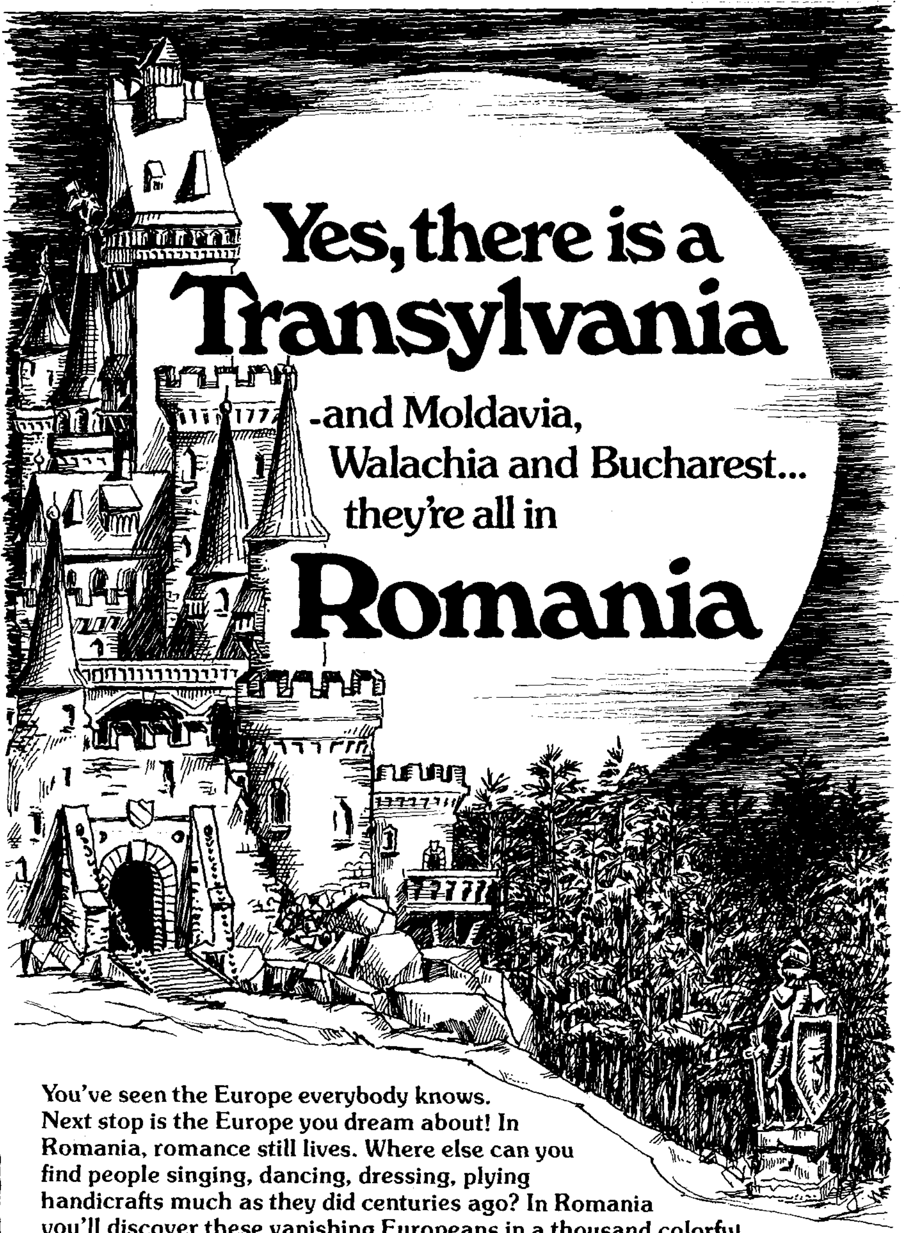
President in New England, could administer the coup de grâce to the Carter candidacy in New York only a week after the probable big Kennedy win in Illinois. (It is now remarkable to recall the number of commentators who at about that time referred glibly to the possible early withdrawal from the race of a President who, on being asked during the 1976 primary campaign whether there was anything that could persuade him to retire from the race, said, "Yes, I can think of one. Death.") There has never been any danger that this state would be truly out of things at any stage of the Presidential campaign, since it will have a hundred and twenty-three votes at the Republican Convention, in July; two hundred and eighty-two at the Democratic Convention, in August; and forty-one in the Electoral College—in each case, the second-largest state delegation, after that of California, which has forty-five electoral votes. All the major candidates of both parties—except, of course, the President, self-sequestered in the White House—have been in and out of the city since last fall, in search not only of delegates but also of cash, New Yorkers being well known as folk who will put their money where their convictions are. A few weeks ago, John Connally raised over two hundred thousand dollars at a gala at the New York Hilton, and he doesn't even have a slate of delegates entered in the New York Republican primary.

Now that a big majority of the city's leading Democratic politicians have cast their lot with the Carter/Mondale Presidential Committee, there seems to be a tacit agreement that neither the New Yorkers nor the White House crowd will have much to say about the last Presidential primary here, when not a single important political figure supported the former Georgia Governor, and when obstructive tactics by local Democrats caused Carter to denounce New York as "a horrible example of gross political bossism." In that primary, on April 6, 1976, he took only twelve and eight-tenths per cent of the vote, coming in well behind "Uncommitted," with Arizona Representative Morris Udall second after the big winner, Washington Senator Henry Jackson. At that time, it was hard to imagine that there might ever be any rapport between the city-smart, intensely ethnic local politicians (after all, the only white Baptist most of them had ever known was Nelson Rockefeller) and the hymn singer from Plains. If the New Yorkers jeered at Carter's toothy piety, his aides, according to some people who worked at his campaign headquarters, privately referred to New York pols as "the thugs." By the time of the July Convention, however, an alliance of convenience had been hastily arranged, and, that November, Carter carried the state, whose forty-one electoral votes, in his own view, made the difference between winning and losing. Long before it was officially time for the President to start organizing a reëlection campaign, some politicians here signalled to him that he should not count on New York in 1980. In December of 1978—nearly two years before the next election—former City Council President Paul O'Dwyer announced the formation of a National Committee for a Democratic Alternative, which would choose a worthier candidate for the White House. A couple of months later, Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein became the first elected Democrat in the city to call on the Democrats to reject Carter at the 1980 Convention. Eventually, both O'Dwyer and Stein endorsed Kennedy. State Attorney General Robert Abrams came out for him last May, eager, perhaps, to get credit for being the first state official in the parade of those who were then expected to support Kennedy—the great friend of the cities, as Abrams hailed him, whose ties to this state included the fact that his brother Robert was its Senator when he died.

But even before it was clear that the international distractions that helped throw the early phase of Edward Kennedy's campaign off balance were not short-term affairs, the Kennedy parade here was stalled. A few weeks after he announced his candidacy, on November 6th, a scheduled ceremony at which a long line of prominent New York Democrats was expected to endorse him had to be cancelled for lack of endorsers politically worth mentioning. January 28th, the day when the Senator, trying to regain his lost momentum by starting all over, reannounced his candidacy in a speech at Georgetown University, was also the day when his staff had a "grand opening" of his New York headquarters. A large crowd was on hand, but on examination it turned out to consist mostly of the press and members of the Kennedy family and staff. O'Dwyer, Stein, and Abrams were there, as were a few members of the City Council and the State Legislature. The highest-ranking Democrat in the crowd was Representative John



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Murphy, of Staten Island, who, five days later, was implicated—in the celebrated leak to the press—in the Federal Bureau of Investigation Abscam scheme, it being alleged that he had been in the room when a suitcase containing fifty thousand dollars in cash was handed out by agents of a fake Arab sheikh. In a speech at the opening of the headquarters, Stephen Smith, Kennedy's brother-in-law and national campaign director, mentioned the recent harsh criticism by Senator Moynihan and Governor Carey of the level of Carter's assistance to New York, and left no doubt about how eagerly the Kennedy forces would welcome the support of the state's two most prominent Irish-American politicians, who, contrary to prediction, had so far not endorsed anybody in the Presidential race.

BY Labor Day, Carter had received the formal backing of Mayor Koch and of the state's Lieutenant Governor, Mario Cuomo, in ceremonies at which both men took care to mention how much the President had done for the city and how much more he surely would be doing in the coming months. Thus, early in the game Carter won the backing of New York's highest-ranking Jewish Democrat and its highest ranking Italian-American Democrat. Since then, Cuomo has become his state campaign chairman—an appointment that will not hurt Carter with the Italian-Americans, who have increasingly been voting Republican. Carter now knows, of course, not to call them "Eyetalians," as he did in his 1976 acceptance speech at Madison Square Garden. At City Hall, no one uses the word "Wop" out loud these days, either. In 1920, when the term was laid on LaGuardia, there were virtually no other men of Italian heritage in local politics—possibly because of the Italians' traditional family orientation and mistrust of strangers, or so it was suggested in 1963 in "Beyond the Melting Pot," which Moynihan wrote with Nathan Glazer. Italian-Americans have not now replaced the Irish, who dominated New York politics sixty years ago, when most of the members of the Board of Aldermen as well as both Mayor Hylan and Comptroller Craig were Irish. The Jews have done that; nineteen of the present forty-three City Council members are Jewish, as are Koch and Comptroller Goldin. But eleven of the City Council members are Italian-Americans, and they are rising steadily in influence in the clubhouses of both major parties. Last month, after Ronald Reagan, on the campaign trail in New Hampshire, told his impolitic ethnic joke involving Poles, Italians, and the Mafia at a cockfight, he put in personal calls to the Manhattan Republican boss, Vincent Albano, and the Bronx Republican boss, John Calandra, to apologize and assure them that he hadn't meant a word of it.

By mid-November, Carter had the support of three of the city's five Democratic bosses: Donald Manes, of Queens; Stanley Friedman, of the Bronx; and Meade Esposito, of Brooklyn. Although they are formally known as county chairmen, they represent the gross political bossism that he denounced in 1976, and whose worth he has obviously come to appreciate. The Staten Island boss, James Smith, remained neutral. "Who's going to treat Staten Island with respect?" he asked Frank Lynn, of the *Times*, plaintively. Smith's advice to the President was "Give me the census jobs for the county." In case this might suggest that he was taking a rather crass approach to his choice of the possible leader of the Western world for the next four years, Smith said, "Nobody buys me." About the census jobs, he explained, "That's not personal, that's political." Apparently, certain assurances reached him, since in late November he endorsed Carter. The only holdout among the five New York Democratic leaders was Miriam Bockman, of Manhattan, who in September of 1977 had become the first woman county leader, and who throughout the fall had been described as "leaning toward Kennedy."

Besides the barrage of benefits in the form of discretionary administrative decisions that a President is in a position to dispense or whose announcement he can schedule for the most propitious political moment, the current occupant of the White House is able to take advantage of the knowledge that the American people's resentment of the imperial Presidency was never as intense as some may have pretended. Carter showed that he had caught on to this state of affairs when he had the Marine Corps bands go back to greeting his arrival with "Hail to the Chief," which, it turned out, the proponents of the common touch had missed. Any Presidential candidate can

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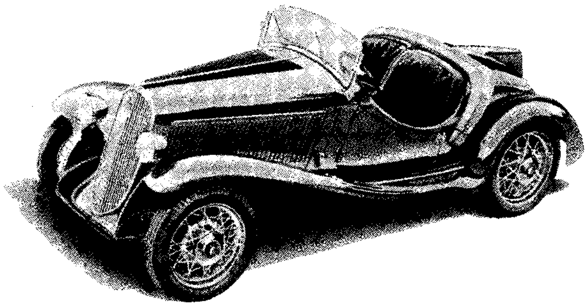

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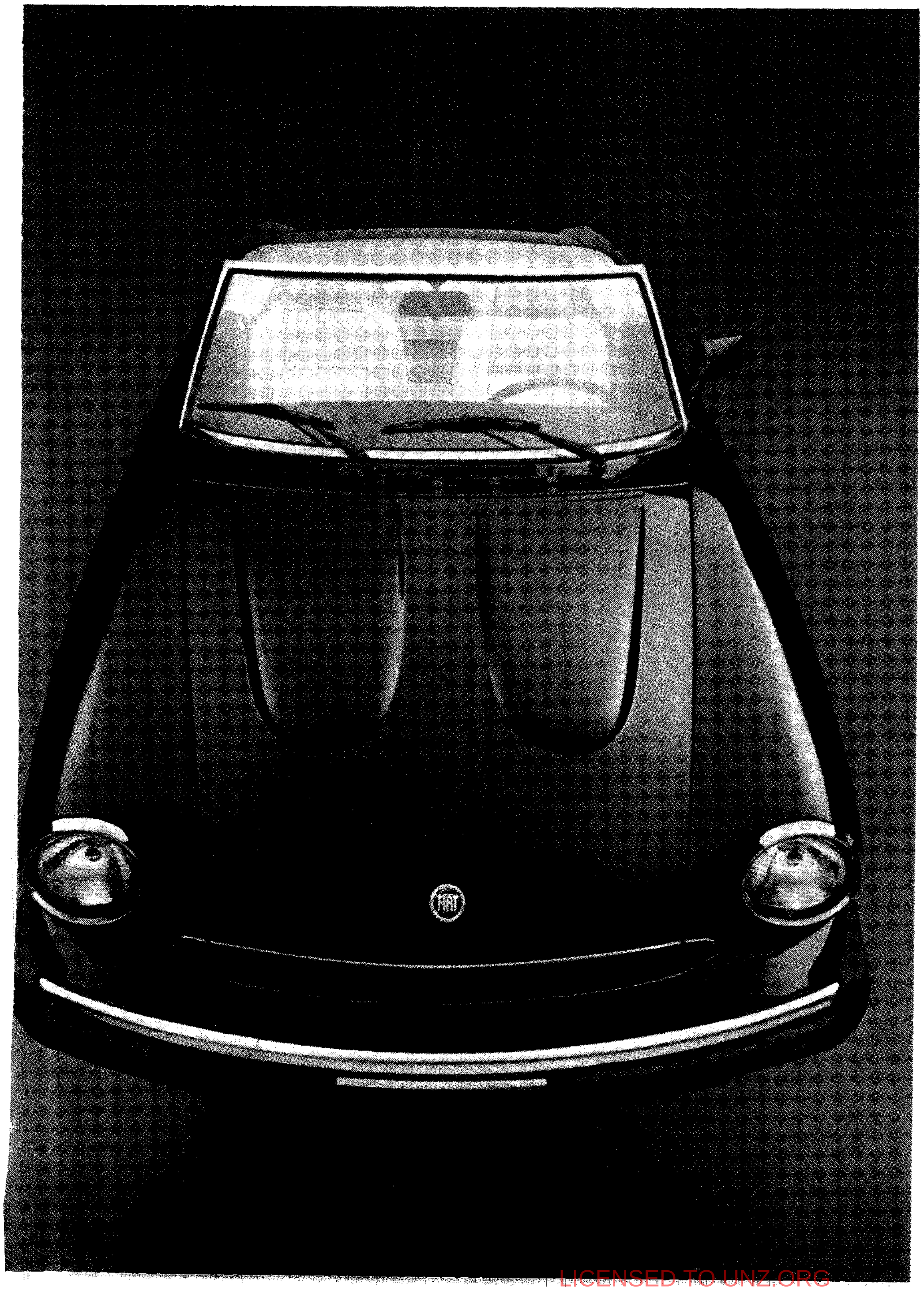

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use the telephone, but there is something about having one's goggle-eyed child come running with the news that "the *President* is on the phone" which does wonders to bring around even the most egalitarian politician who hasn't made up his mind. Robert Strauss, Carter's national campaign manager, has explained that each morning during the recent months of international crisis he has given Carter the phone numbers of a dozen or so Democrats around the country whom it would be useful for him to call at the end of the day; sometimes, he says, Carter asks for more. A large number of these calls have been made to New York. Early in January, one local political expert concluded, after asking around, that at least a hundred Assemblymen, City Council members, and district leaders here had had such communications from the President.

In addition, most New York Democrats of consequence (except, of course, those who have endorsed Kennedy) have had at least one meal at the White House in recent months. On December 12th, the thirty-ninth day of the American hostages' imprisonment in Iran, Carter had forty-six New York district leaders to lunch, all of them from Manhattan, the borough whose county leader, Mrs. Bockman, was still officially neutral. Mrs. Bockman also attended. A few days earlier, Georgia State Senator Julian Bond, who is not an admirer of his fellow-Georgian who made it to the top, publicly pleaded with any New York Democrats who might have been invited not to "trade your vote for lunch at the White House while people are going hungry in this city." After lunch in the Executive Office Building, the forty-seven New Yorkers went across the street to the White House, where Carter's national-security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski; his assistant for domestic affairs, Stuart Eizenstat; and three more Carter aides, Jack Watson, Anne Wexler, and Sarah Weddington, spent three hours giving them the lowdown on the various crises facing the nation, so they could tell the folks back home how it really was. Most of the Manhattanites have since come out for Carter—a decision that, of course, they might have made in any case. Mrs. Bockman had already said of her supposed preference for Kennedy, "I stopped leaning a long time ago," and at the end of January she endorsed Carter.

Some of the President's advisers had warned him that a big obstacle to his

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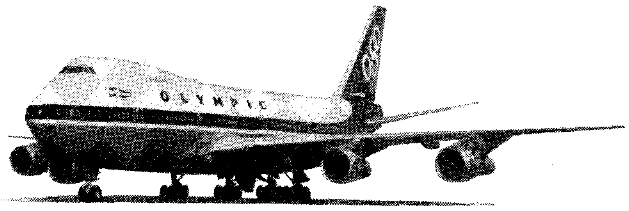

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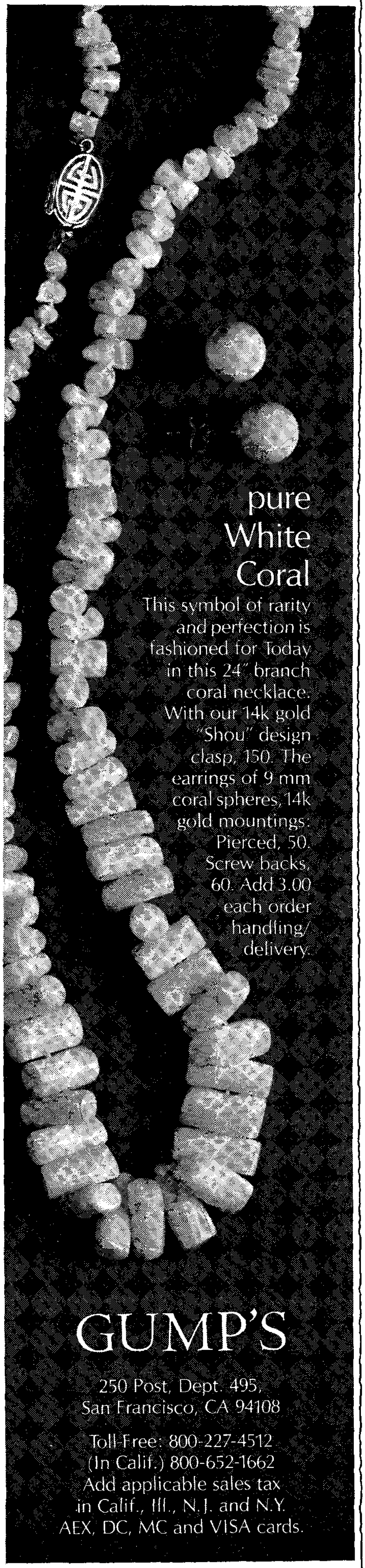
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winning the vote of Hispanics was the emotional attachment many of them have to the Kennedys. Over altars in many thousands of Hispanic homes is a statue of the Virgin Mary with a picture of John Kennedy on one side and a picture of Robert Kennedy on the other. A large number of the Hispanic officeholders here, however, have come out for the President. On the day that Representative Charles Rangel, the most prominent local black politician, announced his support for the President, he explained that he had expected to have a serious problem with his mother. Lit by a candle above her altar, he said, is a plate showing the two dead Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King, Jr. However, he reported, she was on Carter's side, possibly because the Administration had committed itself to seeing to it that Rangel's favorite project, a Third World Trade Center, would be built in his district—or, at least, the Administration had agreed to a half-million-dollar study of the feasibility of such an enterprise. When Rangel made his endorsement, the President was at his side, and the ceremony, held in the Cabinet Room of the White House, to which Rangel was encouraged to bring two dozen friends from his Harlem district, was described by the *News* as amounting "to a political love-in." There was a considerable contrast between Rangel's relationship with the leader of the nation and his relationship with the leader of his home city. Rangel has referred to the alleged racism of Mayor Koch as his "character defect." With his arm around the Harlem leader, the President told reporters, "Whenever I find myself on the opposite side of an issue from Charlie, my heart goes down." Rangel said of his endorsement, "I wish I could say that this was a profile in courage." Because of all that Carter had done for New York, he said, "it was a very easy thing to do."

A CITY in which the margin of registered Democrats over registered Republicans is nearly four to one (though on the state level it is about three to two) is used to seeing more of Democrats than of Republicans at Presidential-primary time. Last fall, however, to general surprise, Ronald Reagan demonstrated that New York was worth major attention from at least one Republican contender in this election: he announced that he would formally declare his candidacy in this city. In all previous Presidential campaigns in which the former California Governor had been involved, the Republican Party in New York had been treated by Nelson Rockefeller—during and after his fifteen-year tenure as Governor of the state—as a wholly owned subsidiary. At the 1976 Republican Convention, Rockefeller, finally facing up to the hopelessness of his own long drive to reach the White House, delivered to Gerald Ford the hundred and thirty-three New York votes (out of a hundred and fifty-four) that gave him the Republican nomination, and thus—or so many Reagan supporters still devoutly believe—deprived the Republicans of victory in that year's election. A spokesman for Reagan called his choice of New York for his declaration, on November 13th, a "symbolic gesture"—that is, one that would signal the end of the state's liberal Republican tradition represented by Rockefeller. In his announcement speech, Reagan three times used a line about today's Americans' having "a rendezvous with destiny"—a phrase from an address at the 1936 Democratic Convention by Franklin D. Roosevelt, the last American President from this state. Reagan had not put the line in to ingratiate himself especially with New Yorkers. He had been using it in his standard speech, without attribution, for the past fifteen years. (When Rockefeller was asked, a few years back, what he thought of Reagan's abilities, he said, after a pause, "He has a wonderful speech.") The New York State Republican chairman, Dr. Bernard Kilbourn, an upstate dentist, had hoped to take his delegation to this year's Republican Convention uncommitted to any candidate, so as to give the New Yorkers flexibility and bargaining power, but, after years of knuckling under to Rockefeller, rebellious Reagan supporters spoiled his plans. By the first of the year, four of the five Republican chairmen in the city had committed themselves to supporting Reagan at the Convention. And last month Manhattan's Albano came out for George Bush. Because of the crucial role New York State is reputed to have played in the 1976 election, many Republican candidates, like the Democratic ones, speak sympathetically—although not always knowledgeably—of this city's financial concerns. Reagan, for example, has admitted that he did not know what fiscal strictures were imposed on the city in return for loan guarantees. And John Connally, when he is speaking to New York audiences or New York reporters, frequently points out that in 1975 he was the first major Republican to come

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out for action to save the city from bankruptcy. "The very idea that we would let a city like that default on its bonds would do irreparable harm to New York and the country as a whole," he told Bruce Drake, of the *News*, last November. While he was campaigning that month in Florida, however, he sounded less sympathetic. When a man in the crowd asked him what he would do about "those oil companies that are ripping us off," the former Texas Governor immediately demanded to know whether the questioner was really from Florida, even if he now lived there. Where had he been born and raised? Ah, in New York. "I want you to know I'm tired of you New Yorkers' ripping us off," Connally said.

SENATOR MOYNIHAN'S *Times Magazine* article of a few weeks back, entitled "What Will They Do for New York?"—an essay no less biassed than one might expect from a United States Senator representing this state—dwelt at length on the aspects of American economic history and geopolitics which had led to New York State's being required to send billions more dollars to Washington each year than it got back in grants and other federal largesse. The Senator reported that the imbalance had come to eleven billion dollars in 1978—a year when the ratio of federal taxes paid to benefits received was dramatically the reverse in many Southern and Western states. According to Moynihan, such unequal treatment, which he saw as a major cause of this city's fiscal problems of recent years, was largely the consequence of Washington's continuing to hand out funds according to formulas that were devised to deal with regional conditions in the distant past—for example, in the Reconstruction and Dust Bowl eras. Back then, when New York, like many other areas of the Northeast, was comparatively rich and mighty, it was the have-not territories of the South and the West to which the federal government felt a moral obligation to be especially generous. The old formulas, Moynihan indicated, remained in use through force of habit, because of the understandable resistance of the favored states to any change in approach, and because of the historic resentment that many non-Eastern members of Congress felt toward the big cities of the Northeast, particularly New York.

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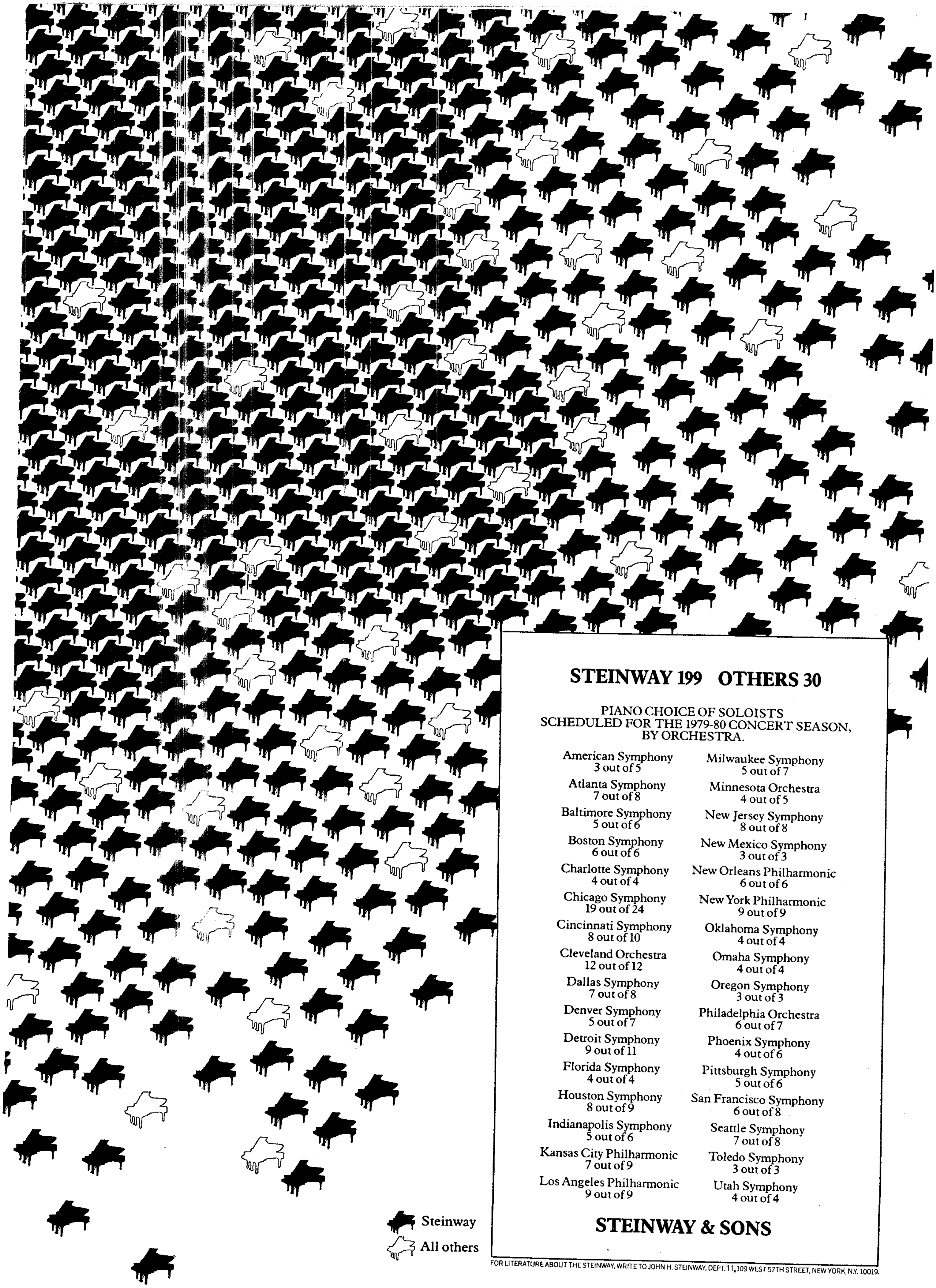

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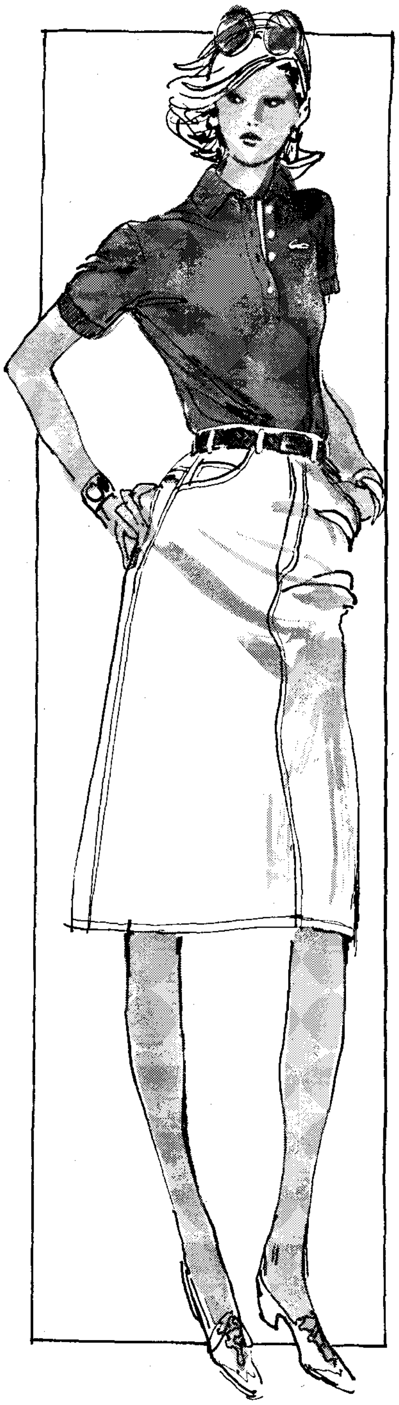

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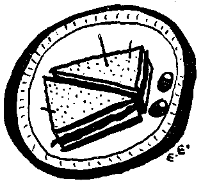
Senator held a joint press conference with City Council President Carol Bellamy, at which the two of them demonstrated, with figures prepared by Miss Bellamy's staff, that the formulas continued to be used even in the case of as recent a federal program as Medicaid. For the nation as a whole, the federal reimbursement rate averages sixty-one per cent. In the Southern states, it averages sixty-eight per cent; in the Northeast, it is fifty-five per cent; in New York, it is fifty per cent. In his *Times* article, Moynihan suggested that this year's Presidential campaign was the ideal occasion to demand that "the issue" of New York be put on the national agenda. He did not ask that it be at the top of the agenda, just that it be included among national concerns.



In some areas of the country, his suggestion was seen as one more example of New York's taking the position that its interests were more important than those of other Americans. Some readers of the article skipped his geopolitics and took it as primarily an attack on Carter for his alleged failure to be sufficiently generous to New York. Under the Carter Administration, according to the Senator, federal assistance to this state did not increase by several billion dollars, as the President's campaign aides had claimed, but, when the inflation factor was allowed for, was eleven per cent lower than that provided under Carter's Republican predecessor. And, after criticizing Herbert Hoover's passive approach to the national economic crisis of the early nineteen-thirties and hailing the "structural and fundamental" changes wrought by Franklin Roosevelt, Moynihan wrote of Carter's performance in office, "Three years have gone by, and it is as if Herbert Hoover had been succeeded—by Herbert Hoover." Although he was also hard on Kennedy, it was easy to see why the Carter forces concluded that Moynihan was deliberately supplying campaign ammunition to the President's opponents.

There is one other prominent New York Democrat whom those in the White House see as trashing the President's cause. That is Hugh Carey. In his January State of the State Message, Carey complained that New York currently faces in Washington an Administration that is "tentative" in its response to certain "essential needs." A few weeks earlier, the Governor had warned Carter of an ominous precedent. Referring to Gerald Ford's 1975 speech suggesting that New York, as a town of sinful profligates, should not ask to be rescued from bankruptcy by more worthy Americans (the speech that led to the famous "FORD TO CITY: DROP DEAD" headline in the *News*), Carey said, "There was once a President who tried to punish New York, and he isn't President anymore." Last December, in an interview in the Boston *Globe*, Carey advised both Kennedy and Carter not to take New York for granted. "This is a Republican state," he said. "It's conservative, economically speaking, and anyone who misreads that is in trouble." A few weeks later, he irritated both the Kennedy camp and the Carter camp further by saying that, the way things looked to him, it was the Republicans' year.

It is possible that this two-pronged attack could work out well for New York. The Mayor and the Lieutenant Governor would have to be rewarded by Carter for their support, and the Governor and the Senator, now acting like loose cannons—or perhaps shrewdly guided missiles—on the political scene, would eventually be persuaded to come around by dint of various adjustments and handouts that would make it easier for both the state and the city to balance their budgets. Unfortunately, it was not certain that the President could deliver on any promises that would require congressional legislation favorable to New York. Calling the Carey and Moynihan attacks on Carter's urban record "an outrage," Robert Strauss said that as he travelled around the country lobbying for the President's reëlection hardly any questions were asked about Carter's discrimination against New York. Quite the opposite, in fact. "Let me tell you one thing," he said. "The rest of the country is fed up with what this Administration has done for New York." During a Senate Banking Committee hearing the week after Moynihan's article appeared in the *Times*, its author got a similar message from Senator Proxmire. Questioning Moynihan's figures on federal aid to the city, Proxmire said, "You New Yorkers are something. New York is No. 1 at the public trough . . . and now the Junior Senator from New York comes here and says New York is being let down."

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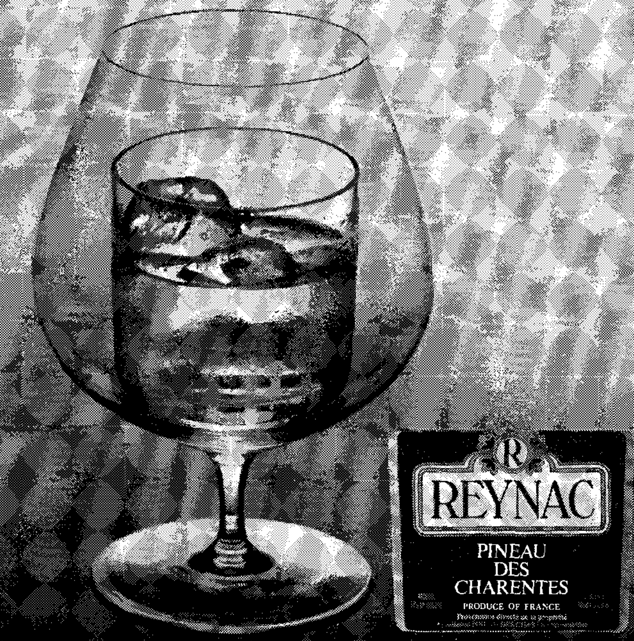

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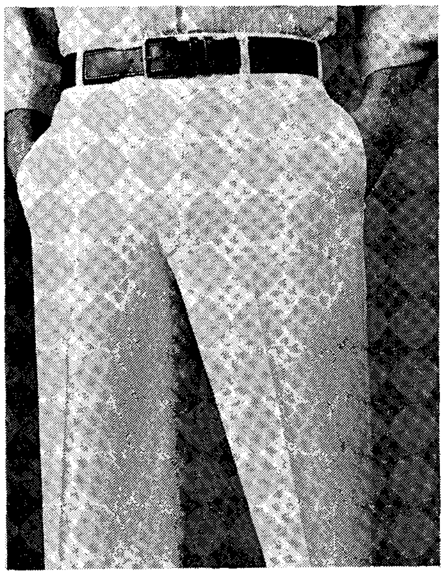

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tives from Manhattan, said of his fellow-Congressmen that he had been "stunned by the hostility toward New York." Since he became Mayor, in 1978, however, he has often commented that this hostility has been turned around, partly as the result of respect for the city's new management, as he sees it, and partly because of the "collegiality" that Congress feels for a onetime member of the New York delegation. Not much sign of such respect or collegiality was evident last month to New Yorkers who picked up the *Times* and read the headline over the lead story: "HOUSE VOTES BILLION FOR CITIES BUT CUTS SHARE FOR NEW YORK." At the top of the front page was a picture of a dark-haired young woman, who was identified as Representative Olympia J. Snowe. Despite the theory in some quarters that women are taking over the world, it is rare to find at the top of the *Times*' front page a picture of a woman unaccompanied by a husband or an employer. Searching for the reason for this uncommon recognition, readers discovered toward the bottom of page 1 that Representative Snowe, a thirty-three-year-old freshman member from Maine's Second District, had been responsible for the last part of the lead-story headline—"BUT CUTS SHARE FOR NEW YORK." She had introduced an amendment to a bill providing two hundred million dollars to cities whose employment and growth rates were below the national average. Under the terms of this so-called "targeted-assistance bill," which is part of Carter's urban program, New York State would have received fifty-two million of the two hundred million, and thirty-seven million of the fifty-two million would have gone to the city. As the result of Representative Snowe's amendment, which passed the House by a vote of 216 to 188, the amount for New York State was reduced to twenty-five million, of which the city would receive fifteen million.

All that Mrs. Snowe had had to do to deliver such a blow to this state was to pass the word around the House that her amendment would benefit every state except New York and California. The fact is that California, which has fewer cities in difficulties, had its benefits reduced only slightly, whereas those of New York were decreased by more than half. Surely it was not fair, Representative Snowe argued on the House floor, for two states that have only eighteen per cent of the population to get nearly half the bill's benefits. The House then passed

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her amendment, which specified that no state would receive more than twelve and a half per cent of the available funds. Most of the debate over the amendment was devoted to attacks on New York City. "There was no doubt that it was anti-New York legislation," said Manhattan Representative Theodore Weiss, who, fortunately, is a member of the House conference team delegated to work out a compromise with the Senate; the Senate's targeted-assistance bill had no such restrictive amendment.

Even Texas Representative Jack Brooks, who defeated similar targeted-assistance legislation single-handed when it had come before the House thirteen months earlier, noted that the peculiar result of the Snowe amendment would be that among cities with severe economic problems those in small states would receive proportionally far more help than those in more populous states. And, of course, the present property of the Sun Belt would never have come about if assistance from Washington had been distributed back in the Dust Bowl days, say, according to a formula based on state population. In another fortunate development for New York's prospects, a more contemporary reminder of the implications of the Snowe amendment came along only a few days later. The House was about to vote on a crop-insurance bill that would send forty-six per cent of the allotted funds to Texas. Queens Representative Benjamin Rosenthal quickly rose to inquire whether it was appropriate for Texas to receive nearly half the bill's benefits, especially since a majority of the Texas delegation had voted to restrict targeted assistance for any one state to twelve and a half per cent. A Texas Representative spoke eloquently of the hazards faced by farmers, whose crops could be completely wiped out by thunderstorms and hailstorms. Rosenthal commented to his colleagues that "a majority of the Texas delegation . . . did not seem to empathize with or possibly comprehend that disasters can be not only natural in terms of wind and storm and sleet." He reminded them that there are "the same kinds of inherent disasters that occur in unemployment." In the end, Rosenthal was persuaded not to introduce an amendment limiting Texas to twelve and a half per cent of the crop-insurance funds. There seemed to be a strong possibility, however, that the debate would have a beneficial effect, from the city's point of view, on mem-

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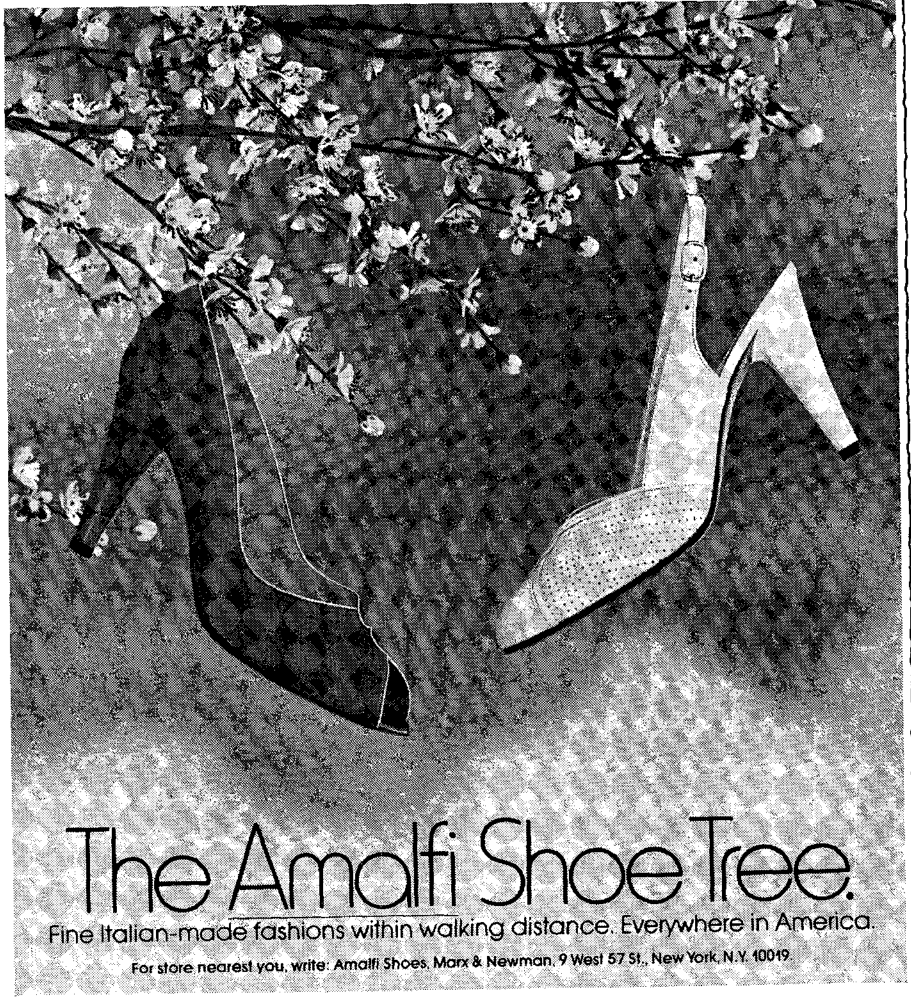

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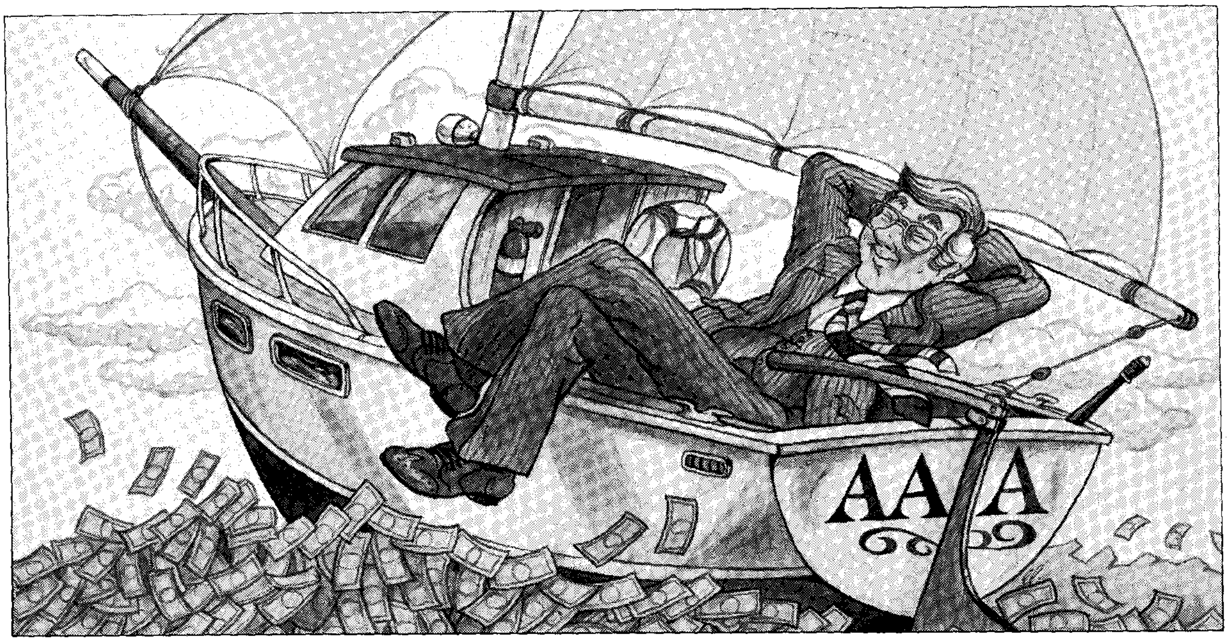

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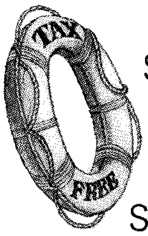

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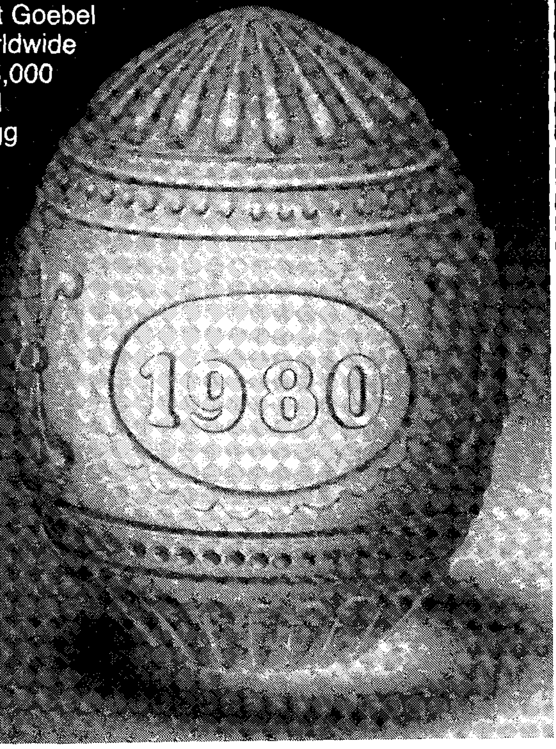
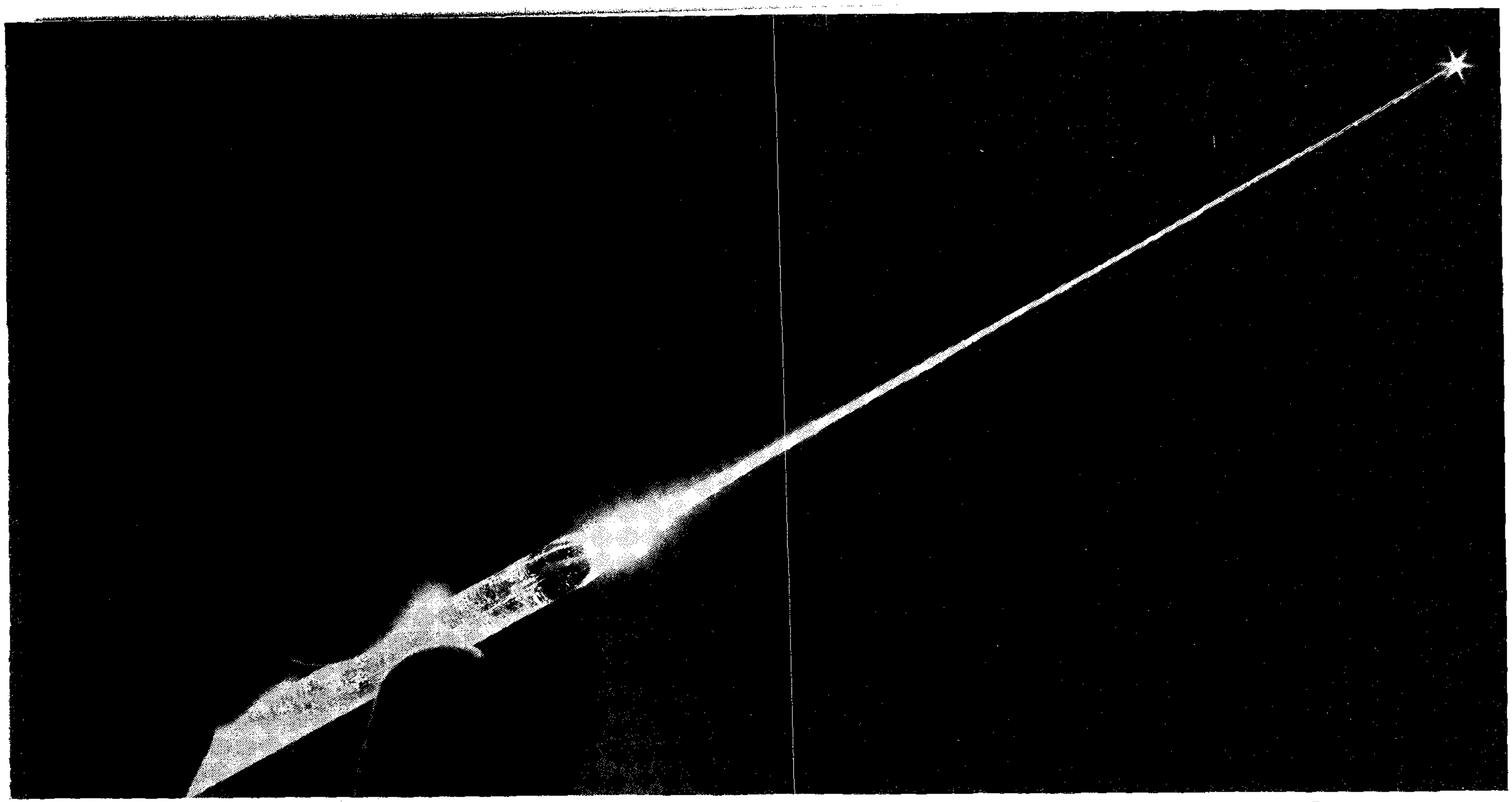


bers of Congress from the Sun Belt and from rural areas generally who would be working on the compromise targeted-assistance bill. If so, Mayor Koch's chances of getting the revenues he is counting on to balance his next budget would look brighter.

ON the local scene, the Presidential candidates of both parties are beginning to converge on the city in preparation for the primaries, but it is increasingly well understood that the results of the primaries and the election will be far less significant to New York than the results of that other event scheduled for late this month—the taking of the census. The new calculation of the city's population will, of course, affect the size of the New York delegation to the House of Representatives and to the Electoral College in future elections. At the moment, the question is whether the state will lose three Representatives or four; if it loses four, it will continue to have the second-largest number of electoral votes (the sum of the number of its Representatives plus its two Senators), but its total will be thirty-seven, far behind that of California, which is expected to gain two seats, and thus have forty-seven. In 1984, when not only New York but many of the Northern industrial states will have a smaller number of Representatives, the three Sun Belt states of California, Texas, and Florida, by themselves, will have a total of ninety-four electoral votes, or more than a third of the votes needed to win in the Electoral College—a shift of power that will inevitably be reflected in the distribution of federal funds.

While New Yorkers wait to learn the dimensions of this disaster, which will not be known for many months, they can concentrate on the problems they will face in the event of a more immediate disaster—a transit strike. Elaborate preparations are being made at City Hall to find alternative transportation for the nearly five and a half million daily riders on the city's subways and buses. One encouraging recollection is of the threatened transit strike in 1976, for which similar vast preparations were made, and which was avoided by a last-minute settlement. A member of the local team working on emergency-transportation plans at that time said, "The Normandy invasion wasn't planned this well." But then, he said, putting the Second World War in its place, in New York fashion, "it probably was not as big an operation."

—ANDY LOGAN



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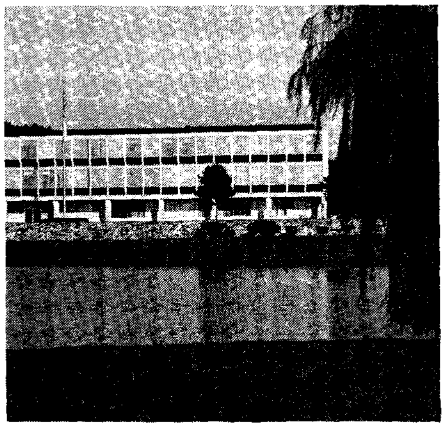

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MUSICAL EVENTS

King and Count

"RADAMISTO," Handel's first opera for the Royal Academy, performed in April, 1720, has a high reputation. The plot concerns two royal couples linked by marriage but divided by conflict. Radamistus' sister Polyxena is married to Tiridates, King of Armenia, who lusts after Radamistus' wife, Zenobia. The other characters are Tigranes, a Pontic prince, who loves Polyxena; Phraates, Tiridates' brother, who loves Zenobia; and Pharasmenes, King of Thrace, father of Radamistus and Polyxena. A Radamistus (son of a Pharasmenes), a Tiridates, and a Tigranes were successive kings of Armenia in the mid-first century; Phraates is a Parthian royal name; and some of the plot is taken from the twelfth book of Tacitus' "Annals." But "Radamisto" is a heroic, not a historical, drama, and renowned as being the first Handel opera whose libretto permitted—in Winton Dean's words—a "sustained response" on the composer's part, when he "outsoars the convention and presents us across the centuries with a great work of art;" as being a work in which "the central conflicts ring true, the different strands are skillfully woven together, and the motives of the characters . . . are reasonably clear and consistent, so that the music can develop a high emotional pressure."

All the same, in the performances I've encountered—two in the theatre, and a concert version last month in Carnegie Hall—"Radamisto" hasn't lived up to its reputation. It seems to me not as exciting as the great trio of the mid-seventeen-twenties—"Giulio Cesare," "Tamerlano," and "Rodelinda"—although there are many great things in it. Radamistus' "Ombra cara," his lament when he believes Zenobia has killed herself, deserves the praise that has been heaped on it. (Dean calls it "one of the profoundest expressions of grief in the history of opera.") Zenobia's "Quando mai spietata sorte," with its oboe obbligato over full string accompaniment, is a lovely movement. And there are many other passages in which devotion, defiance, hope, despair, ardor, rage, or resolve is memorably expressed. The characters are consistent. Their plights are credible. Nevertheless, "Radamisto"—carefully made, impressive, strong—hardly has the cumulative dramatic power of Handel's greatest operas or the exuberance of breathtaking inventions which makes so many of his operas a musical feast.

"I'm fighting the good fight."

The Carnegie performance, billed as the New York première of "Radamisto," didn't help. It was conducted by Stephen Simon, who, as music director of the Handel Society of New York, for four years did much to allay the city's Handel starvation. (The last fully professional staging here of a Handel opera was the City Opera's "Giulio Cesare" in 1972.) Then he moved his activities to Washington; and this "Radamisto" reached us from the Kennedy Center. Mr. Simon has done Handel great service, but, it must be said, he could do him greater service still if he forwent the baton and engaged an expert Handelian conductor as well as singers and players. On number after number of "Radamisto" he laid a leaden hand. At earlier Simon performances, I had sometimes heard the singers and the music break free and move and flow. At this performance, the Zenobia, Hilda Harris, and her oboist, Kathleen Golding, took charge, or so it seemed, of "Quando mai spietata sorte." But the rest was held to a plod: heavy rhythms, whether fast or slow; unnatural tempi; square-toed phrasing.

The chief pleasures of the evening were provided by the vividness of Miss Harris, a mezzo with emotional sparks in her singing, and by the fluent divisions of Nancy Shade, as Tigranes—though Miss Shade was occasionally wild. In the title role, Beverly Wolff sounded sometimes brassy, sometimes blowsy, and sometimes beautiful. The Benita Valente I heard as Polyxena was a singer whose voice lost purity of focus when it rose, whose phrasing was dull, who made nothing of the words. There must be another singer of the same name—the one I see enthusiastic reviews of and have heard on record. I hope to hear her in the flesh one day. Richard Lewis, the Tiridates, tended to shout. In the cadet roles, Linda Mabbs, the Phraates, and Kenneth Bell, the Pharasmenes, were passable. It was interesting to hear Handel's original score. He composed it for a soprano Radamistus, Margherita Durastanti (Miss Wolff, a mezzo, was taxed by the tessitura, and lowered one of the arias), and a tenor Tiridates, a Mr. Gordon. There were three Britons in his cast, and two of the male roles were taken by women. In De-

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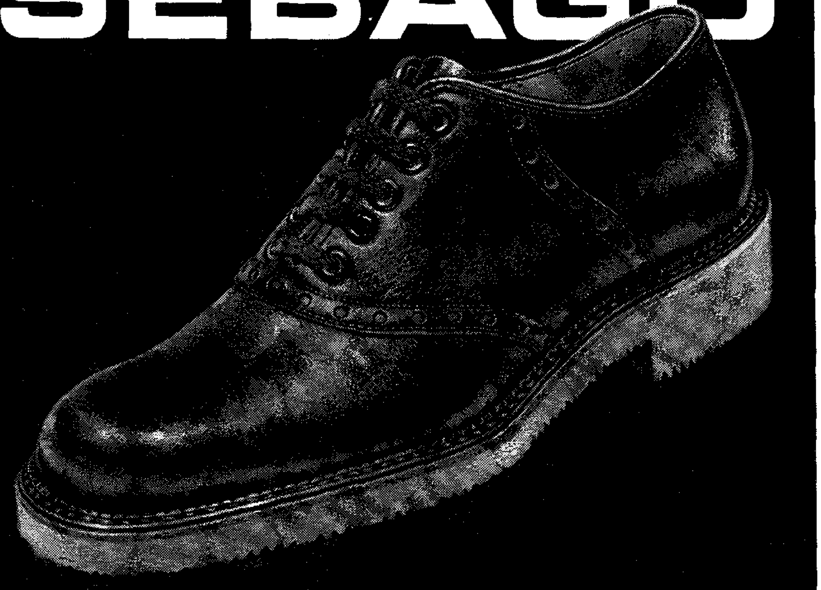

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cember, 1720, Handel recomposed the opera, writing much of the music afresh, for an all-Italian cast in which the great alto castrato Senesino took the title role, Durastanti moved to Zenobia, and the wide-ranging bass Giuseppe Maria Boschi was Tiridates. This second "Radamisto" is what we usually hear today. As a rule, the second—and any subsequent—versions of Handel operas, rejigged for a new cast, are less strong than the originals. His dramas took shape in the medium of the singers he had available; later, it was a question of adjustments, of fitting in the newcomers. But "Radamisto" may be an exception: Senesino and Boschi, as the magnificent new arias composed for them make clear, were a potent source of inspiration.

Eight of the twenty-nine arias were omitted and three were abridged. That's generous measure for a modern Handel revival. (In London's latest production of "Giulio Cesare," at the English National Opera, with Janet Baker as Caesar, eleven arias were omitted and three were abridged.) But it was not a good idea to redivide the three acts as two, dropping in a single interval after "Ombra cara." Handel's sense of act structure, musically and emotionally, was sure, and he knew what kind of number made a good finale. I hope that when the City Opera revives "Giulio Cesare" it uses a strong and sound edition.

THE City Opera's spring season opened with "Le Comte Ory," a production new last fall. "Ory," Rossini's penultimate opera and only French comedy, is a bewitching work when it is properly done and an attractive work even when, as here, the performance lacks grace and wit. The City Opera production is derived from one given three years ago by Opera Theatre of St. Louis; the New York version is bigger but not better. Christopher Alden's coarse direction is based on stale, stock devices of the comic stage, not on high-spirited and subtle observation of these characters or this particular score. The overture is treated as accompaniment to a pantomime. The level of taste and sensitivity may be judged from the parody of the Eucharist in Act II. The "pious sisters"—lusty young men who have gained entrance to the Countess's castle disguised as nuns—are caught with a bottle of wine. Ory, in his garb as Sœur Colette, quickly consecrates it and elevates it before his companions. A little later, the "joke" is resumed as the "nuns" kneel in line to receive a

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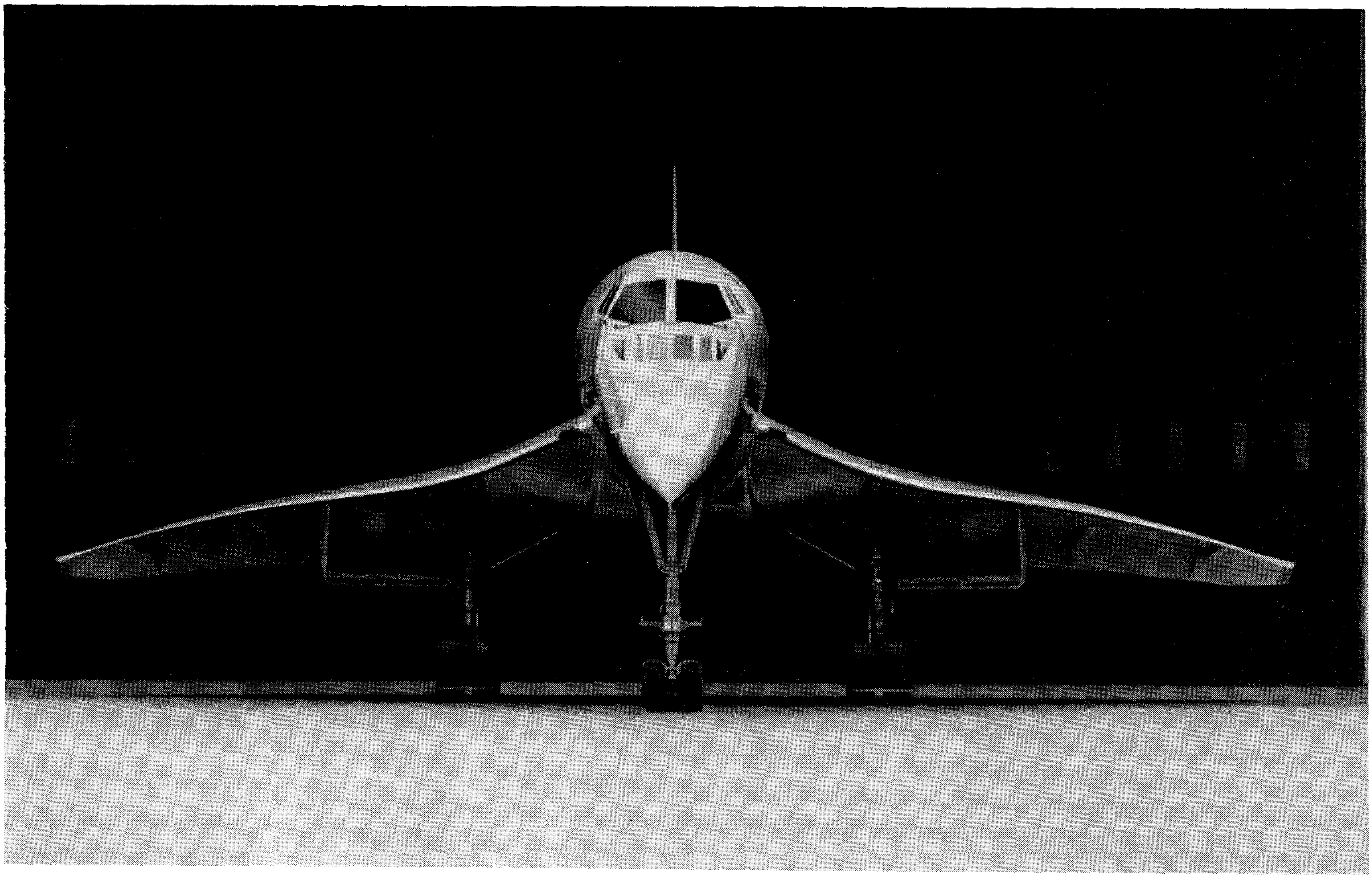

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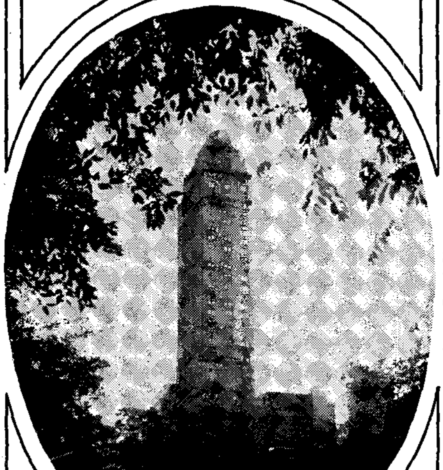

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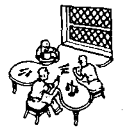
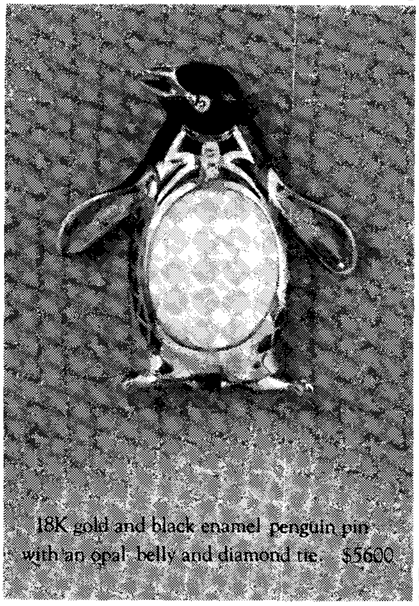
mock Host. On the nineteenth-century Italian stage, sacraments could not be represented: hence all those marriages performed by notaries, not priests; the stage directions for Verdi's "I Lombardi" carefully avoid specific mention of the baptism clearly implied by the action and the score. We are less nice today, but even those whose faith is not offended by Mr. Alden's lark may find that their sense of fitness is.

St. Louis has a thrust stage; on it Paul Steinberg, the designer, placed a colorful, cuddly castle, a pleasant piece of soft art. He has framed and draped the State Theatre stage in deepest black and palled the comedy. Within this funereal box is a two-dimensional arcade that must serve for both the countryside of Act I and the bedroom of Act II. A toy castle is there again, but within the arcade it loses its point and it seems to be a less embraceable model. Gilbert Hemsley's lighting is low through the merry opening assemblies. When it brightens at the Countess's entry, well into the act, and when a night sky is revealed in the last scene of all, one's spirits lift.

The Countess was Gianna Rolandi, and in the cabaletta of her aria she produced two flights of coloratura whose rapidity recalled that of Rosalia Chalia and Maria Galvany, singers who made records early in this century. Rapidity is not all, but it is good to be astonished—in an apt place, as the Countess's cabaletta is—by virtuosity. Elsewhere, she was uneven, sometimes sweet and shapely, sometimes peaky. She hasn't got the role quite right yet and needs direction. The Ory was Rockwell Blake, fluent as ever in divisions but disappointing in timbre until he reached the trio, whose long opening strophe he sang exquisitely. He proved no kind of actor. Isolier (Faith Esham), Raimbaud (David Holloway), and the Tutor (Samuel Ramey) all had good voices, but again misdirection or lack of direction kept them from making much of their roles. The conductor, Imre Pallo, seemed content to let the recitatives be sung in 4/4, not as pointed dialogue. For example, Miss Esham gave to each syllable of the phrase "the proud disdain that flames in your bright eyes" the same length and the same stress. (Try saying it that way.) Tom Hammond's English translation got in the way of the music as it didn't seem to in London, where the opera has been in the repertory for seventeen years. Mr. Pallo's handling of the miraculous instrumental writing was workaday. The City Opera is usually careful about de-





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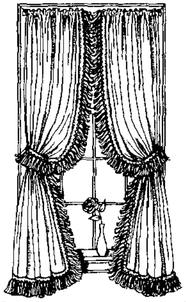

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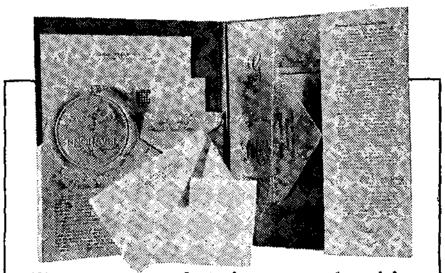

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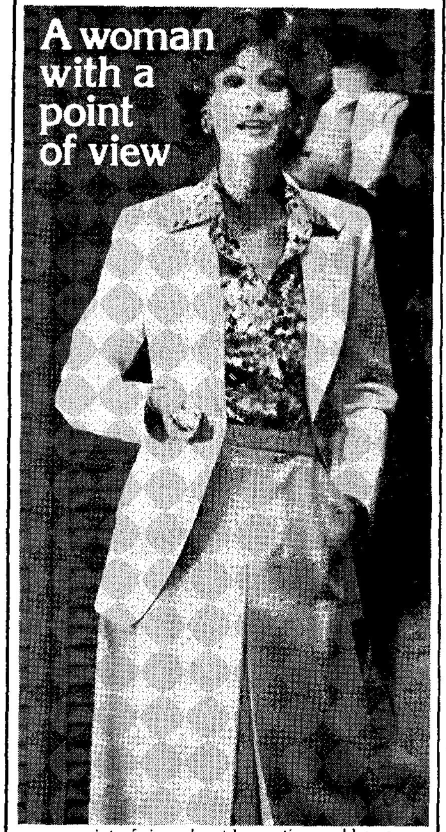

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tails, but in this show Dame Ragonde, the castle portress, wore elaborate eye makeup, Isolier's cheeks were painted with brown streaks, and the men's wigs were sorry things.

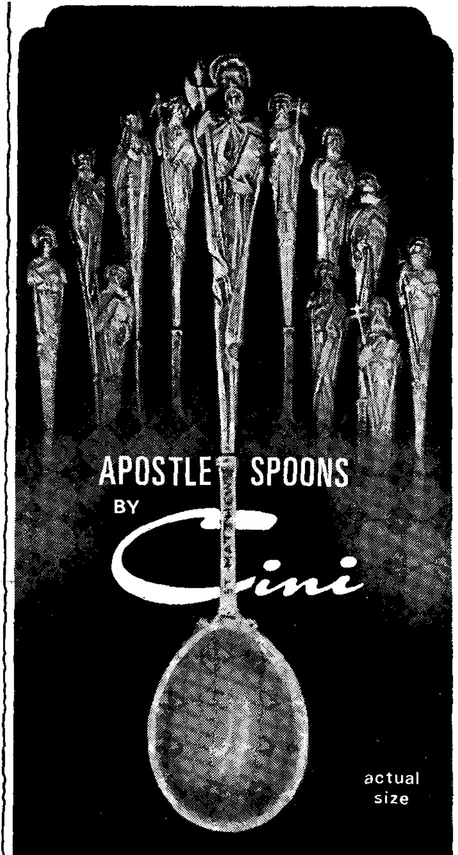
—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Spaced Out

STEVE REICH brought his three most recent works to Carnegie Hall last month. "Music for a Large Ensemble" (written for the 1979 Holland Festival) and "Octet" (commissioned by Radio Frankfurt) were heard for the first time in this country; "Variations for Winds, Strings and Keyboards" was given its world première in a small-scale version, for twenty-five players. (The full orchestral version will be premièred by the San Francisco Symphony under Edo de Waart in May.) The concert was an extraordinary experience: exhilarating, engrossing, hypnotizing, disorienting. The three works lasted about an hour, but they might have lasted twelve hours or two minutes, so disruptive is Reich's music of any normal sense of time. The listener is confronted by what seems at first like a fixed mass of sound whirling around a static center. The rhythmic shapes, the volume, the repeated flashes of melody seem unchanging. But as one is drawn into the music's state of suspended animation one begins to hear that things are changing all the time. Patterns are developing, and their relationships are being modified; the resulting shapes are different. The loud, bright sounds that give the music its momentum become only a background to the intricate, shifting structures that give it its real life.

One might have similar reactions to most of Reich's music. What is striking about the three new pieces is that so much more than usual is happening. In the late sixties and early seventies, Reich was developing his theory that music could display a gradual process of change as an end in itself: "I am interested in perceptible processes. I want to be able to hear the process happening through the sounding music." The works of this period are obsessively limited in their timbre and harmony: "Violin Phase," which uses either violin and pre-recorded tape or four violins; "Four Organs," for electric organs and maracas; and, notably, "Drumming," for different groups of percussion instruments with voices. There is really nothing happening in this music besides the exploration of



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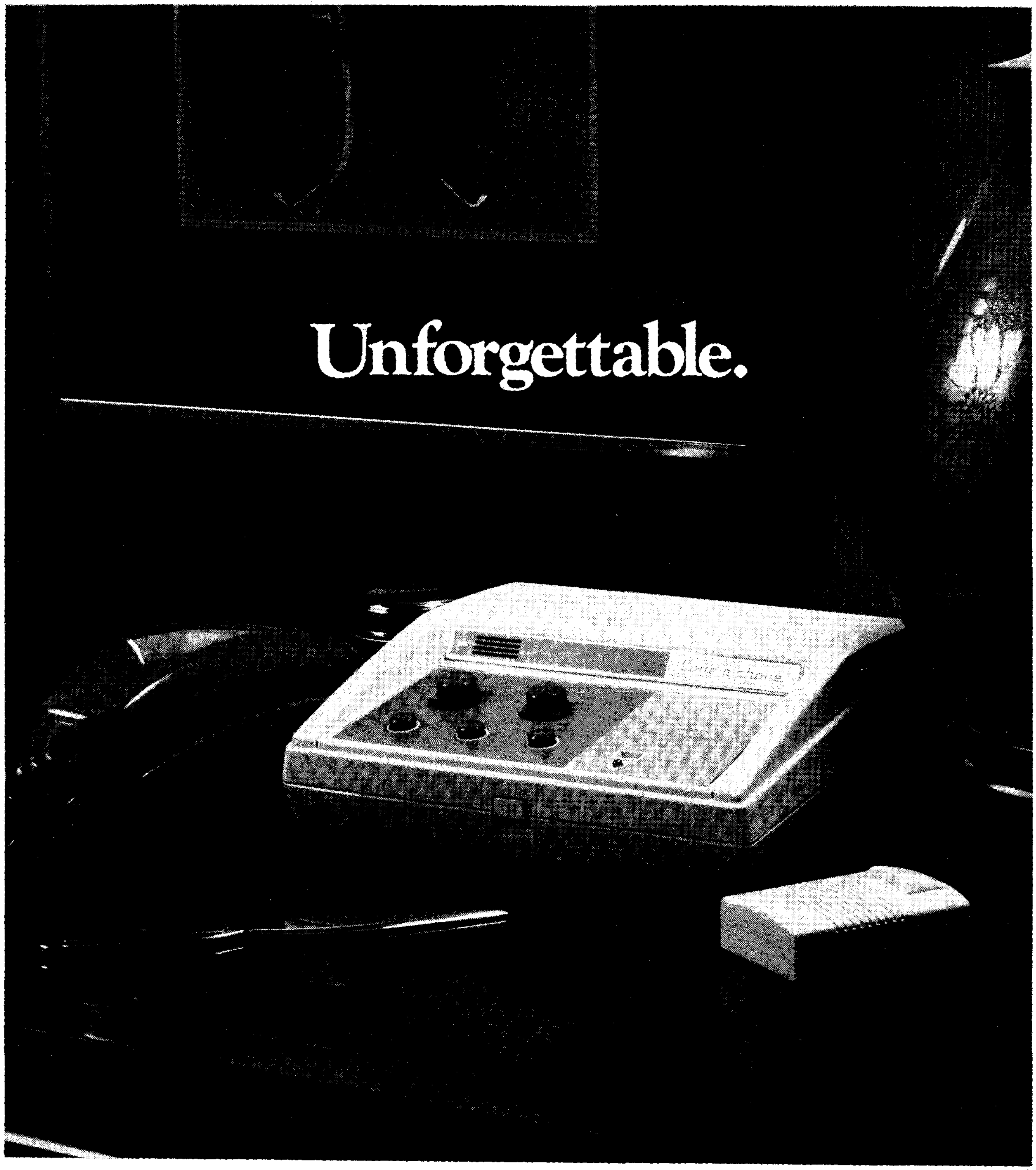

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a single rhythmic motif, "phased" through a multitude of relationships with itself. On the shorter pieces, one can concentrate intellectually, as one might on a crossword. Through the hour and a half of "Drumming," I find myself becoming mesmerized, letting my mind wander freely around the music. In later works, Reich developed the scope of his "processes," and in "Music for Eighteen Musicians," of 1976, he wrote a piece of unexpected kaleidoscopic variety. As he noted, "there is more harmonic movement in the first five minutes . . . than in any other complete work of mine to date." Reich here included a wider range of instruments than before: violin, cello, clarinets, and voices as well as pianos and percussion. "Music for Eighteen Musicians" lasts nearly an hour, but it has a color and an over-all sense of planning which make it compelling.

The recent works consolidate and develop these advances excitingly: it is as if Reich the experimenter, the scientific explorer of new methods of making sound into music, had stood back from his discoveries and used them in a different, overtly expressive context. In "Variations," there are perpetually changing sounds even on the surface: a choir of oboes and electric organs exchanges material with a group of flutes, pianos, and electric organs. The music's progress is marked by brass chords, sounding the harmonies on which the pulsation is based; the effect is almost impressionistic, a hazy cloud of sound billowing around the furious activity of winds and pianos. Far more than in any other Reich score, we know where we are at any given point: the structure is clear, the harmonic progression noticeable. Brass enters only in the first and the last of the three sections; the writing becomes generally more elaborate as the variations develop. Here, it seems to me, the sense of abandonment which Reich's music demands of the listener is ideally balanced with a variety of sounds and processes that keep the ear engaged and the mind active.

In "Octet" (which requires ten musicians instead of eight if the wind players are *not* as versatile as Virgil Blackwell and Mort Silver, who in Reich's group double on clarinets and flutes), Reich has transposed some of his innovations back onto conventional instruments: two pianos weave virtuosic, exhausting tapestries of sound while the winds have surprisingly long, repetitious melodies and the violins scratch ostinato, overlapping chords. Different sections are elided: the progress of the

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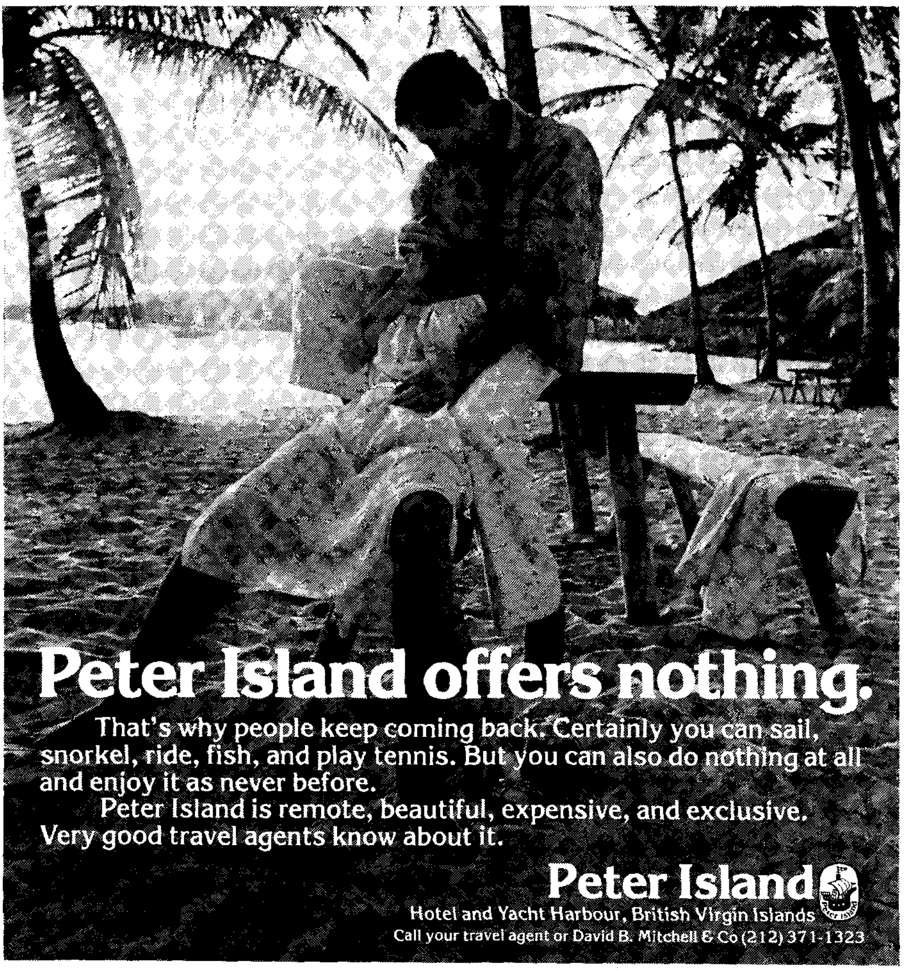
patterns and the changes of timbre form a kind of counterpoint. Of "Music for a Large Ensemble," Reich says in a program note that it is organized in a sequence of four arch-forms, each of which contains short, then longer, then shorter melodic phrases. I didn't hear this shape; the simple, expressive result was that of ebb and flow, of waves advancing and receding. There are thirty players, including four trumpeters whose phrase lengths are determined by the comfortable duration of a human breath—a new feature, in which Reich has recently taken an interest as a way of pacing his music naturally, not mechanically.

Important to the success of these new pieces were the concentrated and committed performances by Reich's group. A special kind of musician is needed to submerge his individual skill and personality in the machinelike regularity (and carefully worked irregularity) of these scores. In the program book, Reich thanked his musicians for "extensive rehearsal time;" even in the large ensemble work, which uses more musicians than any of Reich's previous pieces, the instrumentalists displayed an uncanny identity of purpose and shared understanding of the music. Carnegie Hall was packed with an untypical audience, which cheered the performers to the rafters. On whatever level one heard it, this concert provided a reassurance: in an age (not the first in music's history) when most musical language has become remote from its intended listeners, Reich has created an original kind of sound which appears to communicate meaning and feeling to any open-minded hearer. There is a touch of naïveté in its bubbling, smiling, rainbow-colored world: his music aims to attract, not to argue. But it manages to be pleasing and substantial and unusual at the same time.

RECENT concerts in Tully Hall by the New York Renaissance Band, the Ensemble for Early Music, and Guido's Other Hand have featured English music of the late sixteenth or the seventeenth century. The most adventurous, though not the most successful, was the Renaissance Band's program "England's Grand Masque Tradition." The seventeenth-century masque was indeed grand. Magnificent designs by Inigo Jones for sets and costumes of court masques of the early seventeenth century survive, as do the texts of Ben Jonson. But opportunities for scenic extravagance are limited in Tully Hall. Music for the masques is more problematical: many short frag-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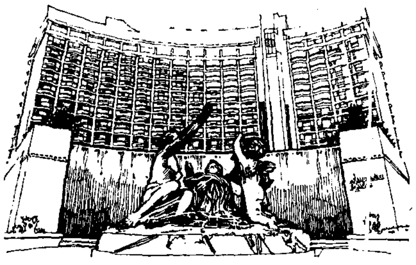

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ments and isolated songs survive, but these do not allow us to imagine how the complex and ritualistic structure of the masque was realized. For dance—of all features of the masque the most important—contemporary evidence is exceptionally slender; there is plenty of impressionistic description but little precise instruction.

Yet, inevitably, it was the music and dance of the masque on which the Renaissance Band chose to concentrate. (A little of Jonson's verse was spoken by Kenneth Bell.) Accepting the fragmentary nature of the survivals, the group provided a few extracts: from Jonson's "Hymenaei" (music probably by Alfonso Ferrabosco), with singing and dancing; from Wilham Davenant's "Britannia Triumphans" (music by William Lawes), with singing alone; and from Jonson's "The Masque of Queens," with dancing alone. From the music of the first two, thirty years apart, it was possible to gain some impression of how the free, recitative-style song developed through its use in the masque—though the performances were amiable rather than dramatic. From the dancing, it was scarcely possible to gain any impression. The Court Dance Company of New York is a small group, which is clearly working with praiseworthy care to develop an authentic style of Jacobean dance. But there was nothing here of the grandeur and fire and fantasy of which one reads. Instead, there was polite, nice attention to detail. Masque dances demand high skill—both the parody dances of witches, sailors, or country bumpkins, which formed the "antimasque," and the central display dances, which preceded communal dancing by the whole court. This company's "Antimasque of Witches" was feeble. In "Memoirs of a Ballet Master," Michel Fokine asked, "Did our ancestors dance thus?" I felt inclined to amend his answer: "If my imagination is any criterion, that is *not* exactly how they danced."

In the late seventeenth century, the masque survived as an interpolation in drama. Purcell's "The Fairy Queen" was based by Elkanah Settle on the text of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but the main musical contributions are confined to the end-of-act masques, which are irrelevant to Shakespeare's plot. These masques were the basis of the Ensemble for Early Music's selection of music from "The Fairy Queen;" there was also a generous sampling of the instrumental preludes and symphonies. Frederick

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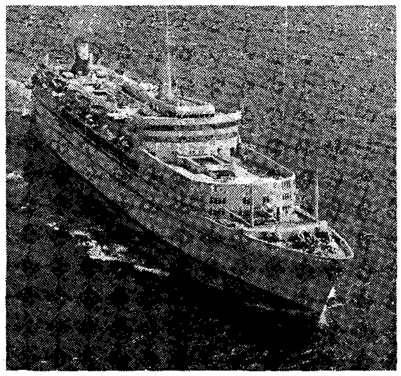

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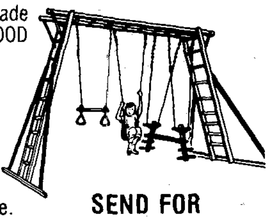

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Renz had assembled a lively "Grande Bande" of baroque instruments, which played with a stylishness and spirit that compensated for a lack of sophistication. The principal violinist, Jean Lamon, led the group well; I missed a keen edge in the playing of the inner parts (which carry Purcell's most delicious harmonic twists and clashes). Mr. Renz drove some of the music too hard—the Act V Symphony need not sound like a fairground organ, even with *notes inégales*—but for much of it he caught a firm, sprightly gait. The solo singers were tasteful, cleanly voiced, but wan in tone (though Julianne Baird had a lovely sound when the pitch was controlled, and Wilbur Pauley was a sturdy bass). The soloists formed the tiny chorus, and that meant that many highlights of the score were omitted. The companion performance of "Come ye sons of art away" was hurried but jolly; James Bowman and Peter Becker, blustery in "Sound the trumpet," were allowed an exquisite encore from John Blow's "Ode on the Death of Mr. Henry Purcell."

I wish all concerts of early music were as stylistically confident and as well planned as this Purcell evening. Guido's Other Hand, in a concert predictably titled "The Golden Age of English Music," had almost everything wrong: sober viol consorts were played on baroque violins and cello, and that changed their character completely; lute songs were sung with operatic fervor to a barely discernible accompaniment; Morley's specifically instrumental version of Dowland's "Lachrymae" had its vocal line put back in; dreary music by William Cobbold and Elway Bevin provided a strange representation of the "golden age." There was one saving grace—the harpsichordist Robert Wolinsky's crisp, brilliant account of Morley's "Nancie"—but, for the rest, it looked as if Guido's hand knew not what his Other Hand was doing.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

•

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[*Paul Gibson in Forbes, May 28, 1979*]

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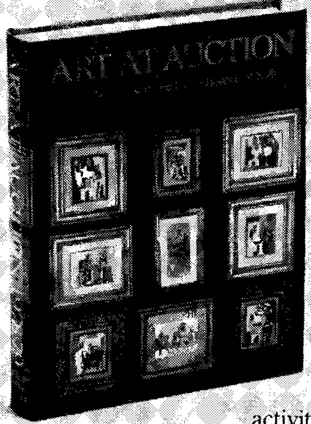

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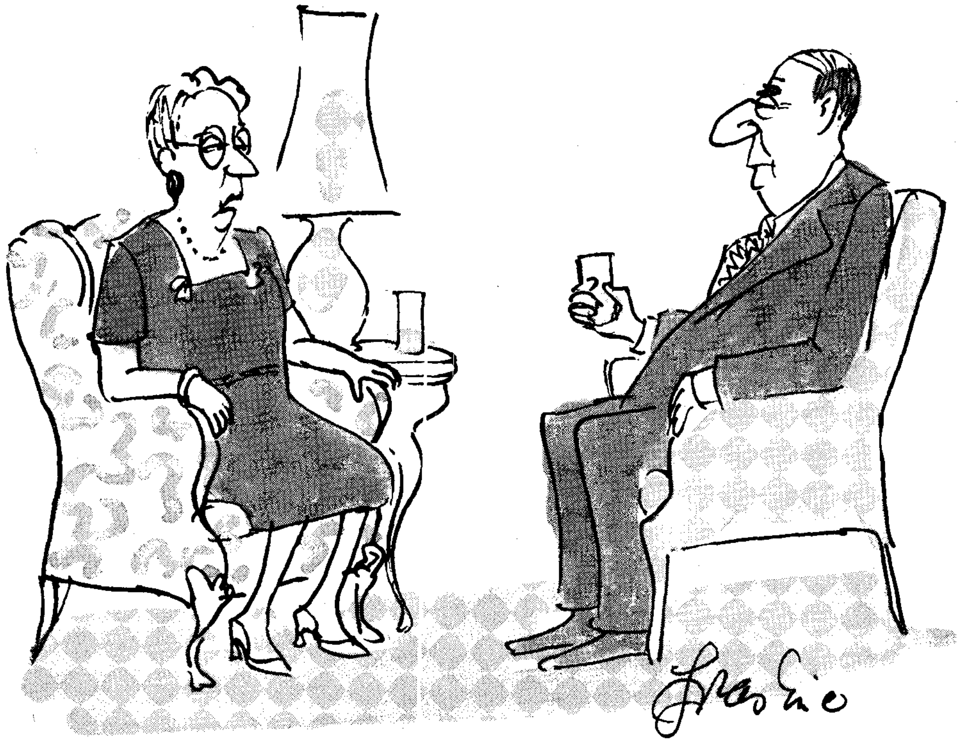
Simon and Philly

EARLY on in "Simon," a comedy written and directed by Marshall Brickman, we attend a college psychology class where Alan Arkin is addressing eight or nine students scattered about a big, steeply banked classroom, which echoes with the maniacally enthusiastic sounds of his lecture and the numbing contrapuntal silence of his students. He is Simon Mendelssohn, a forty-year-old untenured prof who is eclectic above all, having drifted in and out of fourteen majors as an undergraduate before uneasily settling upon his field. "And when the planet runs out of food and water and air, what do we *do*?" he cries. "We turn the planet into a spaceship! Move the planet to another solar system, where they *have* food and water, see? You make the leap—from 'bringing food and water' to 'going *to* food and water.'. . . It could happen! Anything could happen!" Alight with ideas and silliness, he is stalking about on the platform like a visionary chimpanzee. "You can move the world with an idea! Wittgenstein said, 'I do not know what I do not know.' Fantastic, eh?" He starts to repeat the Wittgenstein gem in strangled, reverent tones, when a woman student puts her hand up. "Er—" she mutters irritably, "is this going to be on the *final*?"

"Simon" is an amiable, consistently funny movie made for people who can laugh at Wittgenstein jokes, or who are eager to consider the possibility that the Nielsen ratings for the past few years have been secretly controlled by five brilliant but absolutely coo-coo scientists at the "Institute for Advanced Concepts," and that the same group worked with the Chinese to arrange the Nixon switch ("The Nixon we sent to China in 1972 is not the one we got back"), and so forth. The Institute's leader is Becker (Austin Pendleton), a whispery, superior-looking executive loony who encourages his colleagues in each new mangled concept or runaway train of thought they may happen upon. In one lab, for instance, we observe the small, scarily smiling Van Dongen (Wallace Shawn) conducting a genetic-mutation experiment upon an unhappy subject wired up in a chair, who is being shown alternate slides of cockroaches and semi-dressed women. As each girl flashes onto the screen, the subject writhes under a jolt of electricity. "If we could crossbreed a human with a roach," Van Dongen explains musingly, "we'd have a species that would last *ten billion* years! The first step in breeding, of course, is mutual attraction." Given this set and setting, there is no need to explain in any detail why the group goes on to decide that it might be interesting to convince everyone in the United States that an extraterrestrial citizen from the neighborhood of the constellation Orion has landed among us, or how it convinces the victim selected for the role (Simon, of course, picked out by a computer) that his mother was a spaceship and that he himself is a recipe, or perhaps a toaster.

The special pleasure of "Simon" is that all this is done in such a light, modest, witty manner that the picture is rarely hemmed in by its rather stiff, far-out framework. The jokes come quickly and in such profusion that we sense that several of them have probably just buzzed right past us, as unnoticed and powerful as pi mesons, and only when the picture pauses for a sustained comic sequence do we have time to appreciate its joyful foolishness, as in a scene in which Simon has just been removed from a sensory-deprivation tank where he has spent a hundred and ninety-seven consecutive hours, with the result that his brain has lost five hundred million years of evolution. In the ensuing five minutes, Mr. Arkin recapitulates all of phylogeny, beginning with some plankton-like movements of one finger and ascending through the amphibian and primate stages, man's discovery of his own sexuality, the invention of language (a peculiar, ancient set of sounds: Arkinian, perhaps), agriculture (a harvest dance), and—faster and faster—the arrival of the concept of death, the Industrial Revolution, cities, crowding, anxiety, repression, neurosis, guilt, and (for us, watching) hilarity and collapse. This level of comic inspiration is impossible to sustain for ninety minutes, of course, and "Simon" is a bit less dancing and dazzling in its latter passages, when Simon is rescued by his girlfriend, Lisa (the appealing, bright-looking Judy Graubart), and there is a lot of inevitable scurrying about and hiding from the heavies. But the picture is sustained from first to last by its troupe of excellent comic actors, who include Max Wright (as a thin, hand-rubbing scientist with a quasar-like voice), Fred Gwynne (as a big, Buck Turgidson-dumb general), Madeline Kahn, and William Finley. I liked them all so much that I was a little disconcerted that anybody (least of all dear Austin Pendleton) had to get his comeuppance, however much deserved.

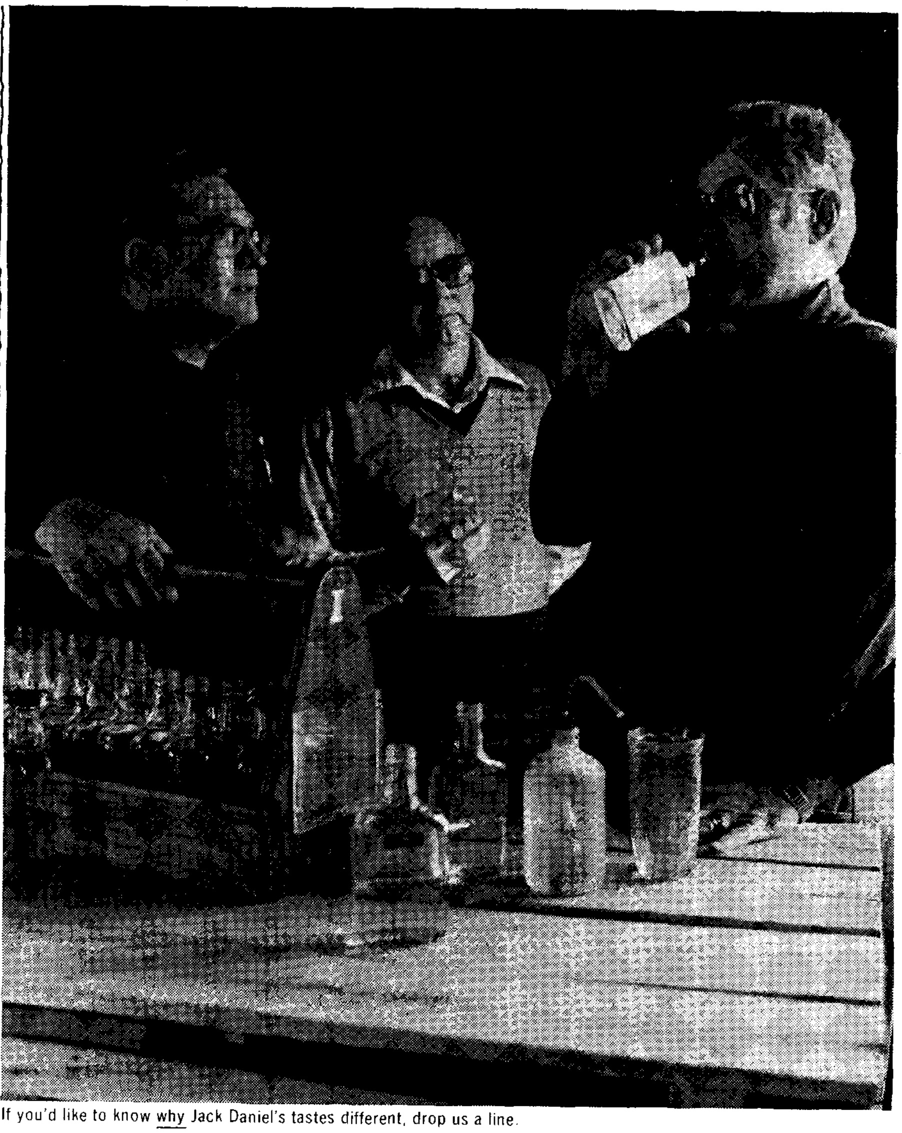
Marshall Brickman was a collaborator with Woody Allen on the celebrated screenplays of "Sleeper," "Annie Hall" (for which they won an Oscar), and "Manhattan," and a lot of movie hounds are probably going to



"I wish you could agree with me without gritting your teeth."

start sniffing around the socks and footprints of "Simon" in search of Derivations and Influences. They will perhaps be surprised (or *not* surprised; who knows?) to find that this picture does confirm its lineage, bearing some likeness around the mouth to Grandpa Murfree and unmistakably possessing Aunt Tessie's laughing gray eyes. This picture resembles "Sleeper" a bit in plot and tone, and its concerns—the triumph of the second-rate at every level—are not quite fresh, either, being the same depressing, inevitable concerns that all of us, moviemakers and moviegoers, have in these second-rate times. Intelligent, serious humor of this nature flatters us wonderfully, for it suggests that each of us is a Simon Mendelssohn, on the point of embarking upon some cockeyed, splendid action against the encroaching armadas of schlock. At the same time, and at the risk of sounding ungrateful to both Woody Allen and Marshall Brickman (who is said to be a human being in his own right), I will whisper my wish that the comedy of social irritation would no longer give us the kind of gags that center on Muzak, sanitized paper strips on toilet seats, or putting politicians into cone-shaped party hats. "Simon" is not as relentlessly funny as some of its ancestors—it doesn't try to shoot you down with gags—which may be to its advantage. The variation in flavor may also have something to do with the difference between Woody Allen and Alan Arkin as superior comic actors. I can't see Woody Allen or anyone else deriving the same tone or quality of laugh from the moment in "Simon" when Lisa approaches Simon in the sterile-lab chamber where he has been incarcerated and he pulls back in horror, crying, "This is my *garment!*" But who cares? The operative word here is "pleasure." "Simon" is a fresh, smart, delectably funny picture. Catch it.

PHILLY is fifty-two. He likes to wash the dishes, and he does a great job with the pots and pans. He can count to ten (with considerable difficulty), and he can tell black from red. He loves to sing, and his favorite song is "The Anniversary Waltz." He is cheerful and agreeable most of the time, with a sweet, open smile and an eager way of responding "Yeah!" to most questions. He is affectionate, and often plants a quick kiss on the shoulder or arm of someone he cares for; when he is sad or unsettled, he likes it if someone holds his hand. If he is excited about something, he talks rapidly



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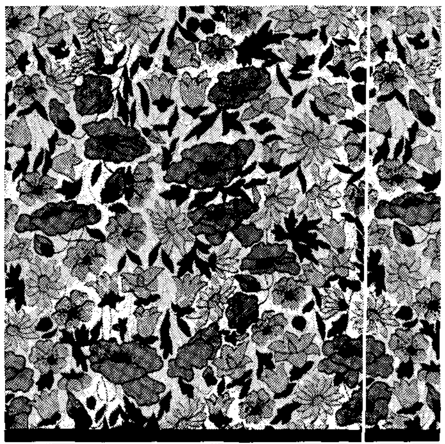

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and sometimes loudly, and it is hard to understand everything he says. He lives in a cramped, modest apartment in Queens with his parents, Max and Pearl, who are in their seventies, and he likes to go to Waldbaum's with his mother when she does the grocery shopping. Philly, who has been mentally retarded since birth, is the subject and hero of a thrilling documentary movie, "Best Boy," which was made by his cousin, the movie and television director and producer Ira Wohl. (He is in charge of the children's TV series "The Big Blue Marble.") As I have described it, the movie sounds like a case history, but in fact it involves us intensely, shot by shot, in an extended adventure, which was Ira Wohl's successful effort, begun more than three years ago, to make Philly more independent and self-sufficient, so that he would be able to survive his parents' decline and demise. The picture covers most of those three years, and by the time it ends Max has died—we see Philly's mother and his sister Frances telling him the news—and Pearl, at seventy-five, is ill and frail, but Philly (who has begun to attend a special day school and has then gone off to a sleep-away summer camp and training center) has just moved into a small residence community for people like him, where he will probably pass the rest of his life. He has triumphed.

"Best Boy" is a delicate, open film about a difficult, closed-away subject, and our emotions are so involved in its every scene that we wonder if our retrospective pleasure about the movie may not be sentimental. I don't think it is. The picture is never tough or falsely hearty; it does not "speak plainly" about mental retardation; there are no data in it; and Ira Wohl does not seem to intend us to feel either good or bad about Philly and his life and his family. He has been so calm and thoughtful and intelligent in shooting (the excellent camerawork is by Tom McDonough) and editing this film that it imposes a sense of assurance about its honesty and the validity of our feelings for it. One of my feelings is that it is, above all, a picture about a family. This time, the intrusive, deadly documentary camera and its invisible room-crowding crew have been disarmed, so we never experience that awful sinking conviction that the people up there on the screen have begun to explain or act out their lives for our benefit, or, even more horrible, to make their lives *entertaining*. The main reason for this sense of relief is that Ira Wohl is important to the

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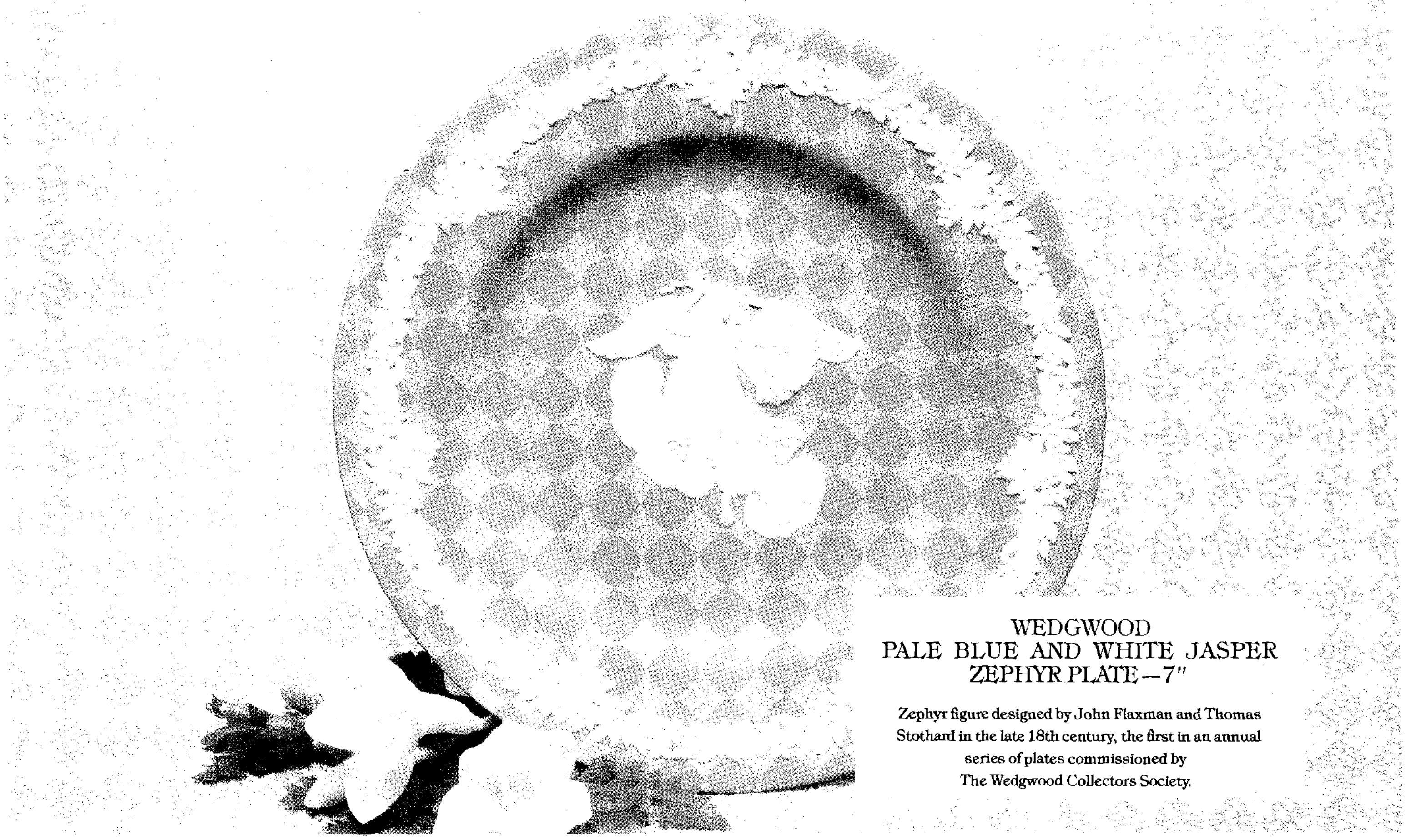

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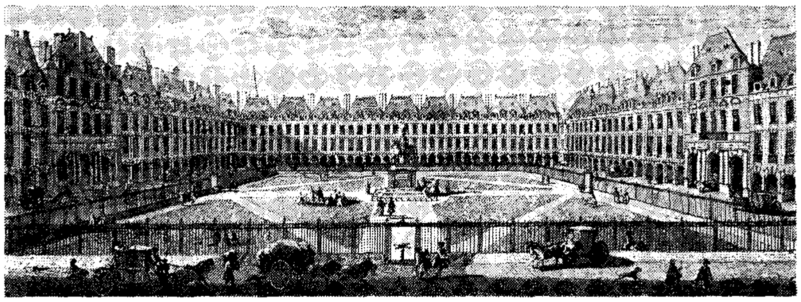
family as well as to the picture; we see him and his friend Christine taking Philly to the Bronx Zoo, on the first real outing of Philly's life, and Ira is often heard or addressed during family conversations or discussions, even when he is out of sight behind the camera. Then, late in the story, he sits down at the kitchen table with Pearl, shortly after her husband has died, and gently persuades her that it is important now for Philly to move away and into the residence cottage, while there is still time for him to do so with her support—while she is still alive. "I never thought it would come to this," she says sadly, but she knows he is right. At the very beginning of "Best Boy," however, it is Philly himself who makes us feel at home in the picture, because of his own attitude toward the camera; he accepts it cheerfully enough, but now and then he can't suppress his curiosity, and his face looms up, gigantic and out of focus, in one corner of the screen, where he seems to inspect and wonder about us, even as we are doing the same thing in reverse. It's a terrific laugh.

Families probably can't be explained without sounding patronizing, and the special qualities of "Best Boy" are best suggested in glimpses: A doctor who is testing Philly asking him to imitate various small physical movements with his hands and fingers (most of which he cannot do), while Max and Pearl, in the background, look on with worn, unhopeful faces; then the doctor asks Philly to jump up and down, and his parents break into wry smiles and cry, "*That* he can do!" in unison. The silent, semi-invalid Max looking at Philly, all dressed up for his very first day at his special school, and murmuring, "You're the cat's whiskers. You're the cat's meow." A delicate young mongoloid woman at the school dancing with a large young man who has wordlessly approached her and put out his arms; she looks over his shoul-

Anne Burgess



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der, spots someone she knows, and then nods toward her partner and *slyly revolves one forefinger in the air* next to her head. Philly loping with pleasure down a Greenwich Village street to a delicatessen for ice cream, on his first solo errand, and passing a grinning, delighted schoolmate on the way back with *his* purchase. Philly backstage at "Fiddler on the Roof," meeting the late Zero Mostel, and Zero inviting Philly to sing one of Philly's favorite songs, "If I Were a Rich Man," with him in a duet. Philly, tan and happy at camp, loudly singing "As Time Goes By" (he does not understand the lyrics, or even the individual words, of the songs in his repertoire, but he imitates their sound with great accuracy), and we in the audience noticing for the first time how feeble his parents—they are visiting for the day—have become, and then suddenly also noticing that Philly now has white hair at his temples. The family has grown older, but a lot has happened, and we have seen it all.

No one can say that Philly Wohl is lucky, but "Best Boy" (which has just been nominated for an Academy Award) conveys intimations of special kinds of good fortune attending him, not the least of which are his own sweetness and sociability. The teachers and camp counsellors and residence attendants who surround him once he begins his outward steps (they are all employees of the New York chapter of the Association for the Help of Retarded Children, which also supervises the small, attractive community residence hall where Philly now lives) are skilled and professional, and plainly unsentimental, but they all seem illuminated with a sense of joy and kindness. The same feeling comes from his sad, tough, beautiful parents, and from a school-bus driver, and even from a kid behind the counter in the deli, who helps him find his ice cream on that errand. Philly brings out the best in people.

THE writer Joseph Wambaugh and the director Harold Becker, whose most recent collaboration resulted in the memorably ugly and convincing police thriller "The Onion Field," have returned with "The Black Marble" (both movies are adaptations of Mr. Wambaugh's own novels), which is a slack, ill-conceived attempt to extract romance and whimsical humor from the same lowdown milieu. This time, his Los Angeles P.D. detectives are seen at work at the middle-earth level of the under-

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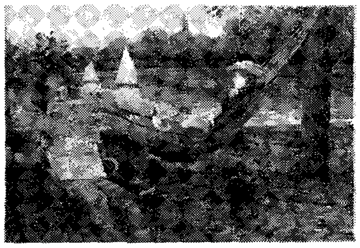

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world—his hero, Sergeant A. M. Valnikov (Robert Foxworth), has been demoted from Homicide to the Burglary Squad—and the central crime in the movie is the dognapping of a prize miniature schnauzer bitch. I do not require corpses and cynicism to engage my attention, but the picture's alternating sequences of heavy-handed badinage (in a precinct station evidently modelled on the lovable-cops environment of the "Barney Miller" television series), sudden violence (a dog's ear is amputated with a straight razor), and sludgy romance (between Valnikov and his tough-gal detective partner, Natalie Zimmerman, played by Paula Prentiss) made me yawn and then yearn for the despair and scariness of the earlier Wambaugh-Becker work. Harry Dean Stanton, who plays the scummy Philo Skinner (a dog handler badly in trouble with his bookie), is wonderfully ratty-looking, with his white patent-leather loafers, shiny blue shirt, and anxious, fake-tough face, but the picture keeps cutting away from his misbegotten enterprises to the much less interesting trail of the unwillingly paired detectives as they inexorably find their way into the percales. Joseph Wambaugh's police officers often have low, bad feelings about their work, and Valnikov, we learn, has horrible dreams about some singularly brutal child-torture cases he had to deal with in Homicide; this time, however, the night thoughts are introduced only to make it clear to Sergeant Zimmerman that her troubled, vodka-drinking sidekick is "a gentle, gentle man." Valnikov is of Russian extraction, and at the end of the picture he and Zimmerman are calling each other Natasha and Andrushka in murmurous voices while a fiddler beside them plays "Otchi Tchornyia," in a truly bloodcurdling tableau. Back to the morgue, Mr. Wambaugh!

—Roger Angell

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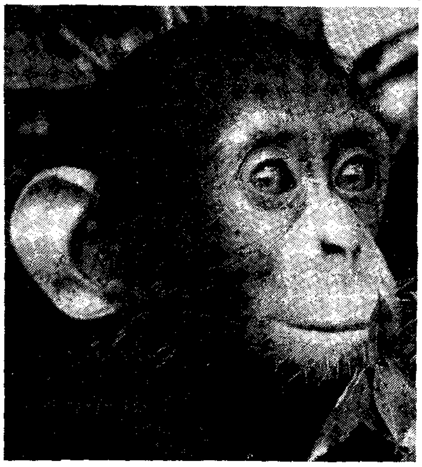

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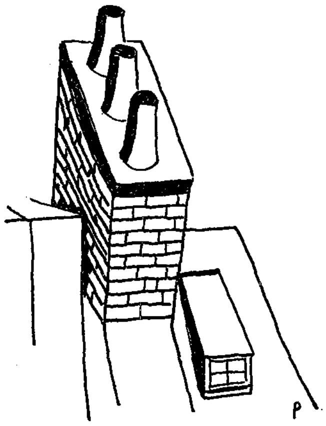
LETTER FROM LONDON

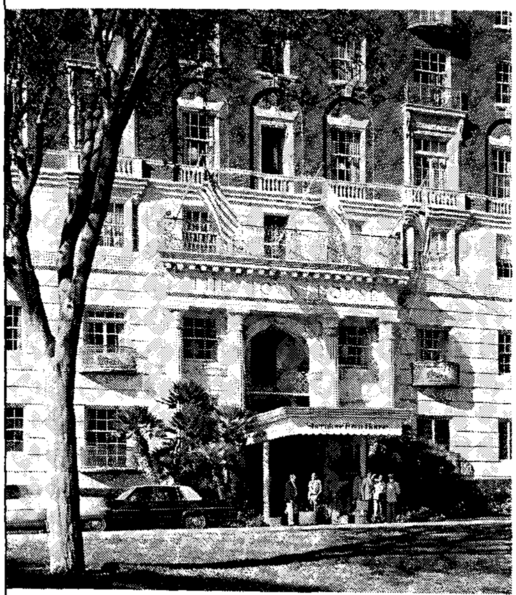
FEBRUARY 27

THIS is an important, worrying week for the Government. On Monday, the Prime Minister appeared, for the first time since she took office, on the BBC "Panorama" program—the top TV spot for such interviews—to defend her much criticized policies and insist, with a tolerant smile, that the widely reported divisions in her Cabinet over the wisdom of the economic philosophy behind them were simply healthy, argumentative battles among colleagues. On Thursday, the House of Commons will debate the classic motion of no confidence planked down by the Opposition. How this week's polling in the Zimbabwe-Rhodesia elections goes will be watched with far greater anxiety, for Thursday's challenge will be easily defeated. Yet the public's confidence is clearly not what it was last May, when a comfortable majority voted for a leader of strong, almost religious conviction in her own ability to pull Old England out of its floundering, self-destroying straits. Old England has now felt the first painful tug, which has so far made it slip back still further into deep troubles. After the blessedly mild winter, which did not include a repeat (as many had predicted it would) of last year's appalling social chaos, caused by the breakdown of the bargain between the unions and Mr. Callaghan's Government, the timid approach of spring has brought stormy industrial weather and a chill breeze running through the country against Margaret Thatcher. The steelworkers' strike is still perching over the doorway of No. 10 like some large black bird that will not go away. Evening after evening, people sat before the television glumly watching the thin blue lines of policemen, who, oddly, appeared to be wearing some prim, archaic, time-hallowed fancy dress as they struggled and swayed, helmets tipping and flying, to hold back the mobs of picketers, in their cheerfully colored woollen caps and parkas.

In the middle of it all, the Government's exceedingly careful, long-awaited statement outlining the proposed legal limits to the powers of the unions did not by a long shot please those of Mrs. Thatcher's followers who remembered the more trenchant promises uttered during the election. Inflation is going up like a rocket and has shrivelled the handout of tax reliefs in the Conservatives' first budget. The cuts in housing, education, and the health services, and the rest of the unpopular economies, bite uncomfortably into citizens' lives. Mrs. Thatcher's strongly confident appearance on Monday night, therefore, lifted the spirits of her troubled party. She is a vastly improved television performer, who has learned to speak in lower, less monotonous tones and not to steamroller the attempts of the unfortunate interviewer to get in another question, as she used to do. (On Monday, he was Robin Day, a usually highly abrasive political interlocutor who on this occasion seemed subdued.) It is to her credit that she never tones down her handsome looks to appeal to the unconverted section of the audience, always appearing exactly what she is—a well-off middle-class woman, becomingly dressed and made up, and glossily fresh from under the hair dryer, the rings on her well-shaped hands flashing as she uses them to emphasize her unfailing flow of facts. It disappointed many in her party that she chose to answer questions, and not to talk straight out to the nation, as its present state of doubt or angry discontent would surely have warranted. She stressed the good news of the faint but encouraging indication that here and there men have voted to disobey the union's instructions and have gone back to work—not for any high patriotic purpose, to be sure, but because, like other anxious citizens, they have noted the dark economic forecasts and their wives want the money. This sudden hopefulness is showing up in the opinion polls' view of Mrs. Thatcher's Government. One thing clear to all, though far from all are pleased, is that she has stamped her Government with her own features more powerfully than any Prime Minister of recent years.



SOME of the theatres are reportedly having difficult times. The price of seats has been increased so sharply by inflation and by the last budget rise in the value-added tax that most people have to think twice before planning an evening out, and even tourists are not finding a whirl around the shows the bargain attraction it used to be. Even so, the Olivier Theatre—the largest of the National Theatre's three houses—has been sold out solid for "Amadeus," Peter Shaffer's violently discussed, admired or hated play. In form, it is practically a one-man narrative, the man being Paul Scofield, whose superb voice (a curious mixture of gravel and velvet) and commanding person, seldom off the stage, sustain the enormously long part of Antonio Salieri, the Hapsburg Emperor Joseph II's Italian-born court composer and later chapelmaster. Salieri composed forty-one operas and a quantity of vocal, instrumental, and church music, all of which have sunk without a trace, and he is remembered now solely as the once suspected poisoner (even this distinction was finally discredited) of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. At the end of his life, he believed the story himself. When the curtain goes up, he is a half-crazy old recluse, still the center of fascinated conjecture in Vienna, who sits mumbling over the last sensuality of his daily supply of confections from the pastry cook as he rambles on to us about Mozart, everlasting Mozart, and how it happened that it was his own industrious, pious life that was fatally poisoned by this terrible joke of God. Then he flings off his shabby dressing gown, dons a powdered peruke, and steps forth in the handsome prime of life to describe how the first anguishing spasm of mingled rapture and black envy constricted his heart as he listened to the newly arrived Mozart playing. And what a Mozart! Many theatregoers and some critics have been shocked and infuriated by Peter Shaffer's iconoclastic portrait of divine genius inhabiting the vulgar flesh of a sort of Tony Lumpkin, from whom heavenly music and scatological gutter talk flow unceasingly—an interpretation based partly, of course, on young Mozart's coarse, jesting letters dashed off to his "little cousin" Maria Anna Thekla Mozart in Augsburg (from which the most scabrous passages were omitted in early German editions of his correspondence). The first entrance of Simon Callow, in overgaudy court finery and a yellow haystack of a wig *en brosse*, gets a gasp from the house. Observed by the astounded Salieri from the concealment of a big armchair, this



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vision, uttering loud meows, pursues a merrily squeaking mouse—his Constanze—on all fours around the room before pouncing on her with a volley of most un-Mozartian comic noises: a splendid theatrical moment. There is plenty of contemporary confirmation, including poor Mozart's own, of Salieri's relentless intriguing to see that "Figaro" and the other operas were not more successful in Vienna, and that money and hopes of preferment would be blocked for Mozart to the wretched, disgraceful end. But the theme of Shaffer's remarkable play is Salieri's tragedy, not Mozart's—his long, losing duel with God, to whom he had prayed with passion that he might receive the dropping of a single sublime feather. Yet mediocrity was his lot, and the feather had fallen upon Mozart, of whom, in his heart, in spite of his hatred—and this is the great keystone of the play—Salieri would have echoed the cry of Rossini seventy years or so later, when he fell weeping to his knees and kissed the pages of the manuscript of "Don Giovanni": "He was God Himself!" At the fall of the curtain, Paul Scofield receives a standing ovation.

THE cry that the Vikings were coming was always one to freeze the blood of the ninth-century English in the Kingdoms of Northumbria and Essex and of their neighbors over the Channel and across the Irish Sea. A huge exhibition that has just opened at the British Museum has the declared aim of changing the popular notion of these "ruthless, wrathful, foreign, purely pagan people" (as they were described grimly by an Irish chronicler), who plundered, burned, and slaughtered their way across Europe for three centuries. It sets out to give the Vikings a softer image as magnificent explorers, good administrators and farmers, and often surprisingly delicate craftsmen. Even the traditional horned helmet, it seems, is a myth: the horns do not figure in any of the representations of warriors that were recorded in stone or elk horn and are on view. Maybe one misses that touch of operatic panache. Strangely, considering the thrilling subject, the scholarship that planned the exhibition for so long, and the wealth of treasures lent by Scandinavian, Irish, and English museums, the show is rather low-key and exceptionally difficult to follow. There is no stimulating, erudite catalogue to help the visitor, and an accompanying book, "The Vikings," proves to have

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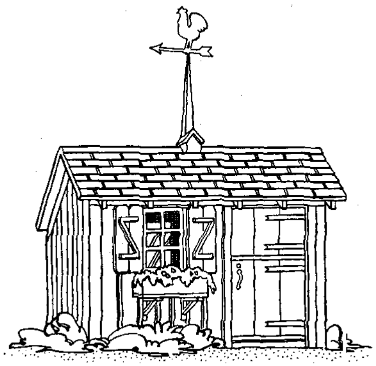

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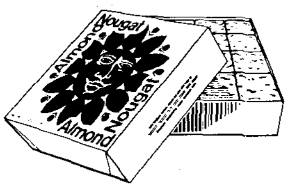

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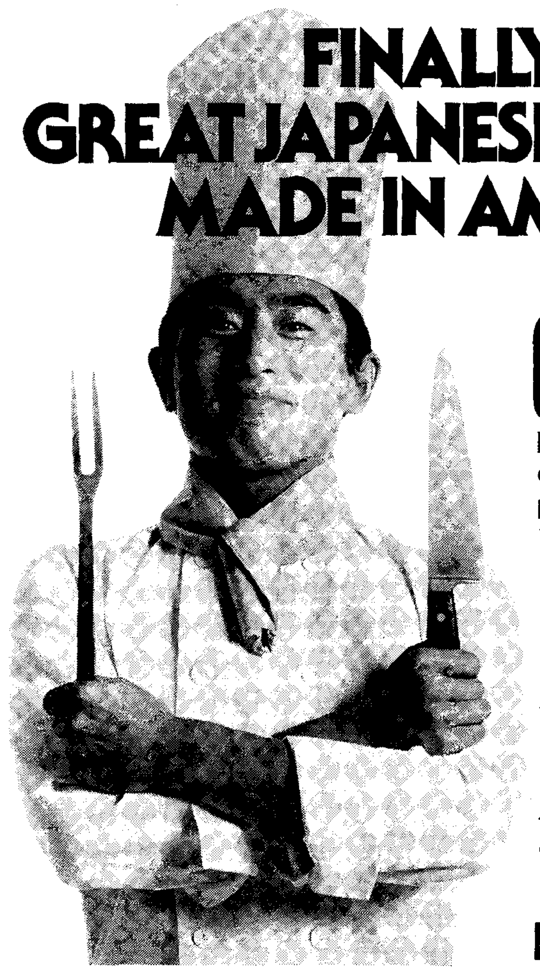
only a bare list of the exhibits as an appendix but would indeed be an excellent, informative read if one could find anywhere in the dimly lit exhibition rooms to sit down and read it. As it is, the crowds herd before the explanatory wall legends and peer over all the shoulders at the small, not very distinct labels in the cases. There are some imposing chunks of barbaric jewelry and some marvellously evocative stone carvings, such as the great cross from Middleton, Yorkshire. The Vikings are a hard lot to capture indoors. They need air. The most beautiful things they ever made were their slender, miraculously fast and light ships. None of the restored vessels in Scandinavian museums could journey to London, but a splendid replica of Odin's beaky ship, the Raven, sent from the Isle of Man, is beached on the museum lawn and suddenly brings the whole thing to life as you contemplate it. The exhibition is on until July, and in the fall it will go to the Metropolitan.

THE closing of the great show of Post-Impressionists at the Royal Academy has been put off to the end of March, and ever-larger crowds are pouring in to see it, as though suddenly reminded to keep a date with a wondrous visitor who must soon be gone. Londoners have anyway been dropping by regularly since it opened, its riches being too overwhelming to take in at a single visit. It contains four hundred and twenty-eight canvases of artists from France, the Low Countries, Italy, Germany, and the British Isles who were painting between 1880 and 1910. The label "Post-Impressionist" would have been unknown to any of them. It was invented by the English art critic Roger Fry for the revolutionary show at the Grafton Galleries which he arranged in 1910 and which he christened, in desperation over finding a better description, "Manet and the Post-Impressionists." The crush is thickest before the famous Old Masters—Gauguin's enigmatic Marquesan girls; van Gogh's curly-bearded Postman Roulin and his Père Tanguy, planted shrewd and solid in his blue coat against the exotic background of Japanese prints; the marvellous Seurats of shimmering light and water; the Lautrecs and the Monets. For many visitors, the real astonishment and excitement is the exhibition's revelation of the enormous number of admirable minor artists in the magical first twenty years of the period it covers, who all at once, it seems, began painting like a



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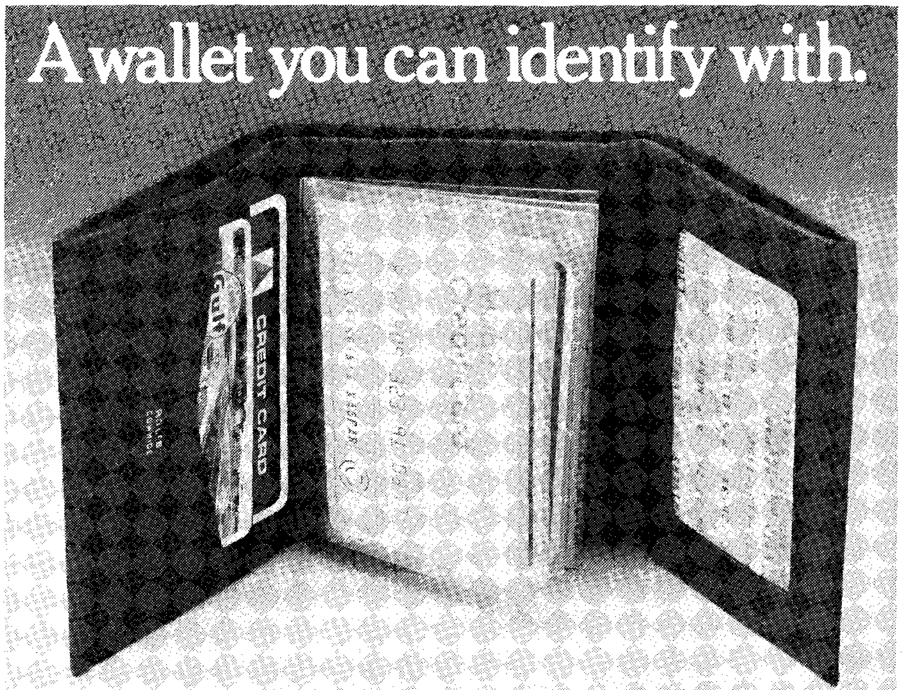

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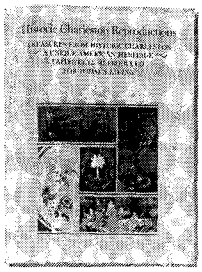

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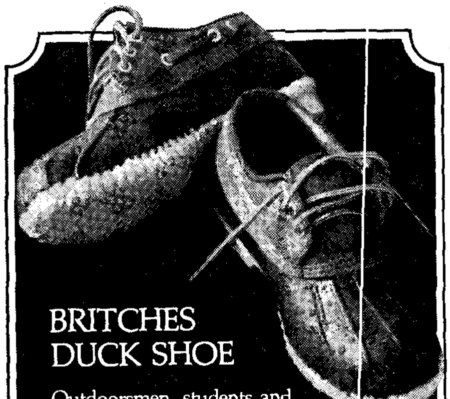

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band of brilliant brothers, and flocked, like birds that feel the migratory pull, to set up their easels in Pont-Aven, on the seashore, and in the flat Normandy fields. The walls of the Pointillist gallery are a haze of luminous blue, yellow, rose, and lilac dots on canvas after canvas, among them a hauntingly beautiful "Shell Gatherer"—a ghost plying his trade on a lonely strand—by the Dutch artist Jan Toorop, and a Mediterranean seascape, very Japanese in feeling, of purple-sailed fishing boats, by Henri Cross, which, to underscore the family resemblance, is hung alongside an uncannily similar canvas by the better known Paul Signac, painted at Concarneau in the same year, 1891. The Brittany painters overflow into two rooms. There is a surprisingly academic, flat-toned early Matisse, of a peasant woman driving a pig, and, toward the end of the exhibition, his Fauve portrait of a pink-and-yellow woman sitting by a window. It is London's biggest art event in a decade—a vast, fascinating map of a historical territory in which all the roads seem to lead back to Paris.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

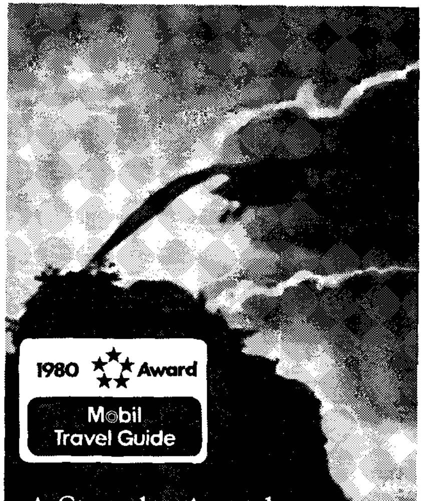
MEMORY

The falcon is directed by an arm,
flies into the sky, and does not return.
The falconer stands astonished,
dangling the leather hood. A little
wine, some mild laughing, and the king
forgets, but the falconer lies in bed
staring at the ceiling or the plate
of stars at the bare window.

Then in the dark there is a sound,
and the bird has returned to him,
knowing the way by night, flying in
to the falconer's chamber. Proud
as a cat it drops the prey: a debt.
It looks at the man with one eye,
speaks in one of the falcon
dialects, unable to express
where it has been as it toured the sky.
Did it follow above the lake,
the village, forest, and mountain?
Does it recall?

By night a forgotten name
will rise to the unfortunate
who stood there silent and foolish
by day. The falcon knows the falconer
with both its eyes. Like memory, it
returned when it was unexpected.
Like memory, it is a weight on the arm,
missed sorely when it is missing.

—LAURA JENSEN



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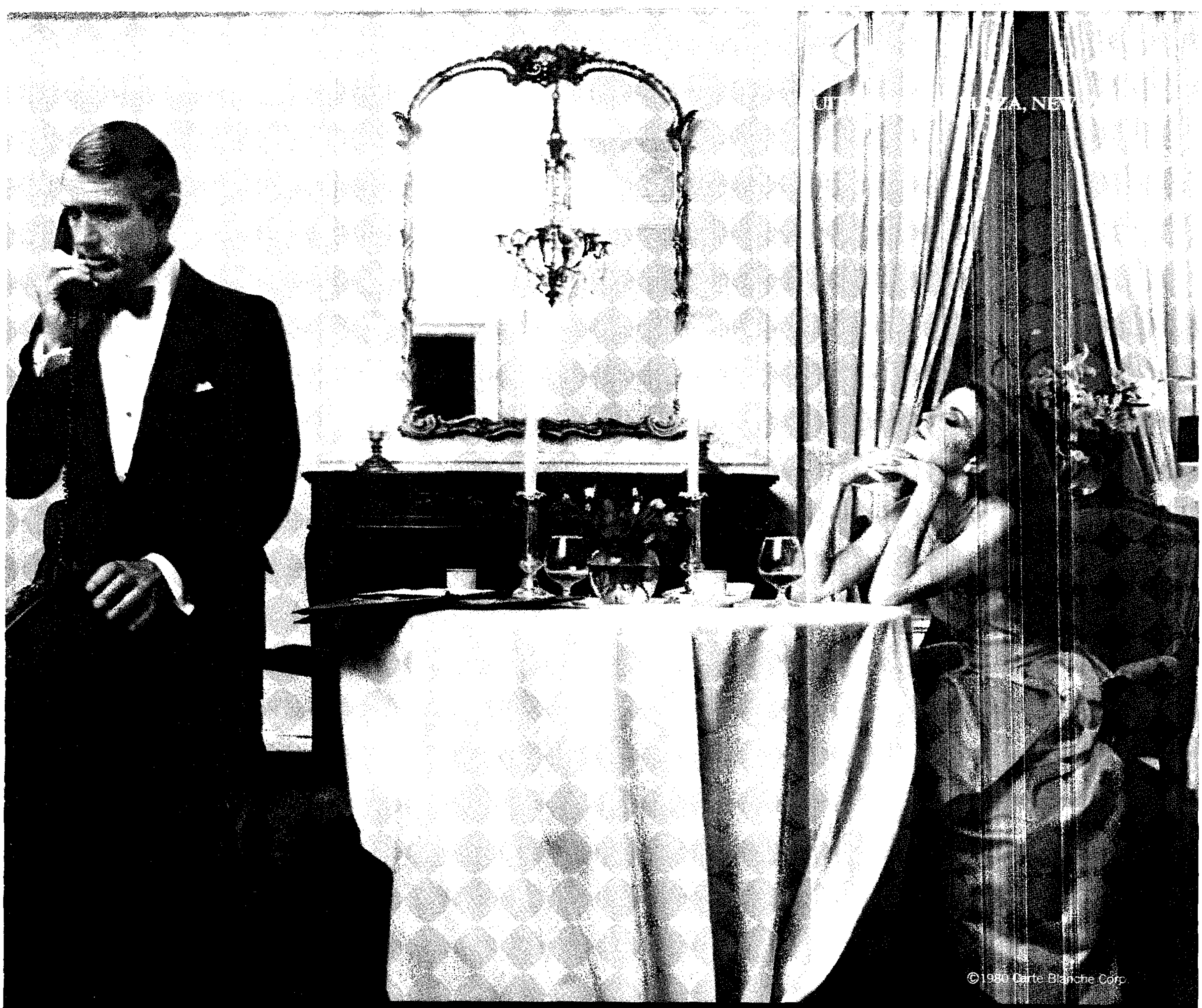

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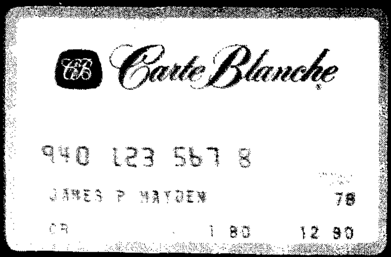

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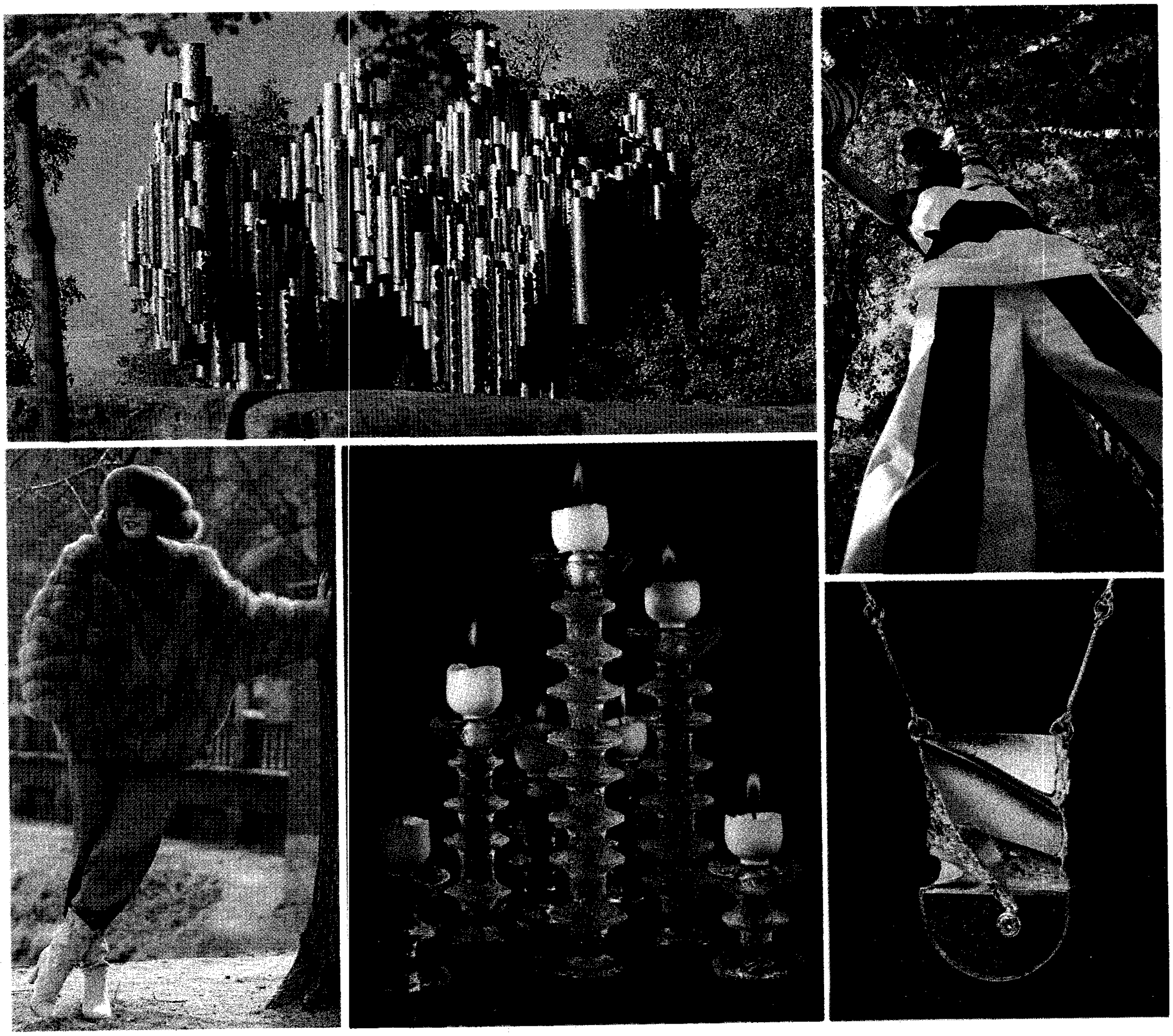

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DANCING

Present at the Creation

AN old theatre program in my files tells me I saw "Rune" in 1960, danced by Merce Cunningham and the company he had then—Carolyn Brown, Viola Farber, Marilyn Wood, Judith Dunn, and Remy Charlip. I remember nothing of the event; it came at the end of a program that consisted of "Summerspace," "Changeling" (the solo in which Cunningham, wearing a red bathing cap, seemed to struggle in amniotic fluid), and the satiric vaudeville "Antic Meet." For someone who had never seen Cunningham's kind of dancing before, this was a lot to take in. Cunningham revived "Rune" a few years ago, and his company has been performing it since. It is still a loaded experience, the more so now that its aesthetic is no longer current either in the company or in the art world at large. "Rune," which has music by Christian Wolff, scored for six or seven instruments, connects with ideas of indeterminacy, discontinuity, and chance action in the music and painting of the fifties; a note in the 1960 program informs us that "the continuity of this dance is so arranged that it can change from performance to performance." I'm not aware that Cunningham gives "Rune" this way today. The dancers have enough to master in the mechanics of the choreography, which expresses its period even more profoundly than its aleatoric structure does. "Rune," like "Summerspace," represents the lyrical Cunningham style at its peak. It passes like a cloudless day amid the tumultuous allegro of the later repertory, and each dancer in it stands in and commands space like a soloist. Today's Cunningham dancers are more of an ensemble, more impersonal in expression, and more regularized as to technique. Technically, their foundation is ballet, whereas in dancers of the fifties and sixties it was more likely to be modern dance of one school or another. But the important distinction between yesterday and today is that the Cunningham style was then alive and hot in a way that it is no longer; it was emerging through a process of technical discrimination and was being rationalized in performance. Seeing "Rune" at the City Center last week, I could feel the heat of that performance I blanked out on twenty years ago—feel it not as full-force revelation but as a distant flickering glow, a surmise about the past. Yes, this was once a great piece, and the fifties must have been golden to have produced it.

There is no substitute for seeing a work performed by dancers who were present at the creation. Cunningham was in those days inventing for himself as well as training others in his inventions; the style came from inside. When Catherine Kerr stands alone upstage in "Rune" and turns her head as others enter, I'm aware only that something wonderful that used to happen is not happening now. But when she is being partnered by Cunningham in his newest work, "Duets," I'm very much aware of Catherine Kerr; she's herself and not a stand-in for Viola Farber. At the same time, I don't feel Kerr's presence the way I might have felt Farber's or Brown's. She simply doesn't weigh as much in the equations that Cunningham currently works with. Perhaps no one else does, either. The company Cunningham has today is a remarkably strong and gifted one, of sterling Silver Age calibre. The only thing that shows it up is a Golden Age revival.

There is a theory that Merce Cunningham is primarily a soloist, only secondarily a choreographer. And it is true that he has maintained his status as the greatest American-born inventor of contemporary dance largely through his perception of the needs and resources of the performer. He is still showing us his personal magic, as in the solo "Tango," with its concise feats of coördination performed mostly in place. But Cunningham at sixty doesn't create from inside anymore. I think a large share of the gut feeling that used to go into his choreography now goes into his filmmaking. The choreography, while brilliant and fascinating as only his can be, looks more like problem solving. He has always been a believer in restricted means, in working within confines. God

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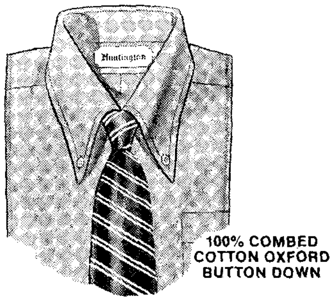
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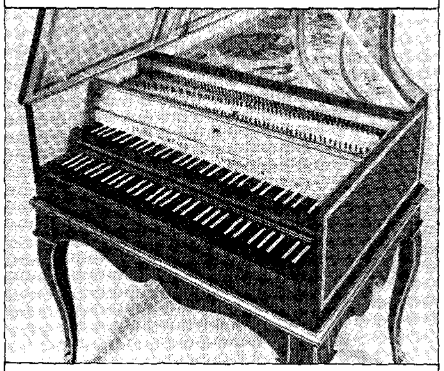

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knows what limitations he must have placed upon the making of the six pas de deux in "Duets;" they look like the dance equivalent of no-hands juggling on the high wire. Yet "Duets" comes off the most felicitous of his new pieces. "Roadrunners" and "Locale" are both successful, but they're measurably successful—the actual deed measured against a gamut of possibilities. "Duets" runs its gamut so fast you think there can't be more to come; but there is, and still more. It hides its possibilities by disclosing them.

"Duets" features the women of the company almost as if they were ballerinas, and on one level the interest of the piece deepens as we watch Cunningham ring changes on academic definitions of leverage, balance, and support. His women grow upright and free—standing about two feet away from their partners, they seem to challenge them for support—yet they're capable of winding themselves like vines around a column. And they can sustain adagio motion with an almost winged attack and follow-through, even though they're not on point and Cunningham is very sparing, as usual, of lifts. Here is a link to Old Style that has not been broken. The women of "Rune," too, had to have superb adagio technique. But what I chiefly remember when I think about "Duets" is the suddenness with which each couple appeared and made a clear shape different from and yet consistent with the shape just before. That elastic differentiation was what gave the piece a vividness beyond the scope of academic or antiacademic bravura. "Duets" has the economical abundance of Cunningham's current work at its finest, and it has a truly collaborative score by an Irish father-and-son team of drummers, Peadar and Mel Mercier. The monochromatic pounding, with its varied tattoos, matches both the narrow spectrum and the fertility of the choreography. Like David Tudor's score for "Sounddance," the sound adds pressure to our concentration on the dancing—but a temperate, not an agitating, pressure. The dancers are, of course, unaffected by it; it is tempting, though, to relate the wild moments when the drumming gets very loud to moments in the dance, such as Karole Armitage's three hair-raising leaps onto her partner's back.

JON GIBSON's score for "Fractions," originally composed for solo flute, was (like "Rune") played this season on a piano, so we lost the amplified breath of the flute player which seemed

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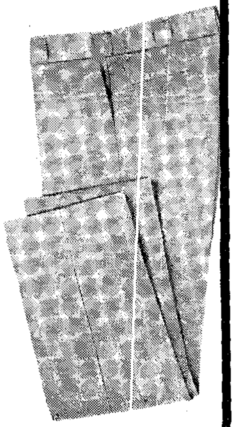

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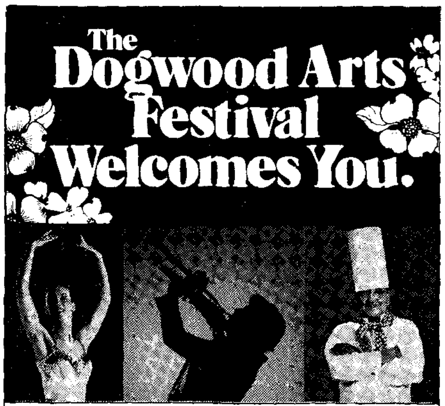
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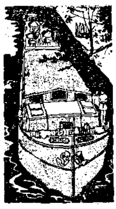
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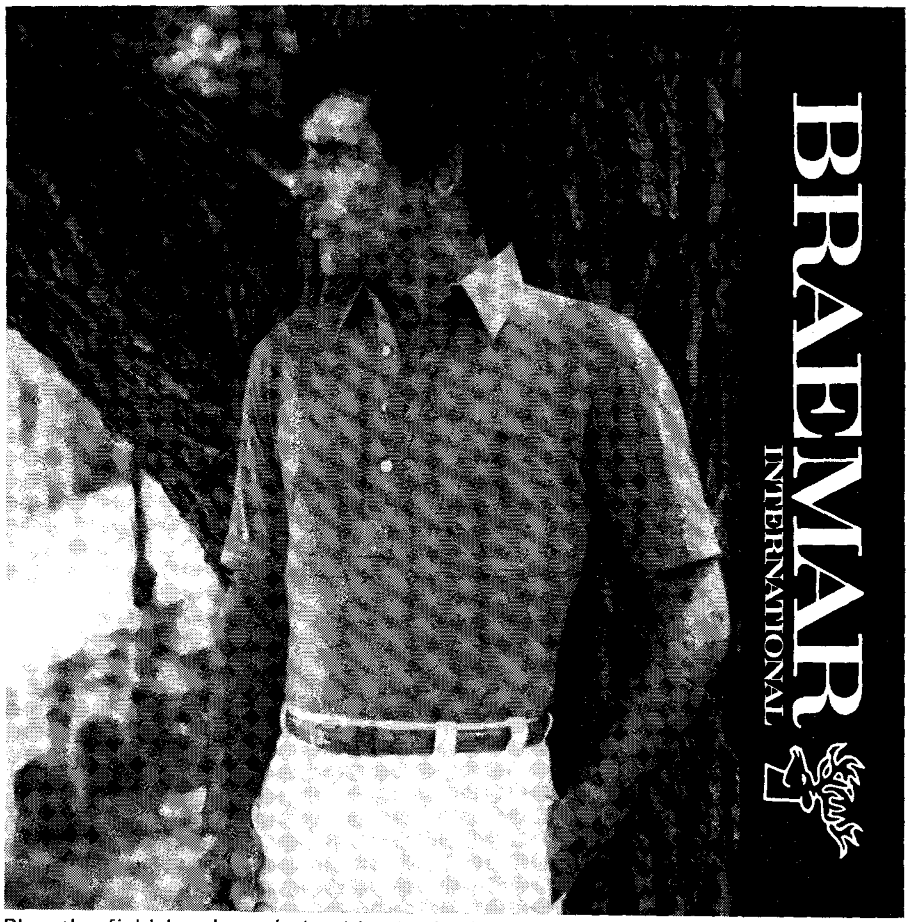
so appropriate to a dance score. Everyone knows that in a Cunningham production the dance, the sound, and the décor are created independently. Points of agreement or disagreement are part of the unpredictable flow of a performance. An unsystematized system has its rewards in scores that are in effect collaborative ("Rune," "Duets," "Fractions"), coercive ("Sounddance"), evocative ("Inlets"), or neutral ("Fractions" on the piano). Yet there are hazards. I've expressed irritation with some of the scores Cunningham has used lately. Breaking down the causes of irritation, I find that the scores I dislike most are those with sudden loud noises ("Exchange"); those with words (a list lengthened by "Roadrunners" and "Locale," stage version); and non-scores—the kind that are pitched so low or incorporate so much silence that the chief accompaniment becomes the panting of the dancers. Non-scores—"Torse" is an example—may start with a good intention; the composer may just be trying to keep out of the way of the dancing. But there is a line between effacement and dereliction. The panting in "Torse" focusses our attention on the exertions of the dancers instead of on the dance. But then the element of excruciation in "Torse" was very noticeable this season, particularly in Part I. "Torse" is the ultimate classroom ballet and may be the ultimate I Ching ballet, too. The steps are utterly unforeseen permutations of academic combinations, and they come in such thick clusters that the audience is as winded as the dancers. I have enjoyed watching "Torse" in studio presentations, as part of an Event miscellany, even on film. As a twenty- or thirty-minute stage spectacle, and especially as the opening work on a program, it is a killer.

"Roadrunners," with its suggestions



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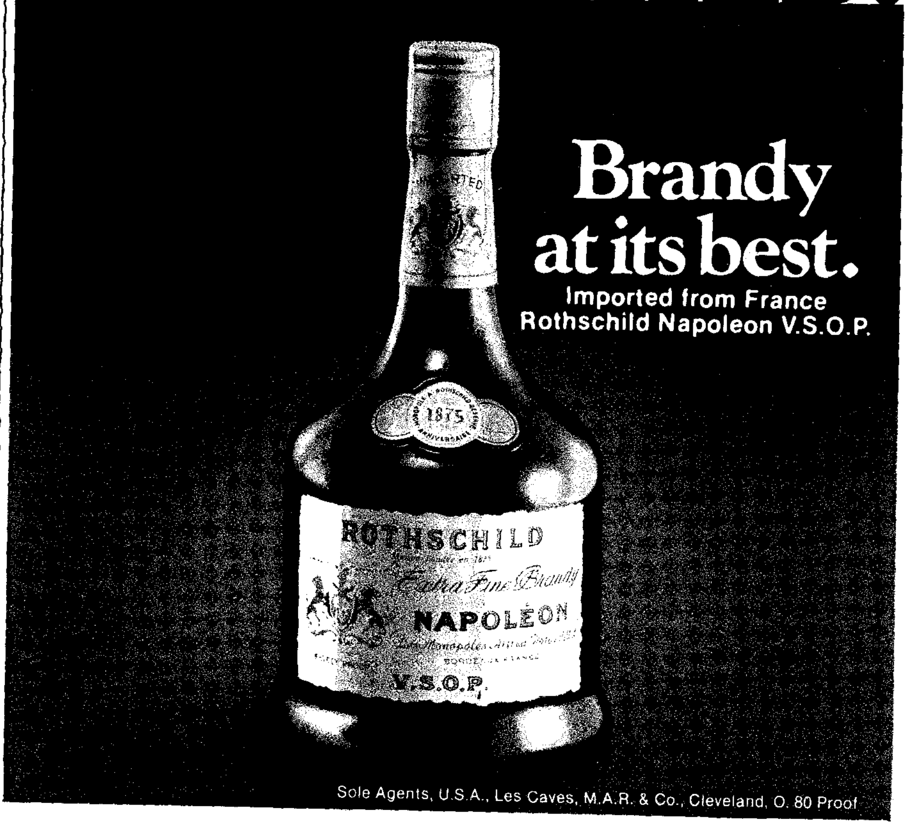

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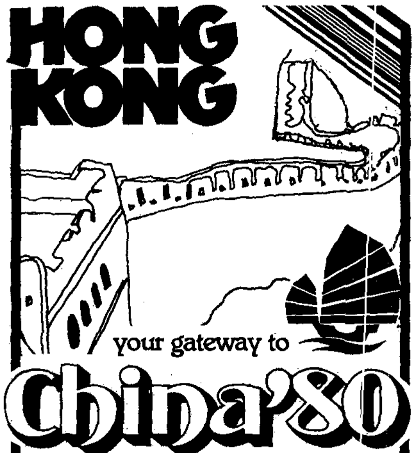

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of Near and Far Eastern temple dance and sculpture, displays Cunningham eccentricity of a more conventional kind. Much of the continuity of the piece is insistently absurdist, a mode I don't find too congenial, but the organic consistency of "Roadrunners" is certainly impressive. I suppose one would have to count as "organic" the accompaniment, by Yasunao Tone, in which ancient Chinese tales about imaginary kingdoms and their inhabitants are read aloud from the pit. As always, though, words spoken while dancing is going on immediately divorce our attention from the dance. In "Roadrunners," the words were dismembered and their syllables split between two speakers, Takehisa Kosugi and John Cage. This was more intrusive than usual; hearing dissociated syllables does not lessen our interest in the words, it only drives us harder to put them together ("Sex-ual or-gans are i-*den*-ti-cal in the male and fe-male"). I don't know which is coyer: the pretense that the words don't apply to the dance or the "coincidence" that they do. Those of us who object to this double-pronged assault are accused of a distaste for ambiguity, for the rich unregulated texture of life. We're wrong for wanting to see a dance performance without being pawed by musicians. Would that great fusionist of the arts Diaghilev really have loved Cunningham (as the company's ads say) with the dance and the music *pulling not in the same direction but in opposite ones*? Musicians of the Cage school often seem to be as insensitive to *verbal meaning* as they are to dance meaning: they're like those graphic artists who design the catalogues of their shows in unreadable typefaces. (Cage's writings are often printed in a mixture of typefaces selected by chance.) "Locale," composed by Kosugi, uses word dissociation in the hope, no doubt, that we will hear sounds, just sounds. A word is repeated several times and, after an interval, another word, and so on. Just as the words begin to make a sentence, the curtain falls. The pain I feel as I report this is nothing compared to the pain of sitting there listening. Oh, those 1947 rebels!

Or take the alternative version of this score which is heard in the movie of "Locale"—no words but lots of groans and moans. When I wrote about the movie of "Locale" two weeks ago, I should have explained that no soundtrack had yet been attached; I was reacting to sheerly visual stimulation. And I should have added that I saw the film on a monitor. What I de-

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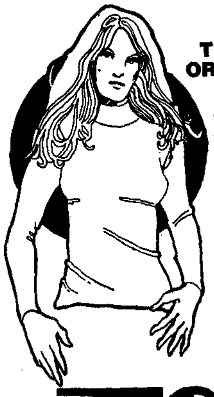

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scribed as "a little bouncing" in the extended panning shots that characterize the picture turned into a turbulence that was nearly intolerable when projected in 16-mm. on the screen at the City Center. The scale was too gigantic to be comfortably read. "Locale" is better on a small screen. It may be better than it is on the stage, too. After watching it twice on the City Center stage, all I can say is that "Locale" is a very different experience when done live. It is a lot slower, but it's not just the tempo and fluidity of the film that one misses, it's the way things are integrated in space that makes the biggest difference. About all there is to recognize in the stage version is incidents; it has an *incidental* resemblance to the film.

And an incidental revelation of the film is the striking good shape the dancers were in when they made it. "Locale" was shot a year ago, not long after Cunningham had assembled his present company. With only one exception, the same dancers are with him today. All but Miss Armitage and Chris Komar went through the City Center season looking under par. Even the redoubtable Robert Kovich performed without his customary edge, and many of the younger women had lost the attack and the cohesive style they were beginning to show a year and a half ago. Not until "Duets" did they dance with spirit and sharpness, and the only time the whole company seemed to relax was in "Changing Steps et cetera," the charming suite of small-scale dances which Cunningham has festooned with excerpts from other pieces. Probably it was performing in flu season that got everybody down. But, flu or no flu, look at that repertory! Of fifteen ballets, there are possibly a dozen that rank among the world's most intricate and strenuous, and eight of these bring on everybody or nearly everybody in the company. To perform this lavish, high-density rep there are exactly fifteen dancers, counting Cunningham. Who can afford to fall sick or sprain a muscle? No wonder the dancers looked ashen and joyless so much of the time. "Torse II" down, "III" coming up.

—ARLENE CROCE

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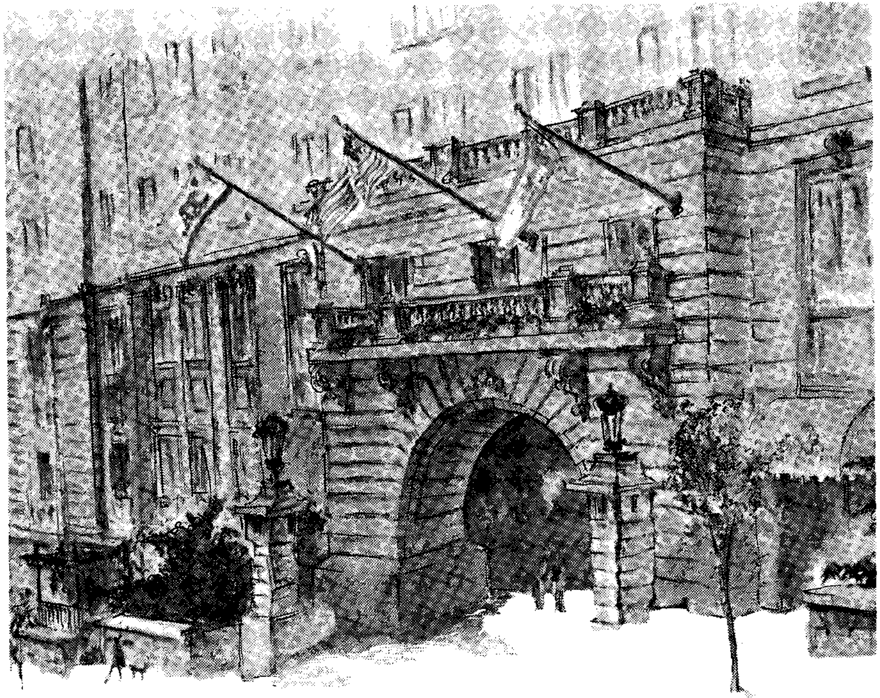

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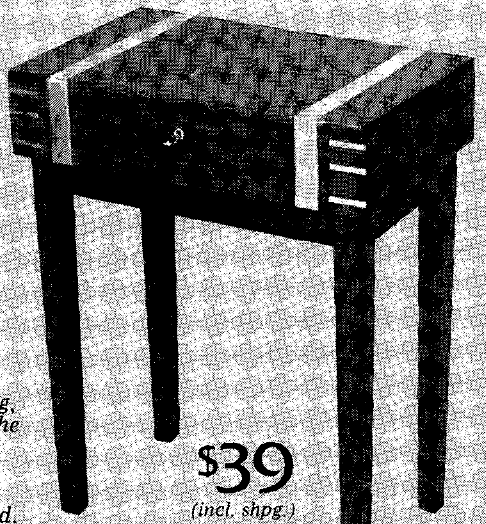

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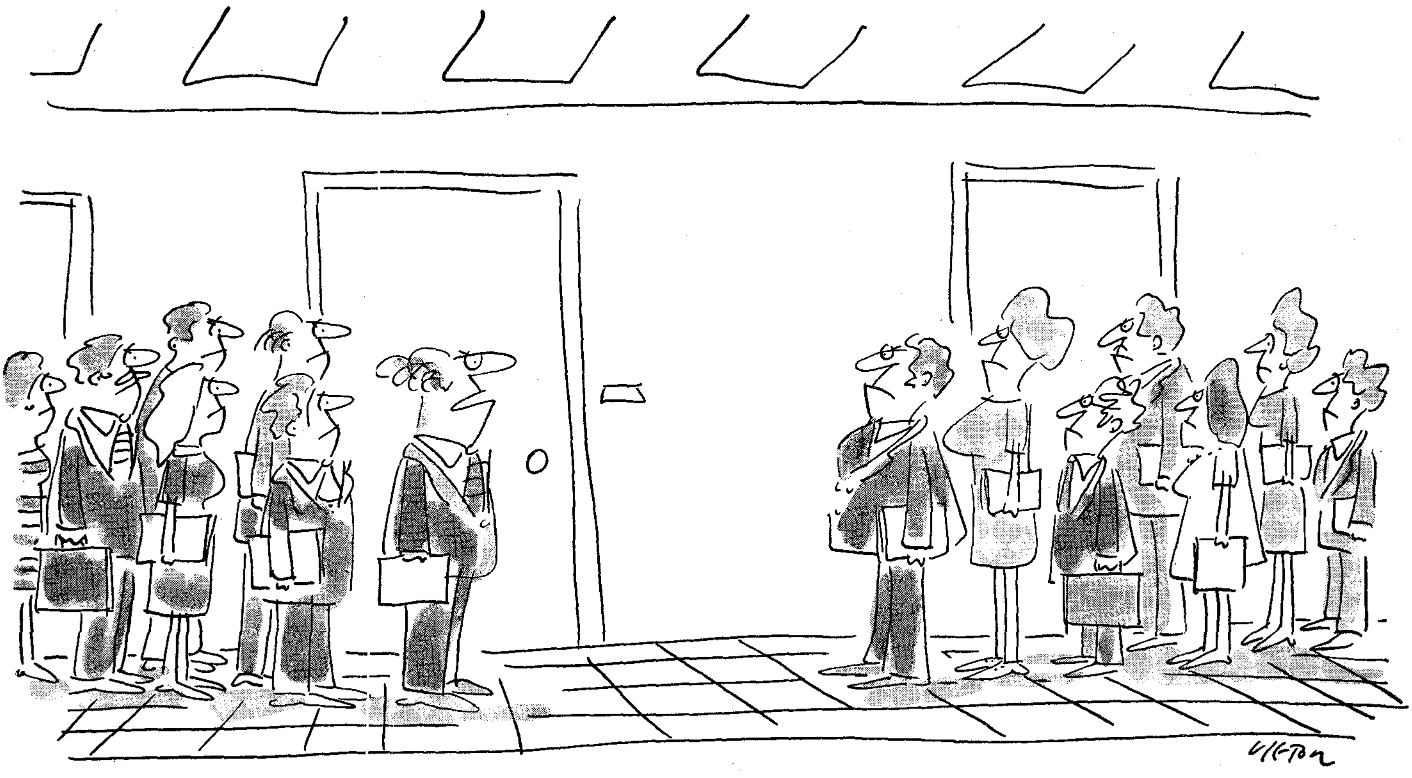
Journeyers

"TELL me . . . what moved thee, or how couldst thou take such journeys into the fanatic Arabia?" This question, posed in the first paragraph of Charles M. Doughty's classic "Travels in Arabia Deserta," goes unanswered by Doughty. But Jonathan Raban, the young English author of "Arabia: A Journey Through the Labyrinth" (Simon & Schuster; $11.95), tells us plain: he went because he became curious about his many new Arab neighbors in London, and because he wanted to write a book—a book about Arabs more contemporary than Doughty's, or T. E. Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," or even Wilfred Thesiger's "Arabian Sands," which dates from the nineteen-fifties. Nothing wrong with books: the great Stanley, immediately after his harrowing three years' rescue of Emin Pasha, sat down at the Hotel Villa Victoria in Cairo and wrote off, at the rate of twenty printed pages a day, the two stout volumes of "In Darkest Africa." Where once men set out provisioned by the African Association and the Royal Geographical Society, they now venture on the strength of publishers' advances.

Mr. Raban—who of course did his journeying before the recent events in Iran and Afghanistan—had, he thought, a new slant. "British Arabism," in his analysis, "coincides exactly with that period when England was a rich country in the first flush of its dependence on industrial technology. For Lawrence and Thesiger, Arabia was an alternative kingdom; a tough utopia without either money or machines. In the Bedu tribesman they professed to find all the simplicity, the powers of personal endurance, the stoic independence which they feared the Englishman was losing." But what now, when the British have returned to penury and when parts, at least, of the Arab world are conspicuously rich in money and machines? Mr. Raban attempted to find out, and has produced an ample, smooth, fair-minded book that yet is neither so deep nor so full as it might have been. Unlike Doughty (or René Caillié, or James Bruce, or Richard Burton, or a host of other travellers in the lands of Islam), he learned little Arabic, though what he did learn got him far, both as a patron of Middle Eastern teahouses and as an analyst of the Arab character; e.g., "To live in Arabic is to live in a labyrinth of false turns and double meanings." (One might as confidently assert that to live in English is to dwell in a mire of synonyms and inconsistent pronunciations.) More severely limiting would appear to be the inability of the author of "Arabia" to secure admission to the heartland of his subject, Saudi Arabia. Though he waved a synopsis of his book in their faces, the Saudi authorities declined to issue Mr. Raban a visa. "Arabia" is a "Hamlet" without Hamlet, and, since for unspecified reasons the author also did not visit Kuwait, Oman, Syria, or Iraq, it is one without Horatio, Claudius, Polonius, or Laertes as well. However, this novice explorer (whose previous books consist of sedentary forays into "The Technique of Modern Fiction" and "The Society of the Poem") did spend a total of fourteen weeks in Bahrain, Qatar, Abu Dhabi, Dubai, North Yemen, Egypt, and Jordan, bringing back many artful descriptions and, to me, surprising observations concerning these wide-ranging peoples in whose hands so hefty a portion of our economic fate has been placed.

The Arabs themselves, he discovers as he moves from the construction-crammed, dollar-bloated capitals of the Persian Gulf to the poorer nations on the other side of the Arabian peninsula, are suffering extensive dislocations from



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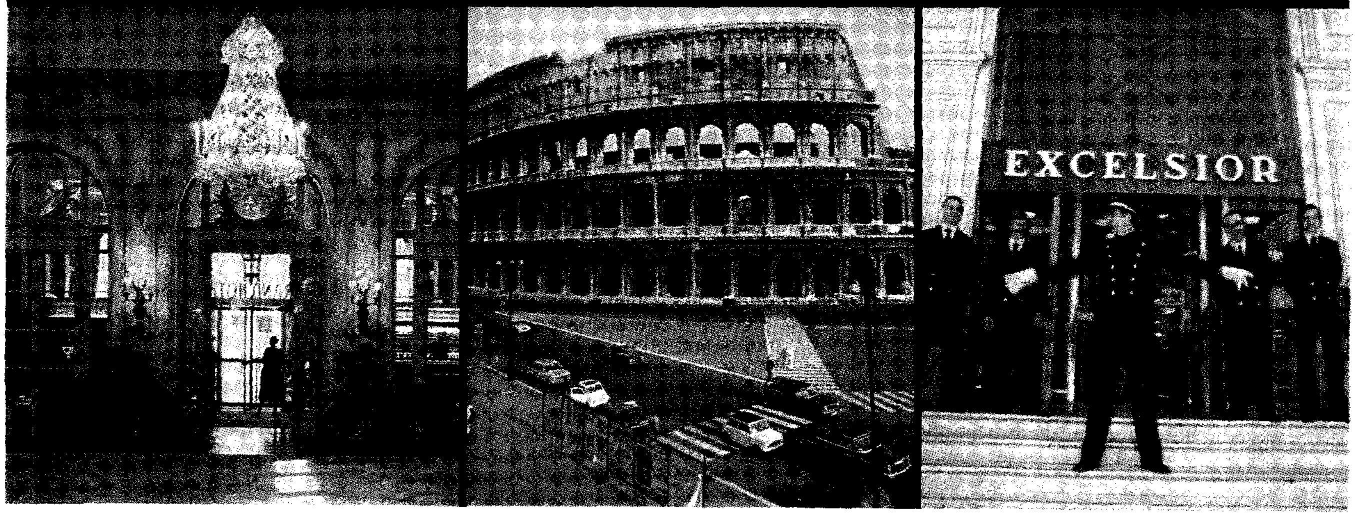

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the massive infusion of oil money. The fifty thousand native Qataris, for instance, are in danger of being swamped by the hundred and fifty thousand immigrants attracted to this once desolate theocracy by its overheated economy. While the official artists cultivate a thin mythos of Qatar's Bedouin (or, as Mr. Raban insists on saying, Bedu) past, the principal city, Doha, drowns in a mad internationalism:

> The faces of the storekeepers were Pakistani; their goods, perspiring in cellophane packages, came from Taiwan, Hong Kong, Japan, America. In the crowd on the pavement, other faces loomed—all of them displaced and temporary, Europeans looking sick with the heat swam by like fish against glass, followed by sallow Levantines, Sudanese Negroes and wild day laborers from Baluchistan. It was like being caught in the middle of a vast, fatal cultural car crash.

Regions not directly blessed with oil are involved in the crash. In North Yemen, the men go off to work in the Gulf states and remit enough of their wages to flood the economy. "I had arrived in a very poor country which had been on a wild spending spree. . . . Their government had been quite unable to control this binge. While the families of the laborers abroad were blowing their pay envelopes on luxury goods, the streets of Sana'a were still garbage dumps, the structure of the city still medieval. Families who didn't have cousins, fathers, husbands working in the Gulf were starving as inflation rose." And the soil of this country, which could be the granary of Arabia, is devoted to the growing of *qat*—a privetlike plant that, chewed green, serves as a national narcotic. "All around the square, in scraps of shade, in woody closets set in walls, under jumbo-sized umbrellas, the Yemenis were given over to chewing *qat* . . . The drug—costing between $10 and $16 for a sprig sufficient for one man for one afternoon—was sopping up a large proportion of the remittance money; most men were reckoned to be spending about $100 a week on *qat*."

According to Mr. Raban, the Yemenis occupy a certain stratum in the pan-Arab swarm that feasts off the oil industry. "In the Gulf, the Yemenis were taxi drivers, construction workers, soldiers, road builders, mechanics, rig hands. In the hierarchy of labor they formed an upper working class of semiskilled men—a clear notch or two above the Baluchis, Pakistanis and Bangladeshis, but far below the middle class of Palestinians, Egyptians, Jor-

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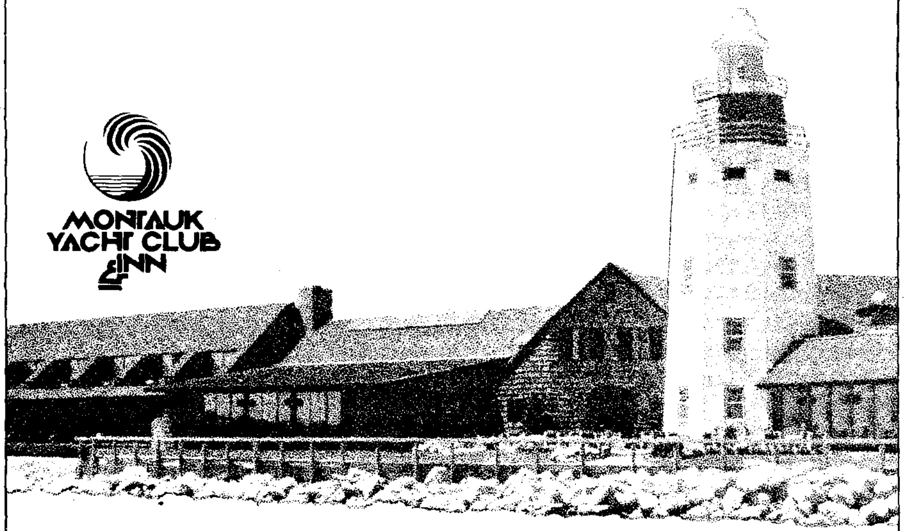

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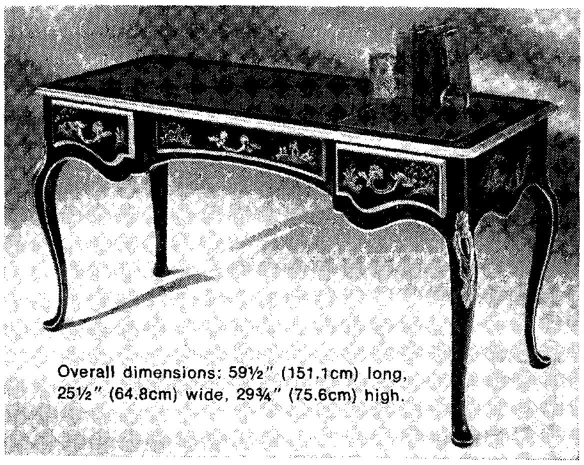

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danians and Europeans." Upon the Palestinians he offers a perspective seldom found in American newspapers: they are Arabia's Jews.

More heavily built than any other Arabs, with fleshier, paler, more distinctively urban faces, the Palestinians put me in mind of another place altogether. We could have been at Bloom's Restaurant in Whitechapel on any Sunday afternoon: the same faces, the same crowding of the generations around a single table, the same serious banter.... In Jordan, as in the Gulf, I kept on hearing Palestinians spoken of in exactly the same terms with which Europeans used to describe Jews. They were "clever," "artistically talented," "very good at business": these were not compliments; they were the seeds of a resentment which any European must spot with alarmed recognition.

They are everywhere, these wandering Palestinians, and everywhere sensitive to their "problem." In Abu Dhabi, a man sobs when the car radio describes an Israeli attack upon Palestinian positions in Lebanon, because he is *Filastin*—Palestinian. "An injury in one part of the diaspora is instantly transmitted through the entire system like an electric current . . . There are no spatial dimensions to Palestine anymore." Nor is the presence of Saudi Arabia limited to its geography. "Traipsing around the countries on its fringes, I had been constantly reminded of the presence of Saudi Arabia. . . . On the Gulf and in Yemen I had seen the pressures exerted by Saudi money, Saudi religious orthodoxy and Saudi politics . . . When the Emir of Sharjah had started a casino, the Saudis had closed it down by paying the Emir as much money as he would have received every month from his casino, plus a handsome bonus. The Saudis had closed the one 'wet' restaurant in Qatar." If the Palestinians are Jews, the Saudis suggest Americans as we used to loom, thirty years ago, in all our nouveau puissance. They are regarded by other Arabs, Mr. Raban finds, as arrogant and hypocritical. In Egypt, Saudi power is paradoxically evinced by a plague of night spots catering to jaunting Saudi businessmen and, alongside the new brothel atmosphere, an official trend toward stricter Islamic orthodoxy. Mr. Raban is told, "You know, girls whose mothers have never worn the veil—today some of them are going behind the veil for the first time." And he reports that, at the very time when Sadat was being lionized as a peacemaker in the West, his regime instituted laws that "brought Egyptian censorship into line with that of the most hardheaded Eastern Euro-

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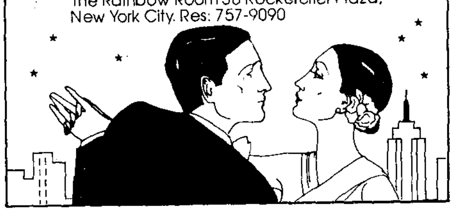

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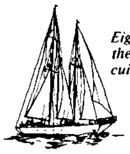

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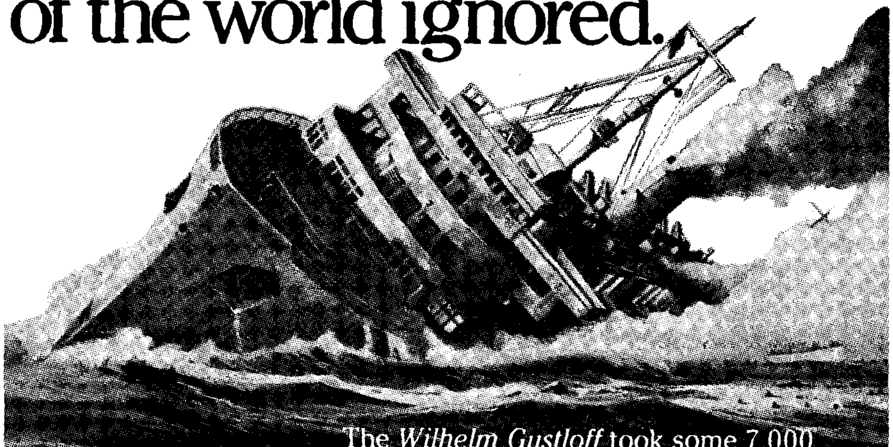
pean states" and that have finished Cairo as the intellectual center of the Arab world.

The literary problem faced by travel writers differs from that of fictionists and poets, whose material arrives mercifully thinned and pruned by the limitations of imagination and memory. A travel writer, notebook in hand, confronts the thing itself—immense, multiform, contradictory, numbing. As he lives his book, Mr. Raban is more than once overwhelmed by illegibility. Mounting to a housetop in Sana'a is "like stepping out into the middle of a vast pop-up picture book. Away from the street, the whole city turned into a maze of another kind, a dense, jumbled alphabet of signs and symbols. . . . It stretched all around my feet, an enormous code in three dimensions. If I half-closed my eyes, I almost thought that I could read it." Mr. Raban's account of his travels has an ingenuous freshness, a natural alertness. His long chapters, each devoted to one stop on his journey, arrange their impressions around a central conceit—Dubai as a reincarnation of the Italian Quattrocento, Egypt as perceived through Disraeli's Victorian novel "Sybil." Cheerfully amateur, he nets perceptions an old Arab hand might have been blind to. His writing is fine, if sometimes fancy, with a touch of la-di-da. The desert is "simply boring" and "the only conceivable place on earth where the camel could have earned itself a place in human affections;" a lowly café smells "aniseedy;" and our President is put down as "the great peanut farmer." Mr. Raban strains, as travel writers must, to make each moment yield its image: a "large American lady" is pictured as "wearing a homemade sweater which came down to her knees and which looked as if it had been knitted out of thick vegetable soup." Mr. Raban often sees knees: in a derelict village "the buildings just seemed to have sunk to their knees and rotted

d. Ehrenberg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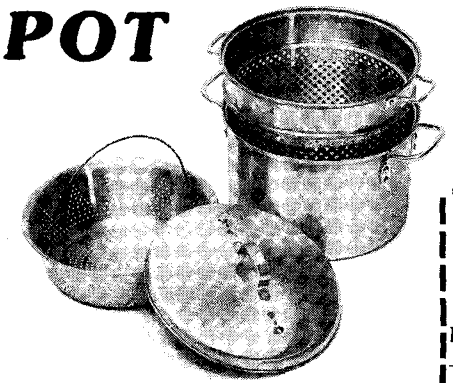
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to bits," which is excellent; but in Giza "the pyramids are buried up to their knees in trash," which boggles the mind. Though his own mind was sometimes boggled, our journeyer held to his itinerary through the labyrinth, tried to align all he saw with some central perception about Islam as an optimistic, evangelical "corrective version of Semitic religion," and returned to London not only with an improved understanding of his Arab neighbors but with an ability, in his rudimentary Arabic, "to act as an interpreter when people got into difficulties." He is enough of an Arab now to feel the "Arab fear of London," where Arabs are envied for their supposed—and generally exaggerated—wealth and increasingly victimized by English criminals. His sad and shaming realization is that "in Arabia I had met with infinitely more courtesy than any Arab could hope to encounter in London."

EDWARD HOAGLAND is ten years older than Jonathan Raban, and an American. He has frequently sought out lonely places to write about—not only the remote terrains of British Columbia and northern New England but raw pockets of New York City. At the age of forty-seven, he has behind him a distinguished and highly individual literary career, beginning with a novel, "Cat Man," written while he was still a college undergraduate, and proceeding through a quarter of a century to the recent, precocious dignity of a "reader"—"The Edward Hoagland Reader," culled mostly from his three collections of remarkable essays. Remarkable for their frankness, range, and pungency and for their stubborn self-determination: in a time of assigned topics and all too creative editors, Mr. Hoagland writes what he wants to and trusts it to find a market. There is a chip on the shoulder of his prose that may keep him from ever ingratiating himself with a large audience. He is both very innocent and very savvy, with nothing impassive or bland in between; he abounds in integrity, stoicism, and appreciativeness. Like Thoreau, he knows his cosmic place, and shrewdly affects a modest tone. Yet he harbors intense ambition. Mr. Raban's journey and attendant journalizing had a transparent motivation and an engaging student eagerness. In "African Calliope: A Journey to the Sudan" (Random House; $10), Mr. Hoagland's account of his several excursions into the southern half of the Sudan, the intent is less transparent, and the going less smooth. The "Author's Note" at the outset announces

"SUPERB"
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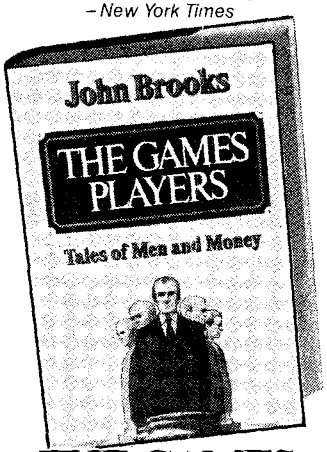

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he will not write a "gangplank book" that—the very pattern of "Arabia"—"will start you right out from the pier on the Hudson River, and, after numerous happenstances, deliver you back to the author's New York City apartment." Instead, he is going to rearrange certain experiences "so that they are not beads on a string." More like unstrung beads jumbled in a drawer, then, unchronological episodes and unexpected discourses, bumpy rides into the desert, chunks of Sudanese history, and lurches of personal confession are presented to us in an order Mr. Hoagland decrees, just as the successive topics of his long essays arise by solely internal logic. Why has he come to the Sudan? The question is posed several times, and receives differently inflected answers:

> Why was I here?
>
> I said that I was forty-four, and was after experiences and writing matter I had not tried before . . .
>
> Manolakas asked me why I had come. I laughed and said the Sudan was not only the largest country in Africa but also lay between Egypt and Kenya, which I had toured with pleasure the winter before. He asked if I wasn't lonely. I said I was hemorrhaging with loneliness, but that I had been lonely lately at home, though it was incongruous to spend so much money getting to a place so poor that its people could have spent ten years living on the air fare itself.

Beclouded with half-revealed personal motives, a deeper need than Mr. Raban's need to produce a book emerges; Mr. Hoagland is after new experiences and writing fodder in order to make of them literature. This determination gives "African Calliope" its unsettling depth and intermittent opacity, and a certain brusqueness in its tone and in its anti-sequential organization. Embarked upon a more momentous pilgrimage than we knew, we are sometimes lost. Mr. Hoagland, in making literature, occasionally forgets, as Mr. Raban never does, to be entertaining.

Rougher than "Arabia," "African Calliope" evinces a superior penetrative will. Its chosen terrain is one of the poorest on earth. Mr. Hoagland does not merely notice the poverty, he immerses himself in it, and condescension has no place in his vocabulary of attitudes. When he sees a Dinka "with violently inaccurate blows" butcher a bull until a driveway "is smeared with blood as if after a street accident," he explains that the Dinka "drink milk, sometimes enriched with blood tapped harmlessly from the living animal, but eat the meat rarely. Therefore, it's rather from a lack of accustomed sav-

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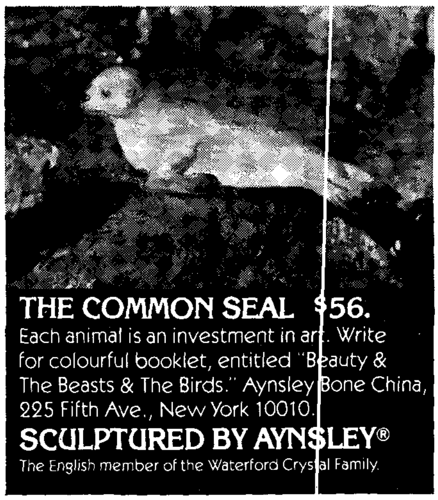

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agery that when they butcher . . . it looks so brutal." In the Acholi village of Gilo, in the southern Sudanese mountains, he admires how a woman grinds grain by hand: "Locking her ankles behind her as an anchor, she ground the dura with a scrubbing, scrubbing motion, pushing and pulling a stone across the grains, half a handful at a time—an exercise as grim as giving artificial respiration." Utterly without shrillness, he reports the intimate cohabitation of poverty and disease:

> Altogether, except seasonally, when the stored grain sometimes gave out, not many people went hungry. The children, nevertheless, had bellies swollen from pinworms and tapeworms. On cold days they coughed and hugged themselves and couldn't bring themselves to play. Year round, they cried at night when their fathers had to dig the chiggers out of their bare feet with a razor blade.

In these chilly mountains, the residents of Gilo wear rags except for the comically fortunate who were given blazer jackets and pink shortie nightgowns collected by an American charity. A child has only its mother's breasts for toys, and men walk miles for the opportunity to work for eight cents an hour. Prostitutes in Juba charge twenty-five cents for their services. In Khartoum, "sparrows are so unaccustomed to being fed that if bread is thrown to them they fly away and only find it later accidentally." Tokar, near war-torn Eritrea, is "so poor and dispirited that several families had dug mud for their house bricks right from the street in front—pits ten feet wide and ten feet deep." In the vicinity of funded agricultural projects, "you would see $300,000 worth of equipment—five sizes of Caterpillar tractor—parked next to a grass hut, and yet no small tool that you might need to fix something, no wrench or scrap of rope or ax or hoe." The details are piled up not with oppressive purpose but as a solemn certification of this department of the human condition. In a vast region of varied landscape, Mr. Hoagland finds few moments of beauty and wonder, though there is a certain bliss of precision in a sentence like "Their tents are frog-shaped, constructed of hides and woven mats of goat and camel hair on a stick frame, the large mouth facing east." What lighter moments he enjoys come among the white hangers-on in Africa, the stray Greeks and New Zealanders, and even these companionships tend to go sour—an English fellow-reporter turns disagreeably Marxist on him in the presence of an Eritrean rebel chief, and a cattle expert called

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Hector, as they proceed into the Western desert of Dar Kababish and the author grows sicker and weaker, turns into a cruel tease.

"Sadness pervades the journals of African travel written by Europeans that I am familiar with"—this comment of Mr. Hoagland's applies to "African Calliope." The grimness of a self-test clings to his description of barren landscapes and collapsing machinery, of sexual deprivation and stomachic distress. Only the sight of animals quickens his account with tenderness and engenders verbal filigree. Of dorcas gazelles, he writes:

> These little creatures, only about two feet tall, a pale sandy fawn color, with lyrate horns, appeared as though in tracery form, as if they were mere wishful thinking, outlines that still needed filling in, even as they dashed from us in light bounds.

And of camels, which Mr. Raban found so unlovable:

> When made to kneel, their camels showed their teeth in snide, snobbish mouths, expostulating through slitted nostrils with snarls, whines and whuffles, although later they slept as meekly as turtles, with their necks stretched out.

Generally, the poet in Mr. Hoagland seems stunned, and, like him, we wind up "weary of the whole African calliope." He has written a travel account honest to a fault, one whose words decline to ease away the confusion of the experience and come to us still redolent of the rumpled traveller's fatigue, discomfort, and queasy conscience.

BOTH books lack an index, and both could have used one. Neither is illustrated but for maps. Each jacket carries a photograph of the author. Mr. Raban is seen in an exotic foreign setting, smoking a hookah, with a background of kaffiyehed Mussulmen similarly occupied. He is smiling but looks wan and pale. Mr. Hoagland is wearing a lumberjack shirt and is clinging with one hand to a discernibly American tree. He looks relieved to be back.

—JOHN UPDIKE

◆

"I'm no Klammer," said Stock, smiling shyly, through an interpreter, his chestnut hair hanging across a narrow face and aquiline nose seemingly streamlined for speed. "There can never be a second Klammer."

"Don't let him kid you," said Franz Kneissl Jr., heir to the Kniessl ski-manufacturing company of Austria. "He's going to be as bag a herg as Klaemer."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

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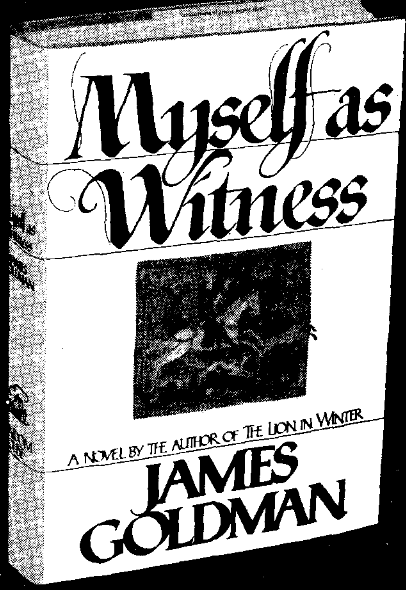

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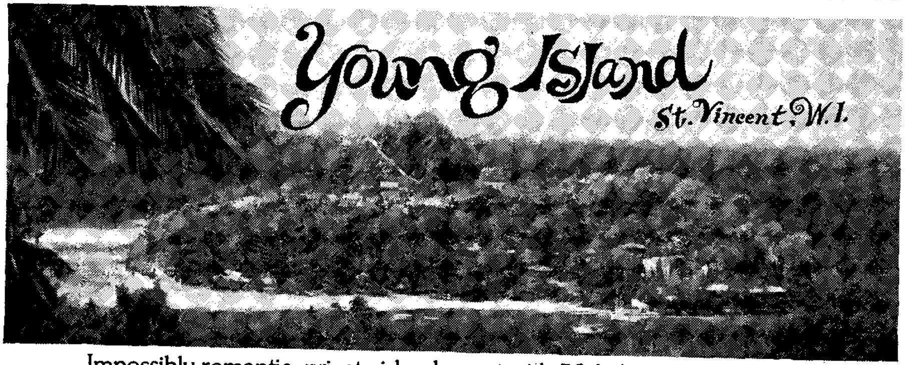

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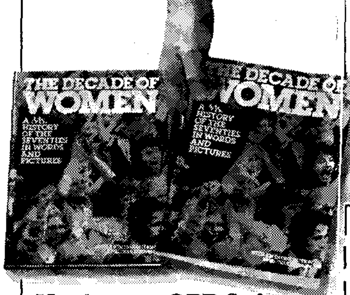

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